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THE SOWER.

"Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters."—ISAIAH xxxii. 20.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."—ECCLES. xi. 6.

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ADMIRAL OOLIGNY WOUNDED. (See page 6.)

THE EDITOR'S NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

DEAR FRIENDS,—At the commencement of another year, we present to you our Christian salutations, and, in the name of the Lord, wish you a Happy New Year in every true sense of the word. May a remembrance of the Lord's dealings during the past year, in providence and grace, be so savoured with a sense of His loving-kindness, covenant mercy, and goodness as to gladden your hearts and encourage your faith, that you may with thankfulness and boldness say—"Who delivered us from so great a death, and doth deliver; in whom we trust that He will yet deliver us."

"His love in times past forbids us to think
He'll leave us at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer we have in review
Confirms His good pleasure to help us quite through."

Afflictions, troubles, temptations, and cares are mingled with mercies in the cup of the Lord's people, but, since it is His hand that prepares that cup, however bitter it may at times be to our taste, the truth of that promise is always verified—"God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able," &c. The strength given is equal to the day, and the way of escape is certain to be manifested, when the trial has accomplished the divine purpose. May we be more anxious to realize the Lord's mind and our profit than to find, hastily, a way out of the trouble.

The children of God are sure to be tried, for "the Lord trieth the righteous" as a refiner his silver; but He will not put them to shame, nor cast them away. The true Church of Christ must pass through the furnace, but can never be consumed thereby. Still, it may be a fierce one, and much that now appears sterling metal may be consumed as dross. Thus the question comes home, "Who shall stand when He appeareth?" (Mal. iii. 2.) Personal trials in circumstances affecting business or the family are often the daily lot of the Lord's pilgrims, but their times are in His hand, and all work together for their good. General and national troubles, too, have frequently afflicted the Church of God, but these also are under His divine control, and are regulated by Him who performeth all things according to His eternal counsel and infinite will. This is our comfort in these present times, which seem daily to grow more serious and portentous of trouble. Yet we mourn that, as formerly, slumbering and sleeping seems to have come over the wise as well as the foolish virgins. The sovereignty of God, in saving His own people and destroying their enemies, is an abstract consideration

with some, who almost jeer at any expression of concern on the part of any who, while they hold this precious truth as firmly as the characters alluded to, know that the Lord weighs actions, and chastens for sins of omission as well as for sins of commission. Surely it becomes the people of God, when our rulers seem bent on going from bad to worse—and this applies to both parties in the political arena—to rise higher than party politics, and seek first the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom. Then, when we see the rapid strides made by the various sections of the professing world on what is justly called "the down grade," does it not call upon lovers of truth not only to manifest firmness, but activity also? Yes; if ever there was a day when a rare opening for the wide spread of pure Gospel truth was found, surely it is now. Numbers of men stand in pulpits who, instead of having an elementary knowledge even of the Word of God, are so dazed with the revolving wheels of evolution that they can see nothing but chaos, and are waiting to know what may be ere long evolved. Thus these know-nothings can only lead their congregations into uncertainty, having cast away the plain and fundamental truths of Scripture to follow an *ignis fatuus* which is nothing less than a wile of Satan lodged in the brain of men. Now is the time for the true disciples of the Lord to go forth with "that which our eyes have seen and our hands have handled of the Word of life," in order that the people may see the grand difference between these dazed evolutionists and those who, having received the love of the truth, can say, as their Master, "We speak that we know, and testify that we have seen." The Spirit also bearing witness, who can tell what wonders may thereby be wrought? Darkness and error have fled before the light of truth heretofore, and why not again? May the Lord make us strong in His strength for the great work!

When we hear or read of the bewitching errors of the day, and mourn over the sad effects these vagaries of semi-infidels produce in the minds of the young, and tremble for the children God has given to many of us, who, in going forth into the world, have to encounter men whose delight and boast is, that they are often able to lead such astray, may we not, some of us, reflect how the lines fell to us in pleasant places, when God, in mercy, gave us a lot, even at our birth, among those who were manifested as His saints? Not that we consider the grace of God as hereditary, for, as in the case of Isaac, Eli, David, and others, we find that some of the worst of sons have descended from some of the best of fathers, and again, some of the best of sons have descended from some of the worst of fathers. We, some time back, read a paragraph to the following effect, which is much to the point in hand:—

"I find the genealogy of the Saviour strangely chequered with four remarkable changes in four immediate generations—1. Rehoboam was the father of Abijam; that is, a bad father had a bad son. 2. Abijam was the father of Asa; that is, a bad father had a good son. 3. Asa was the father of Jehoshaphat; that is, a good father had a good son. 4. Jehoshaphat was the father of Joram; that is, a good father had a bad son. I see from hence that a father's religion cannot be entailed—that is bad news for some. But I see also that actual impiety is not always hereditary—that is good news for others."

Nevertheless, beloved readers, cannot some of you look back and trace the Lord's hand in these things, as you observe the line of natural relationship with God's people? Who could have ordered this? Did you do it yourself? Oh, no! Then who but God could have so ordered it that you came in that line of natural relationship? When you can thus trace how God put you in a gracious family, even at your birth, blessing you with godly parents—a praying father or a praying mother—can you not, with heartfelt thankfulness, say, "Oh, how much I owe, under God, to my parents! If I had not been under their care, who knows where I might have wandered to, and into what evils I might have run?" One of our poets says—

"His decree who formed the earth,
Fixed my first and second birth;
Parents, native place, and time,
All appointed were by Him."

Therefore we must say, "Let him that glorieth, glory in the Lord."

But there are others of our readers who did not come in this line of relationship with God's people. Yet the Lord has brought you out from the society of the ungodly, and given you a place among His people. There was a time when you could not understand why this should be, but when you have been enabled to observe, and carefully consider, His leadings in providence, you have seen God's sovereignty in taking you out of the midst of the family circle, singling you out from the rest, perhaps, by taking you quite away from home and friends, to struggle on alone, through His providential dealings with you. In reflecting upon these things, at times, you have found that, by so doing, He has shown a marked favour to you, though you did not think so when you were passing through the trial, but you have lived to prove that He has done it for your good, and to manifest you to be a vessel of mercy.

"Oh, may His love our hearts constrain
To make returns of love again!"

And, at the beginning of another year, as we behold the determined efforts of erroneous men to subvert all Gospel truth, the pandering to Popery by our Royalty and rulers, the hard doctrinal confidence and self-complacency of many professors, and the dangers which threaten Zion and the rising race, may we, as those who profess a concern for the good of souls, the welfare of Zion, and the glory of God, seek fresh strength for the struggle, determining, by the help of the Lord, to pray and strive against the foe, and for the spread and success of the Gospel of the grace of God. Oh, that, as brethren, we who are on the Lord's side may be of one mind, of one heart, and one way, contending earnestly and affectionately for "the faith once delivered to the saints"!

"Brethren, pray for us." Lend us a helping hand in our work, and may the God of peace be with every one that loves our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity; and may many poor unsaved ones, by means of the GLEANER and SOWER, be brought to feel their sin, seek mercy, and find salvation in Jesus Christ.

And now, fellow-travellers, that He who has helped us each hitherto, may help us to the end, and favour us at last to meet and sing together in sweet concert before His face in the upper sanctuary, is the prayer of

Yours in hope,

THE EDITOR.

AN EXTRACT.

THE Church may be called "the kingdom of heaven," because the same King that reigns in heaven reigns in this and governs it. He is also always present with His people in His kingdom below. Moreover, the saints are ruled by and subject to Him; so that, although Christ is King over all the earth, yet believers only are the subjects of this, His special spiritual kingdom. He has power over all, but His Church only is the kingdom of grace, where Christ, by His Spirit, and the influences thereof, according to His own laws, rules and reigns.—*Keach*.

As much as Lazarus coming out of the grave, and feeling himself restored to life, differed from those who only saw the miracle, or believed the fact when told them, so great is the difference between a soul's real coming out of himself, and having the righteousness of Christ imputed to him by the precious faith of God's elect, and a man's bare believing the doctrine of imputed righteousness because he sees it contained in Scripture, or assenting to the truth of it when proposed to his understanding by others.—*Hart*.

DEATH OF ADMIRAL COLIGNY.

THE noble Huguenots fought so bravely for freedom to worship God that the treacherous Catherine de Medici determined to rid herself at one stroke of the men she hated, although they were the salt of her kingdom, and, had she allowed them liberty of conscience, would have been the most loyal of her subjects.

The St. Bartholomew Massacre was plotted under the Pontificate of Pius V., and enacted under that of his immediate successor, Gregory XIII., and thus was Charles IX. counselled by the so-called Holy Father—"Let your Majesty take for example, and never lose sight of what happened to Saul, King of Israel. He had received the orders of God, by the mouth of the Prophet Samuel, to fight and to exterminate the infidel Amalekites in such a way that he should not spare one in any case, or under any pretext; but he did not obey the will and the voice of God, therefore he was deprived of his throne and his life." If for Saul we read Charles IX., and for the Prophet Samuel we substitute Pius V., as the writer intended, what is this but a command addressed to the King of France to massacre all the Huguenots in his realm, without sparing one?

Great difficulties, however, laid in the execution of this policy, for the Protestants had a deep mistrust of Catherine and her son Charles. These suspicions it was needful to allay. No ordinary illusions would blind these men, so a new and grander scheme must be employed; therefore it was proposed that the King of Navarre, the head of the Protestants' cause, should marry Margaret de Valois, the sister of Charles IX., and that an expedition should be despatched into Flanders for the relief of the persecuted Reformers in that country.

Admiral Coligny, the brave leader of the Huguenots, was so deceived by these representations that he at once repaired to court, and was received by the king in a transport of joy, who showered honours and favours upon him, and promised a ready compliance to all that the admiral suggested; and so well did the king dissemble, that all too soon the fatal marriage was arranged.

The King of Navarre, attended by eight hundred gentlemen, in due time reached Paris, and, a few days afterwards, the marriage took place with great magnificence, and was followed by four days of festivity, during which time the plot was ripening.

On Friday, August 22nd, 1572, as Coligny was returning on foot from the Louvre, occupied in reading a letter, he was fired at from the window of a house. One of the three balls with which the assassin had loaded his piece, to make sure of his object, smashed the two forefingers of his right hand, while another lodged in his left arm. The admiral, raising his wounded hand,

pointed to the house whence the shot had come, but before it could be entered, the assassin had escaped on a horse from the king's stables, which was waiting for him. It was Maurevel who had fired the shot—the same who was known as “the king's assassin.” He had posted himself in one of the lower rooms of the house, and, covering one of the iron bars of the window with an old cloak, he waited three days for his victim.

The king was playing tennis when told of what had happened. Charles threw down his stick, and exclaimed, with an oath, “Am I never to have peace?” and rushed to his apartment.

Meanwhile, Ambrose Paré had amputated the two broken fingers of Coligny. Turning to Merlin, his chaplain, the admiral said, “Pray that God may grant me the gift of patience.” Seeing Merlin and other friends in tears, he said, “Why do you weep for me, my friends? I reckon myself happy to have received these wounds in the cause of God.”

About two in the afternoon, the king, accompanied by the queen-mother and a number of gentlemen of the court, entered the apartment of the wounded man. “My dear father,” exclaimed Charles, “the hurt is yours; the grief and the outrage mine; but,” added he, “I will take such vengeance that it shall never be effaced from the memory of man.” Coligny then entered into earnest conversation with the king, which was speedily interrupted by Catherine saying that to prolong the interview would be to exhaust the strength and endanger the life of Coligny.

Soon after midnight on Saturday, August 24th, St. Bartholomew's Day, the signal was given for the dread carnage to commence. The massacre was to begin with the assassination of Coligny, and that part of the work was assigned to the Duke of Guise. The moment that he heard the signal, the duke mounted his horse, and, accompanied by three hundred gentlemen and soldiers, galloped to the admiral's lodgings. He found the guards posted round it. They at once gave the duke admission into the court-yard. To force open the door was but the work of a few moments. They next mounted the stairs, while the duke remained below.

Awakened by the noise, the admiral got out of bed, and, wrapping his dressing-gown around him, and leaning against the wall, he bade Merlin join in prayer. One of his gentlemen, rushing into the room at this moment, exclaimed, “My lord, God calls us to Himself!” “I am prepared to die,” said the admiral. “I need no more the help of man, therefore farewell my friends. Save yourselves, if it is still possible.” They all left him, and escaped by the roof of the house.

The door was now forced open, and seven of the murderers entered. “Art thou Coligny?” said one of them. “I am,” re-

plied Coligny. "Young man, you ought to respect my grey hairs, but do what you will. You can shorten my life only by a few days." The villain replied by plunging his weapon into the admiral's breast, and the rest, closing round, stuck their daggers into him. Taking up the body, they threw it into the court-yard. The Duke of Guise said, "'Tis he, sure enough!" and kicked the corpse in its face. The head was then cut off, and carried to Catherine and the king. The trunk was exposed for some days to disgusting indignities. The head was embalmed, to be sent to Rome. The bloody trophy was carried as far as Lyons, and there all trace of it disappeared.

It is not our purpose here to relate the whole history of that terrible night and days that followed, but sufficient has been said to show what the spirit of Rome is, when the power is in her hands. May the Lord still defend this realm from the cursed blight of Popery, and send forth His truth in all its purity, attended by divine power, to the glory of His name and the good of His cause.

LITERAL MEANING OF ISAIAH XXX. 14.

REFERRING to the "sherd to take fire from the hearth, or to take water withal out of the pit," it is very common to find at the spring, or "pit," pieces of broken jars, to be used as ladles either to drink from, or fill with; and bits of fractured jars are preserved for this purpose. But the destruction of Sidon, mentioned by Isaiah, was to be so complete that there would not be left a piece large enough for that.

Take your stand near any of the public ovens in Sidon in the evening, and you will see the children of the poor coming with "sherds" of pottery in their hands, into which the baker pours a small quantity of hot embers and a few coals, with which to warm up their evening meal.

These comparisons are exceedingly expressive, where the actions referred to are of constant occurrence.

POOL OF SILOAM.—It is said to be about fifty feet long, twenty deep, and as many in width, though the sides are so broken down that it is not easy to take correct measurements.—*The Land and the Book*.

OUR Lord, in His address to Saul, says, "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks"—a proverbial expression, taken from the action of an unruly ox, which, when pricked by the goads, kicks back in anger, and thus wounds himself more deeply.

GEORGE GILBERT, "THE APOSTLE OF SUSSEX."

AMONG the many honoured names of the Lord's servants raised up in our land to do His work, that of George Gilbert, justly called "The Apostle of Sussex," must always hold a most distinguished place. Chosen to do a great work, he was preserved for that purpose, and, in the Lord's own time and manner, was called to perform it.

In looking back at his life, his early days and parentage, his earthly calling and companions, we have here displayed the glorious doctrines of God's electing love and mercy, and His preserving care and favour, spread out before us in all their fairest lines. Looking over the one hundred years from the date when Gilbert, in the prime of life, in 1788, was sowing the seed which was to yield such an abundant harvest in Sussex, until the present year, 1888, we can trace clearly the handiwork of the Great Disposer of all events and the Dispenser of all good, in raising up this honoured servant, and qualifying him for the important work committed to his charge. If we consider him as the fatherless child of four years old, the errand-boy of ten, the farmer's boy of fifteen, the carpenter's apprentice, the profane and reckless soldier, or the profligate and careless husband, we see now how all was overruled by the Lord, and exemplifying in this case the remark of a learned divine (Toplady) that "man is immortal until called by divine grace." Often in the horrors of war, and his comrades falling around him, yet, in the Lord's mercy, returning unscathed to do that work which had been already appointed for him by Infinite Wisdom. What patience and long-suffering was manifest in this case of Gilbert, and what a theme to raise our minds in adoration and wonder, when led to consider that, in all his wanderings and dangers, yet, under the eyes of Jehovah, "no weapon formed against him could prosper," and in times of peace he should return again to his native land, and, as an instrument in the hands of the Lord, build up the walls of Jerusalem, and plant the standard of the Gospel in a barren spot, and where, by His blessing, "the wilderness was made to blossom as the rose, and the thirsty land to become as springs of water."

George Gilbert was born at Rotherfield, in the county of Sussex, on the 28th of April, 1741. His father was a carpenter, but, being of a roving, restless disposition, and under pressing inducements, he entered the army, and died shortly afterwards, leaving his widow with five small children. Mr. Gilbert says—"I was at this time about four years old, and my mother, deprived of her support, was often exposed to want; and, being destitute of the means of paying for our education, she endeavoured to supply the deficiency herself, but this extended no farther than to teach

us to read." It does not appear that he had any religious instruction in early life, and we find no trace in his testimony of any opinion as to the state of mind of his mother at this time. Sunday Schools had not at that date been opened, and it is probable that he was allowed to run as inclined on the Sabbath. At eight years old he obtained a situation as an errand-boy, and continued in this employment until he had attained his eleventh year, when he entered into the service of a farmer, and continued in this occupation until he was fifteen. "Thus," says he, "was I early cast upon the care of Him who has promised to be the Father of the fatherless, and I can set to my seal that He is faithful to His promise, blessed be His holy name!" He now went to reside with his uncle, a carpenter, and there learnt that trade. At the expiration of two years he left his uncle, and worked at his business on his own account for about twelve months.

A great change was near now, and one which affected Gilbert's whole life, and for a season led him away from his native parish, and led him into all the horrors of war and danger. In the year 1759 he joined General Elliot's regiment of light horse, then recruiting at St. Albans, and in the month of April, 1760, embarked for Germany. He says, "All this time I was dead to God, and it might be truly said, He was not in all my thoughts. However, the fear of death and hell would sometimes harass me, and this laid me under some constraint." The object of the expedition was to assist Prince Ferdinand, who had put himself at the head of the Hanoverian army to aid the King of Prussia, and for the safety of the Hanoverian dominions. The regiment arrived in a few days at Bremallee, a small town in Hanover, and here, with his comrades, exposed to all the vices and temptations incident to such a life, he became, like his companions, the slave of the prince of darkness. Yet here there was some secret power at work in him, and conscience could not be wholly silenced, for he writes, "I began to drink in iniquity like water, and to live in the practise of those vices too common in the army, but legal convictions and the fear of death made me dread to live in so abandoned a manner as some of them did; yet my soul was dead to God, and it was because His mercy endureth for ever that I was not cut off in my sins."

A few days after reaching this town, they had orders to march, and, after a journey of many miles up the country, they halted at a village near Hesse Castle. Exciting scenes lay now immediately before Gilbert, and the cause of their march was communicated to the soldiers by the general. After joining some German troops, orders were given to intercept a reinforcement which was marching to join the French army, and

a battle was now close at hand. Gilbert says, in speaking of the general's orders, "He said he hoped we should behave ourselves like true Englishmen. We were cheerful and willing to fight for King George, but had no desire to fight for King Jesus. What is man when left to his own strength? We went to the battle in our own, though the battle is not to the strong, and God gave us the victory; but we forgot to give Him the glory. We advanced to meet the enemy, but they had left that place, therefore, at daybreak next morning, we marched in pursuit of them, and came in sight of them about twelve o'clock. There were fearful odds in our numbers, our army consisting of only sixteen hundred men, and theirs amounting to nearly five thousand. We took them wholly by surprise, and rushed into their camp sword in hand. The battle lasted six hours, and great loss was on both sides; but we obtained a complete victory, and killed, wounded, or took prisoners the whole army. During the engagement I took one of the French standards."

After this he was engaged in many battles, thousands falling around him, and showers of cannon and musket shot dealt death and destruction on every hand. At one time his horse was shot under him; at another period, he was lying upon the ground covered with snow, without clothing, nine or ten nights, suffering with hunger and thirst, and many comrades dying. In addition to this, he had to contend with much sickness—dysentery, a raging fever, and the small-pox.

Three years were spent in this manner, his life in continual danger—still dead and senseless in soul, in such measure that none of these things awoke the conscience. "It is true," he says, "I was at times terrified with the dread of death and hell, and was led to think what would become of my soul, if taken away in my sins. If anything but an almighty power could arouse a guilty soul to a sense of its danger, I had enough to do it; but I am convinced, from my own experience, that nothing but the influence of the Holy Spirit can quicken a sinner 'dead in trespasses and sins.'"

Such were some of the experiences of this servant of the Lord, and such were the deliverances and preservation accorded him when far off from God by wicked works. But the appointed time was now drawing nigh when he should bow before the Lord as a penitent sinner, and when he who had come through continual war and strife, and who for three years had been preserved through the greatest trials and dangers, should submit in times of peace to the all-conquering arm of the King of grace.

In 1763, our young soldier, being then twenty-two years old, with his regiment, after marching through Holland, embarked for England. They landed at Gravesend, and being ordered to

attend His Majesty, they continued in the immediate vicinity of London till the spring of 1764, when they were ordered to march to Shrewsbury. In this town, Mr. Gilbert formed an intimate acquaintance with the daughter of Mr. Wright, a builder, whom he soon after married, though her friends were exceedingly opposed to the union, on account of his being a soldier. The young woman was, at this date, but seventeen years of age, and her own mother having died, and her father married again, she was thus left without the advice and sympathy of the one above all other earthly connections able to direct the child in such a momentous matter as her marriage, and to have impressed upon her the duty of obedience to her father. Her union with Gilbert was so displeasing to her father that he refused ever after to acknowledge her as his daughter, and she thus became completely deserted by her friends and relations.

About this time, there were holding services at Shrewsbury some members of the Methodist Connexion, and our young soldier joined with others in making sport of them and their services, for the edification of his wicked companions. But how feeble are the efforts of puny man to resist the power and Word of the Most High! Gilbert mentions that one day, when engaged at his usual sport, he felt such a conviction that he was wrong, that he could never after mimic a Methodist sermon.

The landlady with whom the young couple lodged was a serious woman, who would frequently talk to him and his wife on religious subjects, and she succeeded so far as to induce them to attend the preaching of the Gospel. But the set time to favour him was not yet come, and the Word of God had no manifest effect upon either of them.

In 1765, the regiment was ordered to march from Shrewsbury to London, and in the following year they were ordered to Derby. The time was now at hand when God, in His infinite mercy, should stop this wanderer; and, as it has often been experienced in the conversion of some of the Lord's eminent saints, it was preceded by an awful state of darkness, and hardness, and greediness to sin. Here we find the prodigal at the farthest point, and the degraded sinner at the lowest, the rebel at his worst, and the enmity the most violent. Here, in Derby, the Lord met with him, and the sweet Spirit of truth convinced him of his sins. He that had been endeavouring to persuade himself of the truth of infidelity, and that neither God nor Satan had an existence, is now brought suddenly to find there is a power that will bring the sinner to a stand, and to bow down before Him. He says—"I suddenly began to fear there was a God who regarded human actions, that wicked deeds would receive a punishment, and that, if I died in the state in which I then was, I should be miserable

for ever. These fears followed me so closely that I became very uneasy, and often cried out, 'Lord, what will become of my soul when I die?' I felt great horror and darkness in my mind, and a desire to be good, that I might escape the punishment of hell. I told my wife we must be better, and say our prayers, and desired her to join with me. We both knelt down, and I read a prayer out of a book, but from this I found no relief."

He was suffered to remain some months in this state, at times relapsing into the greatest sin and excesses. Then the terrors of God would come upon him with more power—wretched in rebellion, wretched in submission, worn down by the assaults of Satan, rushing upon the bucklers of the Almighty, and defying the vengeance of God. The Lord's people know by experience now where this young soldier was in his feelings—an arrow in his heart, a terror in his conscience, and no rest night nor day. The dangers of the battle-field, the horrors of war, the misery around, with the groans of the dying—none of these things can be compared to the terrors in the soul, when God meets the sinner, and causes him to tremble at His Word.

We cannot do better here than to let his own words describe how he found deliverance, and comfort, and peace in his soul. He says—"One day, when I was in this state of mind, I felt a disposition to pray for it. I went into an outer building, and asked the Lord, if there was such a thing to be received into the heart as the Holy Ghost, He would be graciously pleased to bestow it upon me; and immediately there sprang up in my mind a ray of light which it is impossible to describe in words, but it made an impression on my heart which never wore off. This ray of light thus infused into my mind maintained its hold, and by it I was enabled to see the depravity of human nature in a fallen state, and the thick darkness which veiled my mind. I believed in the spirituality of the law of God, and the impurity of all my thoughts and actions. My soul appeared black with crimes, and my conscience laden with guilt, which sank me in unutterable anguish. The justice of God shone forth in all its awful glory, and my conscience testified to the justice of the sentence of death, and stripped me of every earthly confidence, and I thus sank as a lost, undone sinner. But the same Spirit which first shone into my soul made me see the suitability of the Lord Jesus as a Saviour, and enabled me to close in with Him as every way suited to my case; and, having a precious view of His sufferings and death, my heart overflowed with thankful praise."

We have now followed Gilbert through another eventful three years, and who that knows anything of the efficacy of divine grace, and the desperate enmity of the heart against God by nature, but will readily acknowledge the second period was more stormy

than the first ! From 1761 to 1764, amidst dangers and tumults, in sickness, in wars, and conflicts in temporal matters, and yet spared and brought safely through. From 1764 to 1767, a still greater conflict, when the battle should be shifted from without him to within, the kingdom of Satan, so long maintained there, be thrown down, and the kingdom of Emmanuel firmly and enduringly set up. Well might he exclaim, with one of old, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul."

In the spring of 1767, the regiment marched to London, and afterwards removed to Kingston-upon-Thames ; and soon after arriving, he learned that General Elliot had purchased an estate called Bailey Park, in the parish of Heathfield, in the county of Sussex, within eight miles of Rotherfield, Gilbert's native village. The general having sent men to work there, Gilbert obtained permission to go with them, and, in company with his wife and infant daughter, soon reached Heathfield. Our Lord has always a godly seed in the earth, and still carries on His glorious purpose of salvation ; and, when all around seems to rest secure in the service of sin and Satan, the means are not wanting in His hand to gather in His own, even in the wildest parts of the earth.

(To be continued.)

HEARERS OF THE WORD.

"THERE are four different kinds of hearers of the Word," says Boston—"those like a sponge, that suck up good and bad together, and let both run out immediately—having ears, and hearing not ; those like a sand-glass, that let what enters in at one ear pass out at the other—hearing without thinking ; those like a strainer, letting go the good and retaining the bad ; and those like a sieve, letting go the chaff and retaining the good grain."

THE sprinkling of the blood of the crucified Saviour on the conscience by the Holy Ghost sanctifies a man, without which the most abstemious life and rigorous discipline are unholy.—*Hart*.

WE read, in 2 Corinthians xi., of Paul being let down through a window in a basket by the wall, when the governor of Damascus kept the city with a garrison, desirous to apprehend him. An eye-witness mentions a boy being brought to the ground in that manner for the purpose of gathering fruit in a neighbouring garden, thus proving the truthfulness of the Scriptures.

THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

THE EXPERIENCE OF MR. JOHN CENNICK.

(WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.)

WELL may I say, my life has been
One scene of sorrow and of sin ;
From early days I griefs have known ;
And, as I grew, my griefs have grown.

Dangers were always in my path,
And fears of death and endless wrath ;
While pale dejection in me reigned,
I often wept, by griefs constrained.

When parted from my company,
Or when I laid my pleasures by,
How hath uncommon dread prevailed,
And sighs no more would be concealed !

I often to divert me strove,
And tried my trouble to remove ;
I sung, and uttered sighs between ;
Essayed to stifle guilt with sin.

But oh, not all that I could do
Would stop the current of my woe !
Convictions still my vileness showed—
How great my guilt—how gone from God !

Prevented that I could not die,
Nor might to one kind refuge fly,
Just like the orphan did I mourn ;
Forsook by all, and left forlorn.

Though every day I wailed my fall,
Three years of grief exceeded all ;
No rest I knew ; a slave to sin ;
With scarce a spark of hope between

From every mortal eyelid veiled,
My heart I kept ; my grief concealed ;
Till eighteen tedious years were o'er,
In secret all my cross I bore.

To none but the Omniscient Eye
Would I unlock my misery ;
Nor even to my friends impart
The close distemper of my heart.

The world beheld my cheerful mien,
Nor guessed my woe, to all unseen ;
They by appearance judged, nor knew
The troubles that I waded through.

Lust, anger, blasphemy, and pride,
 With legions of such ills beside,
 Troubled my thoughts ; while doubts and fears
 Clouded and darkened all my years.

Quite tired at last, I sat me down
 Some distance from my native town.
 Yet within sight ; hear where the Thames
 Glides silent by, in fruitful streams.

Sighs now no more would be confined ;
 They breathed the trouble of my mind ;
 I wished for death, and checked the word ;
 And prayed, despairing, for the Lord !

Unhappy more than all the earth
 I thought the place that gave me birth ;
 Sadness and strangest thoughts me filled,
 As I its ragged walls beheld.*

Much like the buildings I appeared ;
 Greatly demolished, yet was spared ;
 One, for its ancient worth and fame ;
 But oh, my ancient boast was shame !

Why was I spared (so nigh to hell) ?
 God only knew ; I could not tell ;
 But thought—" Such as is yonder wall
 I stand, decaying since the fall.

" Should that be razed to the ground,
 Its happy end would there be found ;
 But I, when driven hence, must be
 Condemned to all eternity."

Close by the hill (my seat) there stood
 The ruins of a noted wood,
 Among whose trees, beneath whose shade,
 The birds their habitation made.

While I was musing, nigh despair,
 They sung, and I awhile gave ear ;
 Reflecting, 'midst their harmony,
 " How blest is every one but me !

" No care of future life or woe,
 Nor grief, nor sin, they ever know ;
 When death declares their destiny,
 In silence they shall ever lie."

Thus all things added to my pain,
 And still compelled me to complain ;
 Till sable clouds began to rise,
 And gather in the Eastern skies.

* The abbey walls at Reading.

Called now to bid the fields adieu,
I rose, oppressed and heavy too ;
Wishes for rest employed my tongue,
But oh, my journey yet was long !

Home to my house, unhelped, I went,
Bewailing still my banishment ;
The house, alas ! no rest could yield ;
Still comfortless as was the field.

Weary with travail, yet unknown
To all but God and me alone,
Yet nine long months for peace I strove,
A stranger still to care and love.

Hardened in grief, inured in woe ;
Trained up in fears and perils too ;
I said, "It ever thus must be ;
No quiet is permitted me."

Hard hap, and more than heavy lot—
Estranged from peace, by God forgot—
That I must bear (by Heaven consigned)
The terrors of a troubled mind !

Strivings and wrestlings found I vain ;
Nothing I did could stay my pain ;
Then gave I up my works and will,
Resigned to share in heaven or hell.

Like some poor prisoner at the bar,
Conscious of guilt, of sin, of fear,
Arraigned and self-condemned I stood,
Lost in the world and in my blood !

Yet here, 'midst blackest clouds confined,
A beam from Christ (the Day-star) shined :
"Surely," thought I, "if Jesus please,
He freely can restore my peace !

"He died for sinners. I am one !
May-be He did for me atone ;
Though I am nothing else but sin,
He, if He will, can make me clean."

Thus light came in, and I believed ;
Myself forgot, and help received ;
My Saviour, then, I know I found ;
And pressed by guilt no more I groaned.

Oh, happy hour, in which I ceased
From man, for then I found a rest !
No longer was my Lord unknown ;
Thy light, O Jesus, in me shone.

I, ignorant of Thy righteousness,
Set up my labours in its place ;
Fergot for why the blood was shed,
And prayed and fasted in its stead.

Blest be Thy name, for now I know
I and my works can nothing do ;
The Lord alone can ransom man ;
For this the spotless Lamb was slain.

When sacrifices, works, and prayer
Proved vain, and ineffectual were,
" Lo! then I come," the Saviour cried ;
And, bleeding, bowed His head and died.

He died for all who ever saw
No help in them, nor by the law ;
I this have seen, and glad I own
Salvation is by Christ alone !

NIGHT THOUGHTS BY A WATCHMAN.

MEDITATIONS IN AND ABOUT EDEN.

IN every place and position, man is tested and tempted by his associations and his circumstances. He can never, of himself, free himself from these, nor rise above them. They are blessings to him in proportion to his understanding and wisely using them. They are causes of sin and sorrow to the degree that they are mistaken and abused. Man has ever been freely supplied with favours by his good and wise Creator. In Eden he was surrounded with proofs of his Maker's loving-kindness, but here also the greatest gift became the greatest temptation. Eve was not only the last work, but the greatest wonder of God's works. Both in the mode and purpose of her creation, she was the wonder of wonders—not made of the earth, but taken out of man. By her creation man lost, in order to gain. A rib was taken from Adam in order to provide him a wife—a helpmeet for him. How glorious the work ! How precious the gift ! With what perfect satisfaction and joy Adam must have received and contemplated this suited companion, and then called her *woman*. It was not good for him to be alone, and now he has a constant and a beloved companion by his side, from whence she had been taken. She was taken from him, and was dear to him. Both the man and the woman were but one man. The woman was not intended nor made to be independent of the man. She was made for him, to be his help.

But how great was the honour put upon the woman ! She was made the *mother of all*. Thus, at the first, the woman's

position is seen to be one of honour and dependence ; and this is the place assigned her in the New Testament. She is to be in subjection, but not slavery. She is to be honoured, but as the weaker vessel.

It was the personal and independent action of Eve which procured the ruin of herself and her husband. She gave her ears to the voice of another, and acted in haste, without consultation. The adversary did not come directly at the man with his temptation, but gained access to him by the object of his affection. Eve having been beguiled by the foe, induced Adam to do as she had done—disobey their good, great, and glorious Creator. God might have, but did not, put them in the garden of delights without law or restriction. He gave them very great liberty, but not unbounded license. The whole of the garden and trees, with the one exception, were theirs for use. Of the fruit of “the tree of knowledge of good and evil” they might not eat. This prohibition was the law of God to them, and this law they transgressed, and incurred its sad penalty.

But, notwithstanding this disobedience and its results, God is good, exceedingly good, as a Creator. He freely and bountifully supplies the wants of His sinning creatures. His kind and gracious providence is over the evil and the good. The wicked are preserved and cared for as well as the righteous, by the faithful, wise, and bountiful Creator. All are indebted to, and should acknowledge, their great Provider and Preserver. He is ever very mindful of His creatures. This He proves to us by the fruitfulness of the earth, and the covenant He made for our preservation in the days of Noah. His bow is still seen in the cloud, which He adopted as a sign and pledge of His promise, and bids us look on it as such. How needful it is that seed-time and harvest should never fail, not even for one year, for there is not now enough food at any time provided in one year to sustain the inhabitants of the world two years. Oh, how dependent we are upon the goodness and faithfulness of God ! With what confidence we may commit ourselves to the keeping of our faithful Creator, in well-doing ! What can harm us while we are followers of that which is good ?

Eden was the birth-place of a bright and blessed hope, as well as of sin, shame, and fear. He from whom Adam and Eve sought to hide themselves, when they heard His voice in the garden, was still their best and truest Friend, for, notwithstanding their disobedience and disgrace, He came seeking them in their disgrace. They had sought to hide their shame from each other by fig-leaves, and now they seek to hide themselves from the Lord, whose command they had both disobeyed. How vain and foolish the attempt to hide from God either ourselves or our sins ! All human efforts

and hiding-places will utterly fail us when God calls us by name, as He did Adam, saying, "Where art thou?" Sinner, you may put on your best garments, and mingle with God's own people; you may try to hide yourself in a holy place, and join a Christian Church, and do as they do; you may pray and teach publicly; but this will not cover your sin. You may have, or think you have, but very few sins to cover; but if you had but *one sin*, all this could not cover or remove it. Adam and Eve had sinned but once, but this one sin produced all their shame, guilt, and fear. Can you escape from the eyes of God? No, never! You must come forth from all your hiding-places, and stand before the Lord, and confess your sins to Him, as they did, or you will never obtain either pardon or peace from God. Your language must be—

"Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!"

Love and mercy are revealed in the garden as well as judgment and truth. God had said, "Thou shalt surely die," and soon they both found that death working in them when they had sinned. Here He gave them a most precious promise of One, coming in their own nature, who, being born of the woman, should do great things for them. The good God of providence soon manifested Himself to them as the wonderful God of grace. He who had provided food for His holy creatures now provides clothing for His guilty ones. "Unto Adam also and to his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins, and clothed them." Contrast the fig-leaf apron with the coats of skins, and see how poor was *their* invention, and how suited was *His* provision. *His* would be durable; *theirs* would very soon perish. The Redeemer finds food and clothing for the soul, as the Creator did for the body. The disobedience of Adam and Eve not only brought great misery on them, but by it they sustained a very great loss. There was in the midst of the garden the tree of life, but now, having lost their right to life by their transgression, they are deprived of it. "And the Lord God said, Behold, the man is become as one of Us, to know good and evil: and now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live for ever: therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken. So He drove out the man; and He placed at the east of the garden of Eden cherubim, and a flaming sword, which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life." However, the tree of life is not lost for ever to all the seed of Adam. The Messiah more than restoreth all favours lost by Adam and his pos-

terity. This tree, "in the midst of the paradise of God," is not lost spiritually. It was a shadow of good things to come. Christ said, by His servant John (Rev. ii. 7), "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God." He met and removed the flaming sword. This sword had long remained silent, but was called upon to awake, when the Shepherd of the sheep approached it. He thus secured a right to life and all its blessings, with the means and power to retain them and bestow them on His people, according to His will. He alone is the Tree of Life, and He alone can lead us into paradise. He assured the dying thief that he should be with Him in this happy abode, on the day He was crucified. Oh, how freely both grace and glory are given! Truly "He hath mercy on whom He will have mercy"; and often His mercy is bestowed on the most degraded characters, for God delighteth in mercy, and will show it to thousands.

Adam was driven out of the garden destitute of all except his God-made skin coat and a God-inspired hope in the promised Seed. He had much lost good to reflect upon, and much acquired misery to endure, till he should return to the earth from whence he had been taken. He had lost a peaceful paradise, but he had gained a precious promise. He had no longer a beautiful Eden to admire, but a thorn-growing earth to dig, in the sweat of his face, and to eat of the herb of the field with sorrow all the days of his life. He cannot now look up and take the prepared fruits from the trees, and eat them in peaceful pleasure. He is compelled to toil in order to obtain herbs. Once the lord of paradise, now he is the labourer in the field. Here is indeed departed grandeur. Still, like some dismantled castle, he is great in ruin. He still retains the strongest affection for his weaker self. Over her he carefully watches; for her he expresses the greatest sympathy, and willingly tills the soil. They share their mutual toils, cares, and pains; and these are the less and the lighter because divided between them. Each returning Sabbath brings with it rest, and points them to the brighter hope, while they meditate on the words of His promise, spoken to them in the garden.

Thus the weeks pass by, and a son is given. The maternal joy is great, for a man-child is born. But, alas! how soon they discover that he is born in sin! Their joy is, in a few short years, silenced by sorrow. They have two sons, but these do not dwell in peace. In them is seen the two seeds—the righteous and the wicked. The elder not only takes the place of master, but becomes the murderer of his brother. He hides the blood-stained body, and passes on. But the blood is righteous blood, and it crieth to the Lord from the earth; and "shall not God avenge His own elect?" He will, and that speedily. "And the Lord said to

Cain, Where is thy brother Abel?" The wicked may *slay*, but they cannot *hide*, the righteous, for "the eyes of the Lord are upon them, and His ears are open unto their cry." The grief-stricken parents are amazed at the sight of death—the death of their godly son, slain by his own brother. What a sad form in which to consider death for the first time! Could it possibly come before them in a more grievous way? Oh, sin, sin, what sorrows hast thou produced! What marvellous mischief hast thou wrought! When will thy destructions cease?

But, however painful were the circumstances attending the death of their beloved son, there was still a sweet ray of hope shining through it all. The black cloud had its silver edging. Abel was a true worshipper of the Creator and Redeemer. By faith he approached God with the lamb and its blood—a more excellent sacrifice than that of Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous. He thus testified by faith and obedience while he lived, and "being dead, yet speaketh." The faithful in the family had not to mourn as having no hope of meeting again. Had Cain been destroyed in his wickedness, and taken away in unbelief to the regions of darkness, it would have been far more distressing, for, in the case of Abel's departure to the paradise restored, they had cause for joy as well as sorrow. How far better to be able to contemplate a son fallen asleep in the faith, than to be pained by one living in sin and enmity against God and man! Happy those who have many, or any, dear ones in the Eden above! How the heart is, at times, drawn there by the thought of again being united in that happy land! Faith not only sees God, but the goodness of God also, in all things and in all events. It looks beyond the present abode, and sees hidden things, real and sure.

" The darkest clouds faith pierces through,
And makes the pearly gates appear ;
Far into distant worlds she flies,
And brings eternal glories near."

They would be thus, in a great degree, comforted by the joy of hope, while the terror-stricken murderer would be consumed by self-reproach and fear. But even to him God is pleased to show some favour, and will not allow him to be slain by the sword of justice. In this way the saints have ever lived since the day of Adam's transgression—in joy and sorrow, in faith and fear, in doubt and hope, in darkness and light. But, while this is their lot in this world, how very many live far below their position, having neither light, faith, hope, nor joy, and die in despair! Oh, let me *live*, and "let me *die*, the death of the righteous ; and let my last end be like his!"

W. B.

HOW TO TREAT SLANDER.

IT is related of Mr. L. Haynes that some of his students, having been slandered for their religious activity and zeal, went to him with their complaints, expecting his sympathy and protection. After a pause, Mr. Haynes observed, "I knew all this before!" "Why, then," said one, "did you not inform us?" "Because," said he, "it was not worth communicating; and I now tell you plainly, once for all, my young friends, it is best to let the devil carry his own mail and bear his own expenses."

There is much wisdom in this remark, and it is capable of a variety of applications. When assaults are made upon any one in points where he is sustained by a consciousness of right, in a vast majority of cases, silence is the most effective defence, for to formally refute slander, he must first extend the publication of it—that is, must sustain the expense of carrying the devil's mail, and convey to many the information which they would not otherwise have had—that he has been subjected to imputation of wrong. And, as a lie will travel faster than truth, there is little encouragement to run down a falsehood by an earnest refutation. And yet, with rare exceptions, it is not needful. A little faith and patience will serve one quite as well as laboured vindications. Habitual integrity is the best defence. Let a foul breath be breathed upon a diamond, and it will soon regain its lustre.

Mr. Haynes once practised on this principle as follows. An unprincipled man overtook him on the road, and said, "Mr. Haynes, have you heard the scandalous reports that are abroad about you?" He calmly replied, "I have heard nothing." The man then proceeded, in profane and abusive language, to give the details, and allege that they were true, and that they would ruin his character. Mr. Haynes walked on in silence till he reached his own house, when he turned to the slanderer and said, "Well, Mr. —, you see what disgrace my conduct has brought upon me, according to your own account. I want you to take warning from me, to forsake your evil course, and save your character from disgrace." They parted; but the next day the man came with a humble acknowledgment, asking forgiveness.

THE will of God is the only standard of right and good.—*Hart.*

DOVES.—David speaks of a dove whose wings were covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold. He refers to a kind found at Damascus, whose feathers, all except the wings, are literally as yellow as gold. They are very small.

LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

DEAR FRIEND,—I received your welcome letter, and was glad to hear you arrived home safely, and that you were somewhat better. I hope, if it is the Lord's will, you may be restored to health again, and be a comfort to your parent. I would wish, if it is the Lord's will, that she might see all her children walking in the fear of the Lord. I know that is her desire, and so it is of every godly parent. The greatest blessing that God can confer upon fallen man is, the fear of the Lord. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom"; and again, "The fear of the Lord is clean, and it endureth for ever." If the fear of God is in your heart, you shall never perish, but you shall endure to the end; and it is only those that endure to the end who are saved. There are thousands of professors who endure for a while, but in a day of temptation or trial, they fall away, and then where is all that zeal they talked so much about, and the wonderful revelations that they had—where is it? Why, it is all gone. Their religion having cost them nothing, they can easily part with it. But not so with the child of God. He is kept, although he often fears he is like one of the foolish virgins, with merely a lamp of profession—no grace.

Another trembling one will say, "I fear I am like one of the lepers that were cleansed, that did not return to give God thanks. I feel that I have such an unthankful heart. I feel so hard, and so unlike what a Christian ought to feel. Surely I am not right, but I do desire to be right in the things of God, and not to be deceived myself, or to deceive others." Now, let me, my young friend (as John Berridge says), draw my chair a little closer. Have you a desire to know Him whom to know is eternal life, or, as Paul says, rather, "that you may be known of Him"? If thou hast that desire, it shall be granted to thee. If the Lord has put a cry into your soul for mercy, through the dear Lamb of God, He will satisfy that cry. "The vision is for an appointed time; though it tarry, wait for it." May the Lord give you strength to wait, for to know you have an interest in the dear Redeemer is worth waiting all your life for. My desire is, that you may be a spiritual gleaner in the field of our Boaz, and may it please the dear Lord to drop handfuls on purpose for you, and may you find the Word of God sweet to your taste. Don't run here and there to hear different ministers, neither read works written by men of error. There is such a thing as error wrapped up with truth. If you want to know what is truth, go and ask the Lord to teach you by His Spirit. It is the office of the Holy Ghost to take of the things of Christ, and reveal them to His people. And allow me to tell you, the Holy Ghost teaches no lies.

May the Lord give you much of His fear in exercise in your soul, and may you "be careful for nothing, but, by prayer and supplication, make your requests known unto God." Seek His direction in all things. "Acknowledge Him in all your ways, and He will direct your paths."

My dear partner desires her kind regards to you, your mother, and all friends, and accept the same from

Your affectionate friend,

Brighton, December 10th, 1860.

SPENCER DOBELL.

ENGLAND AND ROMISH TENDENCIES.

ON Sunday, November 20th, 1887, the Rev. Jacob Primmer, of Townhill, Dunfermline, took occasion to refer from the pulpit to certain "Romish tendencies" which, he said, the Queen had recently shown. Only within the past few days an English Ritualist had asked Her Majesty to accept of a bottle of what he called "water direct from the river Jordan," but which might only have been a pious fraud. Instead of declining the gift, as savouring of superstition, she had sent the Ritualist a most fulsome letter, accepting the bottle. There was no virtue in this water of Jordan, and we never read of it being used in Christian baptism, but only John's baptism. Her Majesty, in receiving with sincere thanks this water, led one to believe that she regarded it as superior to ordinary water. As marking the Queen's superstition in the same way, it was sad and alarming to find her sending the Popish Duke of Norfolk as a special envoy to "the man of sin." Her Majesty swore on her coronation that transubstantiation and the Mass were "superstitious and idolatrous," yet we find her sending her envoy to the Antichrist, to congratulate him on being "Mass priest for fifty years." She swore also that she "would have no diplomatic dealings with the Pope," but here was the thin edge of the wedge being inserted, for the purpose of doing exactly opposite to the terms of her oath. The Pope had proved himself to be the foe of civil and religious liberty, and he would dethrone the Queen if he had the power.

THE "Weekly Register" announces—"Earl Lyons has been received into the Roman Catholic Church by Dr. Butt, Bishop of Southwark. Earl Lyons had placed himself under instruction, and had begun regularly to attend Roman Catholic services, several weeks prior to his paralytic seizure." Lord Lyons recently relinquished the post of British ambassador at Paris, and afterwards stayed with the Duke of Norfolk at Norfolk House, where he has since died.

A MODEL PAPAL STATE.

IN Ecuador, the Pope still names the President, the priests still make the laws, and, as a natural result, in that whole country there is not a railroad, nor a telegraph, nor a stage coach, nor a highway upon which a carriage or a cart can be driven, except the great roads built by the Incas before the Spanish invasion, which have never been kept in repair, and are now almost useless. When I say that there is not a railroad in Ecuador, I should except a tract ten miles long on the sea coast, which was laid some years ago, but was never operated, and is now covered with tropical underbush like a jungle.

The city of Guayaquil, the only seaport of Ecuador, is a place of some commercial importance, and the residence of many foreigners. They have introduced modern ideas and public schools. The seed thus sown is bearing fruit, and is a perpetual menace to the power of the Church—so much so, that the principal portion of the army of Ecuador is kept there to quell revolutions when the Papal authority is resisted. Some of the enterprising citizens have organized a telegraph company, and are constructing a line to Quito, the capital, but the wires are constantly cut, and well-informed people predict that the priests will not allow it to be operated, for fear it will prove a wedge that shall open the country to other modern ideas.

There is a law in Ecuador prohibiting the importation of books, unless they shall first receive the sanction of the Church, and Jesuit priests act as inspectors at the Custom House, to prevent the dissemination of intelligence among the people. No records of the finances of the Government are kept. The President of Ecuador and his Finance Minister were unable to give the United States' Commission the amount of imports and exports, or the amount of revenues collected. Their ignorance as to the disbursement of those revenues was quite as dense, but the prevailing belief is, that much of the money goes to sustain the thousands of priests, monks, and nuns that keep the people in darkness. When the public revenues are not sufficient to meet their demands, the necessary means are raised by forced loans from the merchants of Guayaquil. An officer with a file of soldiers calls upon the business firms, and collects the assessments. This practice has given rise to a peculiar custom, for, to protect themselves from such impositions, the foreign residents put signs on their doors to announce their nationality. Hence the traveller's curiosity is awakened by seeing the flags of foreign countries nailed upon the entrances to residences or business houses, with a legend printed upon them, reading, "He who lives within is an American," or a Frenchman, or an Englishman, or a German,

as the case may be. Sometimes these warnings are disregarded, and appeal to the Minister resident is necessary for protection.

Drunkenness, indolence, and licentiousness are the lessons taught by the priests. To attend Mass every morning, and confessional once a week, are the only requirements of good citizenship, and vice of every description is not only licensed, but encouraged. Four-fifths of the population can neither read nor write, and the only knowledge they have is what the priests have told them. Ecuador is a Republic in name, but its constitution declares that the nation "exists wholly and alone devoted to the service of the Holy Church." The army is divided into four commands, called respectively, "The Division of the Blessed Virgin," "The Division of the Holy Ghost," "The Division of the Son of God," "The Division of the Blood and Body of Christ." "The Sacred Heart of Jesus" is the national emblem, and the body-guard of the President is called "The Holy Lancers of St. Mary." There are no Protestants in Quito, and none are allowed to reside in the city. Everything is tolerated but opposition to the Church, and he who will not partake of the Sacrament is stoned.—*Dominion Churchman*.

MARTYRDOM OF JOOS VERBEEK.

On the 7th of June, 1591, the Margrave of Antwerp went out with a great number of people, well armed with staves, and apprehended Joos Verbeek, a minister of God's Word and of His Church. On the 9th he was heard. He very freely confessed his faith, and also his office, which the Margrave and the gentlemen ridiculed. He was likewise very severely tortured; but through all, God preserved his lips from giving information of any one, although he was so unmercifully handled that a cord bound round his body broke in pieces. Twice in four days he had to endure the rack. He was once scourged till the blood flowed. He patiently endured it all, but greatly lamented that they had broken or so lamed his right hand by the torture that he was disabled from writing.

On the twentieth day of the month he was brought before the tribunal. The sheriff asked him if he had been re-baptized? He answered, "Ask me concerning my faith, which I have confessed in prison before the gentlemen and the Margrave." The sheriff then asked him what he held concerning infant baptism. He said, "I have confessed that it is not of God, but a human institution." The sheriff asked again if he had been re-baptized, and said, "Say 'Yes' or 'No,' for I know you will not lie, therefore tell me the truth." He said, "I have been baptized on a profession of my faith as Christ teaches" (Matt. xxviii.; Mark xvi.).

Having confessed his faith, baptism, and doctrine, and not being permitted to say more, sentence was pronounced upon him. In the meantime he spoke to the people, "Dear fellow-citizens, I have lived here eleven years, and no one can bring any complaint against me, for I have done wrong to no one, and my life and doctrine agree with the Word of God." "That is true," exclaimed a brother, which the constables hearing, they rose up and inquired who it was, but they did not find him.

Joos said, "Oh, that I might defend myself publicly against the priests who were with me in prison, as Paul was permitted to do before Agrippa; but we are forbidden to speak!"

Coming from the tribunal he said, "He who delivered Daniel from the lions' den will likewise preserve me, for I suffer not for evil-doing, but for the name of the Lord." "That is true," cried a brother. Others called out, "Be valiant, dear brother." Joos said, boldly and cheerfully, "Dear fellow-citizens, thus must all God's children suffer. The saints of God, the prophets, and many godly men have trodden this path before me."

When he approached the straw hut, and stood before the door* in which he was to present his burnt-offering, he lifted up his eyes to heaven, and said, "O Holy Father, support Thy servant in this time of need!" The executioner's man wished to put a cord with a knot into his mouth, to prevent his speaking, but nevertheless he was not silent, for he was heard to exclaim, "O Lord, Thou Son of David, have mercy upon me!"

The executioner performed his work with fear and trembling. When the fire was kindled, Joos exclaimed, "O Heavenly Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit! O Lord of Hosts, who separated me from my mother's womb, be with Thy servant in this last distress which I suffer for Thy name!" He once more exclaimed, "O Heavenly Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit!" and presented a peaceful burnt sacrifice, a mirror and example to us all.—*Baptist Martyrology.*

HEAVEN'S gates are wide enough to admit of many sinners, but too narrow to admit of any sin.

If we are of them that love God, and who are "the called according to His purpose," we shall find that those things which we now think are against us will, in due time, turn out for our good, although, like Jacob, we may not be able to realize it until near the time of our departure.

* Many of the martyrs were burnt in a small hut made of the faggots and straw used to consume them, and not at a stake.



"THE PARK EXTENDED SEVERAL MILES." (See page 30.)

MEMOIR OF CECILIA SLOANE.

"I obtained mercy."

It has been said that "truth is more strange than fiction." The following narrative confirms the saying, while it is also illustrative of the distinguishing grace of God.

The subject of this memoir was related to a noble family. To give publicity to their name might gratify a morbid curiosity, but could not yield any advantage to the reader. She will, therefore, be known only by her husband's name.

Cecilia Sloane, from early infancy, was surrounded with every gratification which high station and great wealth could command. One of the first impressions she received was in harmony with the satire of the wise man—"There is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his soul enjoy good." She lived in a splendid mansion, around which the park, with its green covering, extended several miles. The deer silently cropped the rich herbage, or playfully sported among the trees. Her dress was elegant, the table was covered with every luxury, and numerous servants were ever ready to gratify her desires. Her life was like a beautiful summer day, in which no envious cloud obscured the brightness of the sun. What graceless person that saw her then would have hesitated to say, "The lines are fallen unto her in pleasant places; she has a goodly heritage"?

The education of young ladies at this period rarely included more than external accomplishments, which enabled them to shine amidst the gay circle of fashion. Such, at least, was the extent of Cecilia's attainments. She knew very little of the God who made her, or of His design in her existence. She was taught the Church catechism, yet even this was never explained, and she remembered it only as a burdensome task. The little girl in our Sunday School knows more than Cecilia knew. It is lamentable, however, that there are many Christian parents utterly indifferent to the inspired precept, "Train up a child in the way in which he should go." Their neglect is productive of the most fearful consequences. They "sow the wind, and they reap the whirlwind." Such was the result, as the sequel will show, of Cecilia's defective education.

There were no incidents in her early life sufficiently interesting to require notice. She was without care. The river at the extremity of the park, whose waters flowed so tranquilly that they could scarcely be seen to move, may be regarded as an emblem of her existence. The words of the Prophet precisely point out the character of her life—"To-morrow shall be as this day, and much more abundant."

When she had nearly reached her seventeenth year, an event occurred which gave a new and painful character to her future history. The gardens belonging to the house were large, and contained almost every variety of plants and flowers, delighting the eye with their beauty and perfuming the air with their fragrance. Among the persons employed there, one, a young man of showy exterior, attracted Cecilia's attention, and she frequently conversed with him respecting the names and properties of certain flowers. The distance between them was so great that no suspicion was entertained by her friends of any improper intimacy. It seems, however, that a mutual attachment was formed, and for many months they carried on a clandestine correspondence without discovery. An accident disclosed their secret, and Cecilia's family were exceedingly distressed that she had so far forgotten her station in life, and the duty she owed to her parents and friends. The young man was immediately dismissed from his situation, and Cecilia was threatened with the lasting displeasure of her parents. She seemed to be overwhelmed with shame at her folly, and engaged in the most solemn manner that she would never see him nor hold any further communication with him. After some time her apparent contrition and humility were believed to be sincere. She was again restored to favour, and her life began to move on almost as tranquilly as it did prior to the discovery of this unhappy circumstance.

How painful it is to witness duplicity, especially in the young, from whom we had expected ingenuousness and sincerity ! Cecilia was deceiving her friends. The correspondence was continued, notwithstanding her solemn pledge to the contrary ; and, in an unhappy hour, she left her home, and married the man she had engaged to see no more. Her folly and guilt must be apparent to every reader. Perhaps, however, the evil consequences of this false step are so evident in the following pages, that Cecilia's sufferings will form the strongest appeal to young persons, inducing obedience to parental counsels, in reference especially to that connection which death only can terminate.

From the uniform kindness of her indulgent parents, Cecilia expected to be forgiven, and also that some lucrative situation would be obtained for her husband. In this she was painfully disappointed. From the moment her marriage was known, they discarded her for ever. She never saw them again, nor received any intimation that she was forgiven. Solomon says, "The way of transgressors is hard," and Cecilia proved the truth of that saying. She mourned in secret her disobedience and deceit, but it was then too late.

Cecilia's husband brought her to London, and engaged an apartment in the neighbourhood of the Seven Dials. The contrast

between her present and former abode must have been exceedingly distressing to her feelings. At a very late period of her life the impression continued, though its bitterness was then gone. The magnificent and airy mansion was exchanged for one confined room, and the extensive prospect for the chimneys of the adjacent houses; the superb furniture for a few articles of the plainest kind; the luxurious table for the coarsest fare; and, instead of servants anticipating her wants, she had now to perform the most menial services for herself. But, in the humiliating comparison, there was one thing more difficult to endure than all the others. Instead of companions whose elegant manners gave a charm to all they did, she had the society of her husband only, while every day rendered her more sensible of her imprudence in the choice she had so foolishly made. She was as unsuited to him as he was to her; and now, when she wanted sympathy, there was no one to whom she could impart her cares—no one from whom she could receive consolation. Her neighbours were all poor, and many were depraved. She was as poor as any, but she never sank to their level or practised their vices.

It is due to her husband to state that, although he was bitterly disappointed by the continued silence of Cecilia's friends, he treated her kindly, and laboured hard to supply her wants.

The birth of a son, when she had been married rather more than a year, though it increased her difficulties, lessened their pressure. She had something to love now. For her child's sake she cheerfully endured privation and toil. There were moments when her thoughts would revert sadly to her former condition, when she dwelt with her family, and knew no want; yet even then the sight of her child would banish the feeling of regret, and fill her heart with gladness. How tender and self-sacrificing is a mother's love! The God of all grace refers to it to illustrate His affection to His chosen people—"As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you, and ye shall be comforted in Zion."

Thus the first ten years of her married life were spent. She had at intervals endeavoured to obtain some notice from her family, but her efforts were entirely unsuccessful. Her letters were returned unopened, and not one indication of remembrance ever reached her. Between her parents and herself there was a great gulf. She could not pass it; and they adhered to their resolution—they would not pass to her.

Her mind was now more reconciled to her painful lot, and she clung with increased fondness to her child. There was nothing withheld from him that Cecilia could possibly procure, and she sought continually to promote his happiness. But, alas! she knew not God, and was as unable as unwilling to speak to her boy concerning Him. All this time she had no Bible. Un-

sanctified afflictions harden, and poor Cecilia's heart was as hard as a rock. She had never said, with the prodigal, "I will arise and go to my Father"; nor, with the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" In those days there was no Bible Society to seek out the destitute poor, and give the best of books. Even now, ignorance and vice abound, but the company is great who publish "glad tidings"; and the Lord has said, "My Word shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

About this time an event occurred which plunged Cecilia into the depths of affliction and despair, far exceeding anything she had previously experienced. It is probable that her early habits prevented that union of feeling between her and her husband which is so essential to happiness in the married life. They were, in many respects, "unequally yoked." Perhaps, also, the consciousness of his inferiority was mortifying to himself, and induced him to regret the step he had taken, by which her position in life was so painfully changed. It is only in this way that she could account for the mysterious and distressing event which must now be related.

Her son was just entering his tenth year. He was an interesting lad, and was greatly attached to his mother. One Sabbath morning, when the sun was brightly shining, and the church bells were sending forth their cheerful peal, he went out with his father, not to attend the house of God, but to take a walk, intending to return in time for dinner. Cecilia made the usual preparation, and after waiting some considerable period after all was ready, she began to feel angry at their stay. But hour after hour passed, and her anger was exchanged for alarm. From that day she never saw her husband nor her child, nor heard anything concerning them. They had not quarrelled, nor had he ever, by a single word, led her to suspect that he entertained an intention of leaving her. Everything connected with his absence continues to be involved in the deepest obscurity.

It would be vain to attempt a description of the anguish that was felt by the bereaved mother. As the day closed, and the dreary night succeeded, she listened with intense eagerness to every footstep that seemed to approach her dwelling; but, as the steps receded, she sank down in mute despair. The longest night will end, so did that long night of suffering; yet the day brought no relief, for the sad truth began to force itself upon Cecilia's breaking heart—she was forsaken! Her poor neighbours, from whom she had usually stood aloof, now came around her, and, with affectionate earnestness, sought to encourage her still to hope. The poor are not destitute of sympathy, and they often help those who are poorer than themselves. But their efforts

were in vain. Cecilia had ceased to hope, and, like Rachel, "she refused to be comforted."

When she began to think upon her past life, she remembered with bitter grief her ungrateful conduct to her friends. Her duplicity and disobedience had brought upon her a heavy punishment; yet she did not confess her sin against God, nor offer up one prayer to Him for pardon or for succour. He was an "unknown God." "Like a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke," she was stubborn and rebellious; and she said, as Cain, "My punishment is greater than I can bear." Her condition and prospects were indeed most dreary and distressing. There was no ray of light to relieve the gloom; no cheering remembrance to lessen her woe. All was *hopeless, helpless misery!* The language may seem too strong, and yet it simply expresses the state of her mind. In after life, when she knew the grace of God, and had become familiar with the sacred oracles, she used to say that David's "horrible pit and miry clay" must have been very similar to her experience at this period of her existence. In the sunshine of her days she never sought the Lord; in her poverty and toil she had neglected the means of grace; and now, in her utter bereavement, she had no God to go to!

Reduced by the loss of her husband's earnings to absolute poverty, she was obliged to part with her furniture and clothes to buy bread. She was too proud to solicit charity, and she knew no way by which she could obtain the meanest provision, when the remainder of her little property was gone. She had clung to life while there was any hope that her child would return; but now, when every inquiry had been made, and all had proved fruitless, she only wished to lie down and die.

Affliction is a dark lane, where the enemy of souls is always watching, that he may gain advantage over those who have to travel in that path. He was busy with Cecilia now, and she readily listened to his artful suggestions. The temptation was in unison with her feelings—it was self-murder! Poor thing. She had no dread of a future state, for she thought of death only as the end of her existence and of her misery. Her plan was soon formed; and she waited only for the approach of night as the fittest season for her deed of darkness. Scarcely had the shades of evening spread their gloom over her poor abode, than she wrapped her cloak around her and went forth, firm in her purpose to end her life and her sufferings for ever.

How awful is the spectacle! An immortal being is about to rush into the presence of her Maker; a sinner, to the tribunal of her Judge! See the destroyer, as with malicious triumph he urges his victim onwards to eternal ruin. Is there no friendly arm to snatch the brand from the burning? There are but few

steps between Cecilia and the pit. Man's aid is vain. Lord, save, or she will perish !

She was walking swiftly up Tottenham Court Road, a solitary path then, when she saw a number of persons entering Whitefield's Chapel. She stood still, scarcely knowing what to do. She thought that, if she attempted to execute her purpose then, she would be observed and hindered. While she was hesitating, a young man very kindly invited her to accompany him into the chapel. He was quite a stranger, but his manner evinced so much affection and sympathy that she felt herself unable to refuse ; and, for the first time for many years, she found herself in the house of God. She had not, at that time, relinquished her fatal purpose, but was as firm as ever in her determination not to live. She had only for an hour or two postponed the execution of her design. The service, and especially the singing, had soothed her troubled mind, but beyond this the service had made no impression. When the congregation began to disperse, the young man gave her a shilling, and entreated her to come again the next evening. She promised to do so, and they separated. The supply, small as it was, which had been sent just as providentially as the bread and flesh which the ravens brought to the Prophet, enabled her to provide a little nourishment, which was greatly needed by her. Her feelings were also tranquillized, and for the time she put away from her the horrid thought of self-destruction.

(To be continued.)

AN old sinner seems to be nearer to the second death than he is to the second birth.

MERE doctrine, though ever so sound, will not alter the heart ; consequently, turning from one set of tenets to another is not Christian conversion.—*Hart*.

TALK much in your child's presence about the fashions, and it will be fond of dress, notwithstanding all your lectures on humility. Fill your house with gossip, and your children will tattle. Culture them as much as you will, but give them plenty of money to spend, and they will go to destruction.

SOON the world will be burnt up, or we must leave it. Why, then, should night-dreams, day-shadows, water-froth, and common wild flowers, run away with our heart in the meantime ? When a real believer comes to the water-side of the river Jordan, and sets his feet, as it were, in the boat which is to convey him over to Canaan, he will wonder at the folly of himself and others in loving the things of the world.—*Rutherford*.

PLEADING.

'Tis dark ! I cannot see my way ;
 My soul is filled with sore dismay ;
 Guide me, Thou Lord of all !
 Troubled I am on every hand ;
 Tried and perplexed, here I stand ;
 Uphold me, lest I fall !

I cannot tell which way to take ;
 If left to self I shall mistake ;
 Oh, keep me day by day !
 Let Thy kind love my pathway smooth ;
 Give me some portion, Lord, to soothe
 My aching heart, I pray !

Some word on which my soul may rest,
 To ease the sorrows of my breast,
 And quell my unbelief :
 If Thou, sweet Spirit, shouldst apply
 The balm of Gilead at my cry,
 This, this will bring relief.

Help me to think of Jesus when¹
 My way is rough and rugged ; then
 Trust Him to bring me through :
 Christ is the Leader of His saints,
 The kind Reliever of complaints,
 And their Provider, too.

Jehovah-Jireh ! Oh, that name
 Sweetly Thy goodness does proclaim !
 Make known Thy name to me !
 For Thy poor worthless worm provide ;
 He has no one to trust beside ;
 Oh, bid him trust in Thee !

Make me submissive to Thy will,
 Though griefs, and cares, and sorrows fill
 This burdened heart of mine :
 By faith I'd cast my care on Thee ;
 Dear Lord, may I deliverance see
 Wrought by Thy hand divine.

Sorrows prolong the weary night,
 But joy returns with morning light ;
 I wait the dawn of day :
 O Lord, with *patience* may I wait,
 And till Thou change my mournful state,
 Help me to "*watch and pray.*"

Leicester.

E. C.

THE usual way of going to heaven is "through much tribulation."—*Hart.*

SOUND SPEECH AND SOUND DOCTRINE.

"We give thanks to God and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, praying always for you, since we heard of your faith in Christ Jesus, and of the love which ye have to all the saints, for the hope which is laid up for you in heaven."—COLOSSIANS i. 3—5.

THE foregoing words of the Apostle Paul are sufficient to prove that the graces of faith, and love, and hope, are gifts of God to His saints, for it is to such that the Apostle writes this Epistle. "To the saints and faithful brethren in Christ which are at Colosse" (Col. i. 2)—not to all men generally, for he tells us that "all men have not faith" (2 Thess. iii. 2), neither do all men love the saints, for the Lord forewarned them that men shall hate them, and separate them from their company, and reproach them, and cast out their name as evil (Luke vi. 22). Neither have all men a hope laid up for them in heaven, for the Apostle speaks of some who had "no hope" (Eph. ii. 12).

Well, then, the Apostle writes this Epistle to the saints, and thanks God for bestowing upon them these three precious gifts, even faith, love, and hope. He tells them that their faith was of "the operation of God." To come to Christ, or to believe in Him, which means the same thing, is owing to the Father's teaching, instruction, and drawing. "Every man that hath heard and hath learned of the Father cometh unto Me," and "him that cometh I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37). On all such God, sooner or later, bestows that grace by which they look to Christ as their Saviour (Isa. xlv. 22). Come unto Him (John vi. 37). Venture upon Him as Esther ventured into the presence of King Ahasuerus, saying, "If I perish, I perish." Venture upon Him as Benhadad's servants advised him to trust to the King of Israel, saying, "Peradventure he will save thy life." Venture upon Him as the four leprous men ventured upon the host of the Syrians, saying, "If they save us alive, we shall live; and if they kill us, we shall but die" (2 Kings vii. 4). Yea, God bestows on His saints that precious grace by which they commit themselves to Christ, whose name is a strong tower, into which the righteous run, and are safe (Prov. xviii. 10). Lay hold on Him as the ten men shall lay hold on the skirt of him that is a Jew (Zech. viii. 23). Flee to Him as Joab "fled to the tabernacle of the Lord, and caught hold on the horns of the altar" (1 Kings ii. 28). Hold Him, as the spouse held Him when she found Him, and would not let Him go (Solomon's Song iii. 4); or as Jacob wrestled with the Angel of the Covenant, and said, "I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me." Lean upon Him, as the spouse came up out of the wilderness leaning upon her Beloved. Stay upon Him

as "the Holy One of Israel" (Isa. x. 20). Come down to Him from all self-exaltation and self-confidence, and, like Zacchæus, receive him joyfully. Receive Him in His three-fold office of Prophet, Priest, and King—as their Prophet, to instruct them; and their Priest, to make atonement for them; and their King, to rule over them and in them by His laws. Receive Him as of God made unto them wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption—wisdom to enlighten their dark minds; righteousness to justify their guilty persons; sanctification to cleanse their polluted natures; and redemption in the resurrection of their bodies. Yea, these saints possessed that grace of faith which comes from Christ, of which He is the Author and the Finisher, and which returns to Him, and lives upon Him. They are justified by faith; that is, by faith they receive the blessings of Christ's justifying righteousness from Him. By faith they receive the blessing of adoption, as the Apostle says, "We are children of God, by faith in Jesus Christ" (Gal. iii. 26). By faith they receive the remission of sins. God hath set forth Christ to be "a Propitiation, through faith in His blood"—that is, by faith they receive some sweet sense of the remission of their sins, as flowing from the grace of God, through the blood of Christ. They are sanctified by faith, as Christ said, "Sanctified by faith that is in Me" (Acts xxvi. 18). Not that faith has such virtue in it as to sanctify and purify from sin, but as it has to do with the blood of Christ, which cleanses from all sin. He that believes on Him has everlasting life (John vi. 47)—not that faith is the procuring or meritorious cause of it, for eternal life is the gift of God, through Jesus Christ (Rom. vi. 23); but faith looks unto the mercy of Christ for it. By faith the saints have communion with God, with Christ, and with His people. In His Word and ordinances they have access to God at the throne of grace—"In whom we have boldness and access with confidence by the faith of Him" (Eph. iii. 12). The inhabitation of Christ in the hearts of His people is through faith. "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith" (Eph. iii. 17)—not in their heads, by fancy and notion, but in their hearts by faith. The saints live by faith (Gal. ii. 20); they stand by faith (2 Cor. i. 24), that is, they keep their ground, do not turn back, and are not moved from the hope of the Gospel. They walk by faith, and faith makes Christ precious to them, for "to them that believe He is precious" (1 Pet. ii. 7).

I would observe, however, though this grace of faith is alike precious to all on whom God bestows it, as to its nature, &c., yet it is not alike to all as to measure, for we read of "little faith" (Matt. vi. 20), and of "faith as a grain of mustard seed" (Matt. xvii. 20). One said, "Lord, I believe: help Thou mine unbelief." Others said, "Lord, increase our faith." But, though faith may

be weak and low, it is a great comfort to the saints to know that He who is the Author is also the Finisher of their faith (Heb. xii. 2), and that it is a grace that cannot be lost, but is one of those gifts of God which are without repentance (Rom. xi. 29).

Now, another grace possessed by the saints, and for which the Apostle gave thanks to God, was the grace of *love*—love to one another. This grace is wrought in the soul in regeneration, for the world hates those that are chosen out of it, and called to be saints (1 John iii. 13); and even the people of God, before their conversion, are described as “hateful, and hating one another,” but when they are regenerated, they are taught of God to “love one another.” And this is an evidence of their regeneration, for “we know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.” St. Paul, speaking of this grace, says, “It suffereth long, and is kind; envieth not, seeketh not her own,” &c. (1 Cor. xiii. 4). Those who are possessed of this grace bear and forbear much; seek to do good to all, especially those of the household of faith; neither are they easily provoked to wrath against those that offend them; neither do they listen to groundless reports of others, or think evil of them; neither do they rejoice at, or like to commit iniquity themselves, or see it done by others, but they rejoice in the truth and in speaking it—yea, and in hearing it faithfully preached. Without this grace, religion is no better than a name; and where it is wanting, though a man may talk of his “love to God and Christ, he is a liar.” “If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?” (1 John iv. 20.)

But the Apostle not only thanks God for having bestowed on the saints the graces of faith and love, but of *hope* also. They had a hope laid up for them in heaven—or rather, they enjoyed a hope of endless happiness in heaven; and, though there are various kinds of hope, this is the only one worth having. Job speaks of a hope which shall be cut off, and as being like a spider’s web (Job viii. 14), and so will be the hope of all who seek for acceptance with God on any other ground than Christ’s merits only. Hypocrites have a hope, but “what is the hope of the hypocrite, when God taketh away his soul?” Some have a hope of which they will be ashamed, and therefore David prays, “Let me not be ashamed of my hope” (Psa. cxix.), but “happy is he whose hope is in the Lord his God.” Happy is that man whose hope is in Christ—God manifest in the flesh. Happy is the man who hopes for salvation, pardon, righteousness, and eternal life through Him, and Him only, for such as hope in Him shall not be ashamed and disappointed. This hope is a good hope, and where it is enjoyed, it is through grace; and the means by

which God communicates this grace of hope to His people is the Gospel, and therefore St. Paul calls it "the hope of the Gospel." It is by the good news which the Gospel brings of free and complete salvation by Christ, of full pardon of sin by His blood, and of reconciliation and atonement by His Sacrifice. Yea, it is God's Word of promise, applied by the Spirit, which causeth hope; and it was, no doubt, some word of promise which first caused David to hope, and by which he prays the Lord would revive his hope. "Remember the Word unto Thy servant," said he, "upon which Thou hast caused me to hope. This is my comfort in my affliction" (Psa. cxix. 49). Indeed, the saints are never quite without hope, for though, like their faith and love, it may be sometimes weak, it is an abiding and ever-living grace, and is to Zion's pilgrims in the wilderness of this world, as a sweet cordial to their fainting souls. This hope is an "anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast" (Heb. vi. 19). RICHARD HALE.

[Richard Hale was for many years Vicar of Harewood, Yorkshire. He was a most faithful champion for "the truth as it is in Jesus." He was one of a family of seventeen children, and was early designed for the ministry. In his youthful days of unregeneracy, he was associated with the Prince Regent, afterward George IV., and it was not until he had been some years a preacher that he was brought to a knowledge of the truth. He had a small wen formed on his foot, which baffled the skill of physicians, and made amputation necessary; and during this affliction, the Lord opened his eyes, quickened his soul, and made him a new creature in Christ Jesus, so that when, after some absence, he returned to his flock, it was to testify of what he himself had experienced, what he had tasted, handled, and felt, of the Word of life, and he was most faithful in his testimony. He used to say to his people, "I lied to the Holy Ghost when I was ordained, for I was moved by the expectation of two good family livings to take upon me the office of the ministry, and not 'to serve God for the promoting of His glory, and the edifying of His people.'"

On one occasion, Lord Harewood entertained, at Harewood House, some noblemen and high dignitaries of the Church, the frivolities and feasting being kept up until a late hour on Saturday night, or probably early on the Sabbath morning. They were at church on the Sabbath, and Mr. Hale, during his discourse, turned towards the family pew, openly rebuked their sin, and said, "These be they that profess to show unto us the way of salvation." Of course, this was too much for them. A charge of brawling was brought against Mr. Hale, and he was silenced for six months, but it was only to renew his strength for further

labours. At the expiration of this time he again stood up before his people, and many came from all parts to hear him.

The Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria (now our Queen) were once visitors at Harewood House, and as they were to attend church while there, Mr. Hale had prepared a sermon for the occasion ; but the then Archbishop of York, fearing the plain truth might offend, at the last moment, as it were, despatched a message to say that himself would be there to preach the sermon, which was felt as an insult by Mr. Hale ; but nevertheless, through much persecution and opposition the Lord supported him until, as a shock of corn fully ripe, he was gathered to the heavenly garner. Memorials of this good man (D.V.) are likely soon to be published.

R. F. R.]

GEORGE GILBERT, "THE APOSTLE OF SUSSEX."

(Concluded from page 14.)

WHAT a barren waste Heathfield and neighbourhood was at the time of Gilbert's arrival may be conjectured from the traces of the original forest belt extending through the high ridge, and a more unlikely spot for the Lord's kingdom to flourish could not be found in Sussex. We have traces now, near the chapel bearing Gilbert's name, of the memory of the redoubtable Jack Cade, and since his days a smuggling gang has often taken possession of the place. We may look back in imagination, and see the young soldier and his wife and child toiling up the hill towards the site of the park ; and who could then have thought that he was the chosen vessel of the Lord to preach the everlasting Gospel in a district hitherto left desolate ? Man in his own strength is but dust and ashes, and utterly unable to stand against the assaults of his great adversary, Satan ; but when the Lord takes up the cause of His poor people, and when He directs His servants against the fortress of Satan, either in the heart of an individual sinner, or for the enlightenment of a district hitherto in gross darkness, then truly it is an invincible power which Satan cannot effectually resist.

It was a blessed day for this wild district of Heathfield, and a blessed day indeed for Sussex, when, in the purposes of Jehovah, Gilbert arrived at the scene of his future labours. At the age of twenty-six he entered the parish, unknown to any of the inhabitants, toiling for bread, unnoticed by the crowd, yet singled out by Infinite Wisdom to bear the glorious tidings of full and free redemption, through Jesus Christ, for poor, guilty sinners, for a period of sixty years, and to depart from the parish, loved and respected by all who knew him, to be "for ever with the Lord."

What a change from the reckless soldier in earthly conflicts and battles, to find him fighting under the banner of the cross, and many stout-hearted rebels falling under the power of the Gospel he so faithfully preached, the Holy Ghost bearing witness with the Word!

General Elliot soon arrived at his new residence, and finding Gilbert constantly at his work, conducting himself with great propriety, he saw that he merited his favour; and, after showing him many acts of kindness, appointed him superintendent of the workmen, which situation he filled till the whole of the undertaking was completed. At this period there was no ministry of truth within a circle of many miles, and, animated by an intense desire for the salvation of immortal souls, and pitying the wretchedness of those around him, he began, therefore, relying upon the arm and promise of the Lord, to reason with the people "upon righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." Satan, however, who will not lightly view his kingdom assailed, soon sent forth his agents to persecute and harass him. He writes, "My name was a terror far and near. Some hated me; others avoided me; but there were others who listened with attention and were profited." Then uprose the principal persons in the parish, determined to remove him—yea, to banish the man God had placed there. But how utterly impossible to remove the sentinel of Christ that He had engaged to maintain! As well may the fleeting feather dash itself against a rock, as for the device of men to rise against the Lord's anointed ones. Pressure was brought to bear on the general to remove him, but of no avail, and this but recoiled on the heads of those who promoted it. Speaking of this, Gilbert says, "If they had known my mind, they need not have been so anxious for my removal, for I had no intention of remaining at Heathfield. I often wished to get away, but could not, for Providence had ordered it otherwise, so that it is not to be wondered at that their schemes and plots all failed."

He now hired a house, having previously lived in lodgings, in order that he might meet more conveniently with a few persons to whom his conversation had been made useful, for the purpose of singing and prayer. The house was soon filled with persons anxious to witness these devotional exercises, and thus the very means adopted for privacy laid the foundation of his public labours. From praying and singing the services went on to exhortation and preaching, and the Lord blessed the Word spoken to the conversion of many souls, and the house soon proving too small to hold those anxious to hear, a barn was hired, in which he preached to the people when the weather would not permit him to speak in the open air, which he did whenever he could. Through much hostility among the profane, he laboured

on, and, in the end of the year 1769, the malice of his enemies, in continually striving to hinder the services out of doors, led to the idea of building a chapel. A specimen of the opposition and feeling stirred up in the parish by the preaching of Gilbert was manifested in the man who undertook to erect the chapel, and who publicly avowed his intention of building it in such a way that it would soon fall in upon the congregation. But, before he could accomplish this purpose, he too fell before the mighty power of God, became a lively Christian, and afterwards died a triumphant death. "So mightily grew the Word of God, and prevailed."

Thus far, Gilbert was a soldier still, and liable to be called away at any hour in the service of his earthly sovereign; but this matter, in the hands of the Lord, proved again that His eye was upon His servant, and that his work was henceforth to be in Sussex. Lady Elliot solicited Gilbert's discharge from her husband, but, as a war was pending at that time between Great Britain and Spain, and more recruits being wanted to fill up the regiment, the general could not at first comply, but, negotiations taking a favourable turn, he soon afterwards obtained his discharge from the army, after serving in it eleven eventful years. He was now at liberty to more fully devote his time and energies to the proclamation of the Gospel, and his first efforts were directed to his native village, Rotherfield, and Crowborough, a hamlet belonging to the same parish. Tremendous opposition greeted this first attempt to publish the Gospel in his native parish, and he was assailed with every description of missile, but he persevered in his purpose, and finally succeeded in establishing a Gospel ministry there.

The town of Battle was the next place in which he attempted to labour, and in this benighted place he preached under a large oak to the people. Here again the opposition was very violent, but the Lord maintained him in His strength, and a Christian Church was formed in that town. Soon after the meeting-house was erected at Heathfield, a Church was formed, which, though small at the beginning, increased to upwards of one hundred members, and the original house proving too small, it was pulled down, and a larger one erected in its stead. In preaching at Ticehurst he met with great opposition, and on one Sunday afternoon was treated with every indignity, the resident clergyman taking an active part in the opposition. The church bells were rung, drums were beaten, and he and his friends were plentifully pelted with stones and dirt. At Bexhill, too, he was greatly opposed; and on one occasion a man was preventing (or trying to do so) the people from hearing by beating a drum, but a woman, whose heart the Lord had opened, went and plunged a penknife into the noisy instrument.

Time would fail us to tell of the many journeys, labours, trials, and oppositions this valiant soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ underwent for the benefit of his poor fellow-sinners, and the abundant blessing attending the Word, as spoken by him. Soon after his house was thrown open, his partner was convinced of her state, and found peace and pardon flow into her soul as a sweet light from the Spirit illuminated her mind, and a truly gracious helpmeet she proved to him throughout a long period of labour in the ministry. These were times of tremendous labour, at which those modern pastors who now have to preach only twice a week would stand amazed, in view of the tasks which Gilbert was enabled to undertake and accomplish. Although engaged in manual labour during the day, he would change his clothes and walk some miles to preach at night ; and thus, besides preaching at home on the Sabbath, in his chapel at Heathfield, he would also conduct services five or six times in the week at distant places. In this labour he enjoyed much of the divine presence and assistance, and the blessing of the Lord crowned his preaching with such success that many souls were, through his instrumentality, born again. Thus for years he spent his time and strength, until he had introduced the Gospel into more than forty parishes in Sussex, and in which he was the means of forming Churches.

Sometimes he was preaching to the soldiers in the camp at Bletchington, at other times at Newhaven, then again at Waldron, Battle, and Horsham, and in many other places in the county of Sussex, and at times he travelled beyond, into other places, as Guildford, Epsom, Croydon, Mitcham, &c. Speaking generally of his labours, and writing one hundred years after they were commenced in real earnest, we may say, without hesitation or fear of contradiction, that there is no parish in East Sussex but has been benefited by his labours, and many living testimonies of the Lord's blessing the seed sown by him are even now in our midst.

When speaking quite recently to a good woman, we heard from her own lips how her father had been brought to a knowledge of the truth under Gilbert's ministry, and how he lived a life of prayer and faith, and died a joyful and triumphant death. His name was Thomas Hood. The writer of these lines remembers relatives, long since dead, who gave testimony of a change of heart, and adorned a life in humble circumstances with prayer and praise for mercies found, under the testimony of this valued servant of the Lord.

We have before mentioned how small a stock of education was accorded him, and this, though somewhat limiting his ideas, may have added to the simplicity of his teaching, but appears

in no way to have hindered his usefulness. Like other ministers of more education, he was often perplexed and harassed in his mind when he could not fix on a text as the foundation of a sermon (and no minister called by God and sent to preach, would ascribe such perplexity to the want of education). Thus it was even then as now, and now even as it was in the days of the Apostles—not by natural learning or parts, but by the gracious enlightening of the Holy Spirit, that the Word flows from the mouth of the preacher, and reaches the heart of the sinner.

We may say here, and give it as the opinion of some eminent men, that, next to the celebrated George Whitfield, the labours of Mr. Gilbert have been the most blessed to the spreading of the Gospel in our land. He lived in an age of mighty men, and of heroes of the Christian faith. Stirring scenes were enacted in Europe; wars and revolutions abounded. Some of England's greatest men were living in his time, but of no one, perhaps, can it be said that, in such a district and so large as East Sussex, are there still manifest, as the result of their ministry, the evidences of life, and the spiritual savour, which are to be found as the result of the labours of George Gilbert. Ask the stated pastors over the Churches—ask the supplies, as they go from point to point and place to place—and the answer is, from Brighton to Rye, and Tunbridge Wells to Lewes, "There is not a more favoured district in England," and we may say in the world, "where the glorious doctrines and discriminating truths of grace are held, loved, and still yield a blessed fragrance, than the district in which Mr. Gilbert lived, and, by the help and blessing of the Almighty, planted the standard of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ." The soldier of a score of battles, the valiant witness for God's truth, stood undaunted in the midst of all the oppositions and persecutions brought against him, and the gracious effect of his labours was to be seen in nearly every parish around Heathfield. He saw temples raised for Christian worship, and could point out his spiritual children, where he had once to endure the most trying and painful opposition.

At the time of Mr. Gilbert's first arrival in Heathfield, it may truly be said to have been a wilderness, both naturally, morally, and spiritually. A large common of furze and heath, uncultivated and without enclosure; a benighted population scattered here and there, and so far as we can trace, no sound of the Gospel to cause the sinner to pause in his career, or the dying to seek aright for mercy. A great change, however, became visible in all these matters through the labours of this untutored soldier, by the blessing of the Almighty; and though some few parts of the original common land may still be seen in its primeval state, yet it has been chiefly enclosed and reclaimed. Our friend Gilbert received

a portion of the common, and, enclosing it, for years cultivated it for the sustenance of himself and family. He built his house with his own hands, close to the chapel, and here were born to him the large family of ten children.

Among the greatest pleasures of a true minister of the Gospel must always rank that of seeing his own children brought to a knowledge of their state as sinners before God, and to Jesus as an all-sufficient Saviour. The eldest daughter, of whom mention has been made previously, and who came with the young couple on their first arrival in the parish, was brought to a knowledge of the truth at the age of twenty-two, by hearing Dr. Gifford preach in London, and for thirty-two years, as Mrs. Wilmshurst, remained a member of her father's Church, of which she was a bright and shining ornament.

For the long period of fifty-four years from the time of his marriage, Mr. Gilbert had not yet had to sustain the sorrows of family bereavement, but, in 1818, the youngest son was cut off by death, aged twenty-nine; and in the course of five years, one half of his family were removed from this life, amongst whom was the eldest daughter, Mrs. Wilmshurst. She died in her fifty-fourth year. Her felicity in expressing her desires to depart, and her triumphant end, remind us of Rutherford or Janeway. In her last moments she exclaimed, "Oh, Thou adorable Lamb of God! How I long to stand before Thee! Oh, Thou precious, *precious* Jesus! What hast Thou done for me, a poor, sinful, polluted, hell-deserving creature? I have had such a taste of the streams that I long to see Thee as Thou art in glory! Oh, when will this conflict be over? Lord, give me patience, that I may wait Thy appointed time! Thou knowest, oh, blessed Jesus, that I desire to lie passive in Thine hands, waiting Thy time when Thou wilt be pleased to remove me to that crown of glory which Thou hast prepared for unworthy me!

" When will the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow among them there,
And view Thy face, and sing, and love?

" Oh, Thou dear Redeemer, what are my sufferings when compared with Thine? They are not worth a thought. I shall be in glory first, but my father and mother will not be long after me. I shall be in that bright world first to welcome them. Oh, that all my dear relations may meet around the throne! Lord, grant it, if it be Thy heavenly will." Such was the end of this truly Christian woman, eldest daughter of Mr. Gilbert, and we may justly quote the lines of the poet, who, in speaking of loved ones departing, says—

"What a light on the path going downward
The feet of the righteous shed!"

So it was indeed to those that survived her, and our "Apostle of Sussex," now waxing feeble through infirmities and age, was destined soon to go down to "the house appointed for all living." He had been visibly declining for some years, but it was not until March, 1827, that the end came. On the 18th, his conversation afforded great delight to his family. It was a period never to be forgotten. Some choice moments were experienced in his presence by his children in listening to some interesting remarks on the blessedness of union with Christ in life and death. His daughter said to him, "My dear father, I believe the Lord is about to take you home to glory. May He, in mercy, grant you an easy passage." He exclaimed, "This is what I pray for; but not so much for an easy passage as that all my graces may be in exercise." At another time he cried out, "Oh, blessed Jesus! Glory, glory to my precious Saviour! What should I do now without Christ?" And again, "Oh, the amazing riches of His grace, that the Lord should ever have looked upon one so unworthy as I am! I seemed to be the most unlikely person in the world for Him to have set His love upon." His last words were, "I have no doubt of my interest in Christ—none at all. I am in great pain, and suffer much; but that is nothing. I believe He will soon take me to glory. My mind is stayed on Jesus. I still look to Him, and Him alone. He is 'all my hope and all my desire.'"

He died on the 23rd of March, 1827, aged eighty-six years. A vast number of persons witnessed the interment of this holy man, whose remains were deposited in the chapel on Thursday, March 29th, 1827. In the chapel is a monument to his memory, and the verse inscribed has been much on the mind of the writer of these lines for many years, and perhaps may be called the first impression that he ever felt of the importance of real religion—

"He died, but yet he lives; and when the sound
Of the archangel's trump shall rend the sky,
His body, resting here, from earth shall bound,
And, incorruptible, shall soar on high."

May writer and reader meet him in glory is the humble and fervent wish of
J. D.

BROKEN, BUT NOT MELTED.—There is many a wounded conscience that is wounded like a sheet of ice shivered on the pavement, which yet is stiff and cold. But let the sun shine forth, and the ice is melted, and melted completely. So is it with legal and evangelical repentance.

ANSWER TO INQUIRY.

To M. H.

It is very difficult to satisfactorily answer a question like yours, inasmuch as where the work of grace is begun in the heart, the Lord will always give exercise to stir the seeking ones to diligence in the pursuit of the desire of their heart, namely, a clear apprehension by faith of the Lord Jesus, so as to enable them to say, "My Lord and my God!"

Helps and encouragements may, and will be, afforded them by the way, but these will soon decline, and perhaps be called in question, because they have not resulted in the full assurance of the pardon of sin and union with Christ. This is wise and kind of the Lord, who does not mean His children should be satisfied with less than the prize, "Christ in you, the hope of glory"; therefore melting frames, soft and sweet emotions, even when hearing the Word, will, as they decline, leave a void which Christ alone must fill. Still, those who are plagued with hardness of heart and carnality of mind will esteem it a mercy to have the heart made soft, the spirit contrite, and the mind spiritually inclined, for we cannot do these things for ourselves.

You find it difficult to decide whether the softening of heart you have under the ministry of the Word is the fruit of the Spirit or an emotion of the mind, and we do not expect we can satisfy you on that point, for, as we have before said, the Lord will not let a true seeker build on that foundation. They must come to Christ, according to His word, "All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me," &c.

Nevertheless, there are, so to speak, indirect evidences of the work of grace and of union with the Lord; and if His Word enters, and finds a welcome in your heart, that is a mark of preparation for receiving Him. And if there is this disposition of the heart, there will be an approving the Word, even though it tries and afflicts, because there will be the inward witness that the Word is truth, and testifies of things as they are felt within.

Then the question is, What is the result of this working of the Word? If it shows us where we are wrong, is there a willingness to go under the Lord's hand, to be made right at any cost? Or if it commands or exhorts, and we feel our utter inability to perform the things enjoined, do we, instead of excusing ourselves on the ground of our helplessness, feel like the Psalmist, when he said, "I will cry unto God Most High; unto God that performeth all things for me"? When the Word comes right home, and discovers our poverty and inability, life in the soul will cry, "Lord, help me!"

Again, if you sometimes hear the Word with some applica-

tion and savour, you will find times when you would gladly hear it after the same manner. But, instead of that, it tries you, or you feel cold and unmoved, and perhaps you will sigh for the power and savour of the Word as you have tasted it before. Thus you will be brought to esteem the Word of the Lord, and to live by it in some measure; and all this will make you crave and follow after a full and clear acceptance with the Lord, through the blood of the everlasting covenant. And, since the flesh never can love God, we would say to you, Do not lightly esteem anything which inclines and draws the heart to Christ, for those He draws with loving-kindness. He has loved with an everlasting love. In the midst of your soul-exercises, you will hear and feel many things that will discourage; but "follow on to know the Lord Jesus," and you shall surely gain the promised prize, so as to rejoice, and say, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His."

RETURN, O WANDERER !

RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek a slighted Father's face !
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's gracious heart,
Whose pitying eyes thy griefs discern;
Whose hand can heal thine inward smart !

Return, O wanderer, return !
He heard thy deep repentant sigh ;
He saw thy softened spirit mourn,
When no intruding ear was nigh.

Return, O wanderer, return !
The Saviour bids thee look and live ;
Go to His bleeding feet and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

Return, O wanderer, return !
He'll wipe away the falling tear ;
'Tis Jesus says, "No longer mourn !"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

Return, O wanderer, return !
Behold thy lost, lamented rest !
Jehovah's love doth ever yearn
To clasp His children to His breast !

WILLIAM B. COLLYER, 1812.

(Slightly altered.)

THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

DEAR MADAM,—As you kindly engaged my promise to write, I need make no apology. You will receive my letter in good part, and I am sure I shall write it with a hearty good-will. But what shall be the subject? Indeed, properly speaking, I have but (or ought to have but) one. It is, however, very comprehensive—I mean “*Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.*” It will, at least, help to fill up the paper if I give you some account of how I have managed it as a minister.

When the Lord, after He had given me some experimental knowledge of the Gospel for myself, was pleased to honour me with a commission to preach to others, I found myself possessed of an infallible medicine for the cure of all spiritual diseases; and, as I was surrounded with a multitude whom I saw were sick of a mortal disease, and, as we say, at death's door, I expected to do great things with my catholicon. But I soon saw that the fatal disorder I wished to relieve was attended with one very discouraging symptom—that was, most of the sick folks, though I could read death in their countenances, thought themselves well, and insisted that nothing ailed them, and were angry with me because I could not believe them. Some of them could scarcely bear with me with any degree of patience, nor hear what I had to say of the power and skill of the Physician who gave me the medicine. Others seemed disposed to speak favourably of Him. They thought they might apply to Him when they were really ill, but at the present they had no need of Him. Oh, how I laboured with some, but almost in vain, to convince them of their danger! Now and then I did prevail with one and another, who then thankfully took the medicine, and presently recovered. But, as I and my fellow-practitioners were daily praising the virtue and efficacy of our medicine, some who had not properly taken it, praised it. They would allow they had been sick once, but now, to be sure, they were well, for they would say as much in favour of the medicine as we could ourselves, and I fear many died under this mistake. Now, they would not make such a mistake in common life. Many persons go to see the table spread at a Lord Mayor's feast, but the sight of the delicacies, which they must not taste, will not satisfy the appetite like a plain dinner at home. But, alas! our patients were not hungry.

Some felt themselves unwell, but would not own it. They tried to look as cheerful as they could. These depended upon medicines of their own contriving, and they suffered many things, and grew worse and worse daily, and yet refused to try mine. It was judged by one too simple—like Naaman, who was long

diseased, and would have done some great thing, disdaining so easy a remedy as to "wash and be clean." Others refused unless I would clearly explain to them all the ingredients belonging to my medicine, which I had not the ability to do, nor the capacity to comprehend. They said, likewise, that the regimen I prescribed was too strict, for I told them plainly that, if they did not abstain from some things of which they were very fond, my medicine would do them no good. I was often grieved (though not so much as I ought) to see so many determined to die rather than take the only medicine to preserve life. There were more than a few who deceived me and themselves by pretending to take my medicine, and yet did not. None grieved me more than these; but they could not deceive me long, for, as the medicine was infallible, I knew whoever took it, and observed the regimen, would soon show signs of convalescence, and that they were getting better, though they were not perfectly well; and therefore, when these things were wanting, I was sure the medicine had not been taken.

I have not time to enumerate all the signs that accompany salvation, or the recovery, but I mention a few:—

1. A broken, contrite spirit. "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble"; therefore this is indispensably necessary.

2. A simple, upright spirit, free from artifice and disguise. It is said of the blessed man whose sins are forgiven, "In his spirit there is no guile." He is open and undisguised.

3. Gracious, gentle, temperate. If a man like a lion takes my medicine, he, in a measure, presently becomes a lamb. He is not easily offended; he is very easily reconciled; he indulges no anger; he harbours no resentment; he lives upon forgiveness himself, and is therefore ready to forgive, if he has aught against any.

4. Benevolence, kindness, and an endeavour to be useful, in opposition to that selfishness which is our natural character.

5. A spiritual mind, which is the beginning of life and peace; a weanedness from the world and its poor toys; a thirst for communion with God, through Christ.

I could go on, but let this suffice. These signs are at first weak, for a Christian is a child before he is a man; but grace grows by exercise, by experience, and by a diligent use of the appointed means. My medicine enlightens the understanding, softens the heart, and gives a realizing view and sense of what the Scriptures declare of the glorious Person, the wonderful love, the bitter sufferings, of the Saviour, and the necessity and efficacy of His death and agonies upon the cross. When these things are truly understood by the teaching of the

Holy Spirit, whose influence is always afforded to them who take the medicine, the cure is begun. All the rest will follow, and the patient recovers apace, though there are sometimes transient relapses, and a species of the old disorder, which will hang about them till they are removed to the purer air of a brighter and better world above, which is so salubrious and healthful that the patient shall know pain and sickness no more.

I hope, madam, this is the food that you live upon, and feel the salutary effects of, every day. This is the privilege of the children of God. Happy are they who are the partakers of it now, as we know not what a day may bring forth.

Yours,
JOHN NEWTON.

LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

MY CHRISTIAN BROTHER,—I would heartily give you all my best Christian love and desire for you and myself, that the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ may be with our spirits. I assure you, my brother, that your dark and desperate feelings are nothing new to my heart or to my ears, for the burden, the plague, and the devilism of our flesh surpass all our thoughts and conception. "Who can know it?" saith the Lord. I am persuaded that we shall never know the whole of that hidden hell within us. It is truly devilish in all its movements and desires, and is a determined enemy to God and godliness. I am heartily sick of it, and daily sigh and groan over it; but still I cannot perceive that it is at all lessened, which makes me fear that I do not rightly repent of it. In short, I think that all is sinful and shameful that comes from or is done by me.

I plainly see that wretched man can only oppose God's way of saving him, either by blindly setting up his own righteousness, or by despairing because he has none to set up. I can neither do nor believe, yet I cannot refrain either from doing or believing, for Christ liveth in me, and God is as much concerned to carry on the work as He was to begin it. I am ever sinking, yet swim; am strengthened and comforted a little, and continually doubt afterwards whether this strength and comfort came from God. If distrust and unthankfulness would weary God out, I should have been in hell long before now; but almighty love grasps us fast, and will not quit its hold. Many floods cannot drown it, and all our sins cannot alter it, for that which is born of the Spirit cannot die or be corrupted, though it is surrounded with corruptions. Gold will not perish in the fire, or corrupt on the dunghill. This keeps up the groaning, sighing, and praying. The spirit of life in Christ Jesus cannot be killed; and we and

all our sins are as nothing compared to His unsearchable greatness. The Father does not view Him through our eyes, but sees Him through His all-perfect and divine discernment as His altogether worthy the delight of His soul, altogether worthy of all the pardons and all the favours He asks for us. "I know," says He, "that Thou hearest Me always"; and He left this cordial behind Him—"Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My name, I will do it, that the Father may be glorified in the Son."

But, my brother, perhaps you will say you have a hard heart, and cannot pray. I would say, Try what hard-hearted prayers will do. I am often brought to that pass, and, to my surprise, I have found it to succeed. The worse our prayers seem, the sweeter will appear the grace that hears them. And I would conclude by saying, Despair not, come what will. Despair is the worst enemy of both God and the poor sinner, and it is the devil's strongest hold. Pray to God with the last breath, though it be with sighs and groans. This woeful course brought Jonah out of "the belly of hell," and why may it not bring out you and me?

The Lord bless you in all things.

Deal, October 28th, 1828.

THOS. HARDY.

THE PAPAL JUBILEE.

LEO XIII. celebrated his Jubilee on Sunday, January 1st, with all the ecclesiastical pomp which is so dear to the minds of Roman Catholics. Seldom has St. Peter's, Rome, witnessed so spectacular an event. Among the special envoys, the place of honour was occupied by the Duke of Norfolk, as bearer of our own Queen's gifts. Twice during the ceremony the aged Pontiff became insensible. A little more, and the "blessing" might have been that of a dying man. The Pope's demand for the revival of the Papal army is not favourably received, and has given much offence. His usual diplomacy seems to have deserted him in this instance. But, if the reports be true, his reply to the Queen's address is skilfully worded.

THE *English Churchman* says—"The subject of education in Ireland is to be again brought to the front by our Government. If so, we hope all true Protestants will be as wakeful as the Pope and his dupes."

Of all troubles, the trouble of a proud heart is the greatest, and, therefore, it is good to bear the yoke in our youth. It is better to be taken down in youth, than to be broken down by great crosses in age.—*Brooks*.

THE QUEEN AND THE POPE.

(From the STANDARD, December 22nd, 1887.)

THE Rev. Charles Stirling, vicar of New Malden, having, in a letter to the *Surrey Comet*, called attention to the attendance, from time to time, of the Queen at the services of the Roman Catholic Church; Her Majesty's visit, when at Mentone, to the Romish cathedral for the service of blessing the palms; her visit last April, by special dispensation from the Pope, to the monastery of the Grand Chartreuse; her visit to the Romish church at Weybridge; and, more recently, the visit of the Sovereign to a Jesuit college near Windsor, the following correspondence, which we have been requested to publish, has taken place:—

New Malden Vicarage, Surrey, December 9th, 1887.

SIR,—I beg to forward herewith a copy of the *Surrey Comet* of December 3rd, in which I have endeavoured, as a loyal subject, to call attention to the danger threatening Her Majesty's throne from the Jesuitical influences with which our beloved Sovereign is now surrounded.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

CHARLES STIRLING.

To General Sir H. F. Ponsonby, Bart., Windsor Castle.

Windsor Castle, December 11th, 1887.

SIR,—I have received your letter and the accompanying copy of the *Surrey Comet*, with a communication addressed by you to that newspaper, containing various statements, many of which are curiously inexact.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

Rev. Chas. Stirling.

HENRY F. PONSONBY.

New Malden Vicarage, Surrey, December 13th, 1887.

SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt, this evening, of your letter of the 11th inst., in which you speak of some of the statements in my letter to the *Surrey Comet* of December 3rd as "curiously inexact."

As it is of the utmost importance that any statements respecting Her Majesty should be scrupulously correct, I shall feel greatly obliged by your at once pointing out any error into which I may have fallen.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

CHARLES STIRLING.

To General Sir H. F. Ponsonby, Bart.

Windsor Castle, December 14th, 1887.

SIR,—In reply to your letter, I must refer you to the official records of the Queen's movements, wherein you will perceive that many of the statements, such as the reported visit of Her Majesty to the church for the blessing of the palms—to service at Weybridge—to a Jesuit college, &c.—are inexact, and are so related as to lead to erroneous inferences.

I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant,

Rev. Charles Stirling.

HENRY F. PONSONBY.

New Malden Vicarage, December 16th, 1887.

SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 14th inst.

The matter is of grave moment, and I shall feel extremely obliged by your kindly informing me of the precise mistakes into which you allege I have fallen, with a view to their correction in the next number of the *Surrey Comet*. I must, therefore, beg of you either to forward the official records to which you refer, and to which I have not access, or to do what is much more simple—give me in a few words the precise corrections of any erroneous statements in connection with her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen's visits to the Romish services and the Jesuit college. These shall receive immediate attention, and be at once made as public as any of the "inexact" statements which you assert have been made.

Her Majesty's loyal Protestant subjects are desirous of being put in possession of the truth.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
Gen Sir H. F. Ponsonby, Bart.

CHARLES STIRLING.

Windsor Castle, December 17th, 1887.

SIR,—In reply to your letter, I beg leave to inform you that the records of the Queen's movements are published daily in the newspapers. I must decline to continue this correspondence.

I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant,
The Rev. C. Stirling.

HENRY F. PONSONBY.

New Malden Vicarage, December 20th, 1887.

SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 17th inst., and to say that a matter of this grave moment cannot be summarily dismissed.

You refer me to authorized reports, and, upon my asking to be furnished with them, or to be corrected in any error, by yourself, you refer me to the newspapers, and decline further correspondence. There is but one inference to be drawn. It is this—that the statements which you pronounced to be "curiously inexact," are perfectly accurate, except in some matters, so trivial that you do not care to point them out.

As many of Her Majesty's Protestant subjects are persuaded that, by the renewal of "communion with the see of Rome," the throne has, according to the Act of Settlement, become vacant, I deem it necessary to forward this correspondence to the public Press.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

CHARLES STIRLING.

To General Sir H. F. Ponsonby, Bart.

[We are thankful to find here and there a Protestant clergyman who dares to speak out boldly, like Mr. Stirling, and lay open the evils that are insulting to a gracious God, and contrary to our best interests as a nation.—ED.]

A COMMENDABLE MEETING.

A SPECIAL meeting for prayer, humiliation, and confession was held on Monday evening, January 16th, at Galeed Chapel, Brighton, to implore the Lord's mercy on our guilty land, and also on the beloved Sovereign who, by sending her friendly greeting and presents to that "man of sin," the Pope of Rome, has degraded the nation, broken her coronation oath, and set aside the Bill of Rights.

The Pastor, Mr. J. K. Popham, commenced the meeting by reading that beautiful hymn of Mr. Hart's (Hymn 96)—

"Lord, look on all assembled here,
Who in Thy presence stand,
To offer up united prayer
For this our sinful land."

After this had been heartily sung by a goodly number of people assembled, the second chapter of the second Epistle to the Thessalonians was read, and a few appropriate remarks made by the Pastor, after which one of the deacons engaged in prayer. The fourth hymn, Gadsby's Selection, first four verses, was then sung; and, after another prayer, the Pastor then read and commented on the twelfth chapter of Revelation; then the last four verses of the same hymn were sung, and another prayer offered. Mr. Popham then read the first chapter of Habakkuk, and the sixth hymn (Gadsby's) was sung, commencing—

"God's ways are just, His counsels wise;
No darkness can prevent His eyes;
No thought can fly, nor thing can move,
Unknown to Him who sits above."

After one or two more prayers the meeting concluded.

There were a good number of people assembled, and, above all, we do hope the blessing of the Lord rested upon the gathering.

Surely these solemn times loudly call to those who are godly to lift up their voices against the wickedness done in the land. May many of us not only be nominal Protestants, but be found among the marked ones "who sigh and cry for the abominations done in the land."

Brighton.

L.

YOU ask and miss because you ask amiss.

THE devil would soon put out our candles if Christ did not carry them in His lantern.



"SHE HAD FOUND A FRIEND." (See page 59.)

MEMOIR OF CECILIA SLOANE.

"I obtained mercy."

(Concluded from page 35.)

AT the appointed time she again went to the chapel, and saw the young man to whose kindness she was so much indebted. Nothing particular occurred during the service, but when it ended he gave her a shilling, as he did on the previous evening, and very earnestly pressed her to come on the following day, which was the Lord's Day. Such was her destitute condition that it was with great difficulty she could make herself sufficiently decent to be seen in the day-time at such a place. But she went, and now she obtained a blessing, for which she had infinite cause for gratitude to that young man, as an instrument, and to Almighty God, as the Efficient for ever. The preacher seemed to have singled her out from all the congregation, as if his message was only for her. He set before her the ingratitude and rebellion of her whole life. While hearing him she felt that the Lord might, with strict justice, have cut her off in her sins, and now, the thought of the future, as it is set forth in the Scriptures, filled her with dreadful anguish—"the worm that never dies; the fire that is never quenched." Cecilia felt that, if her purpose had not been prevented, this would have been her portion. But the minister was not a Boanerges only. He was also a son of consolation; and, as the cry burst from her broken heart, "What must I do to be saved?" he pointed to the cross, and to the risen and ascended Saviour. The Holy Spirit applied the Word with power, and Cecilia felt that there is a charm in the name of Jesus.

An old writer, commenting upon the first chapter of Matthew, and the twenty-first verse, thus writes—"Oh, sweet name of Jesus! It is honey in the mouth, music in the ear, and a jubilee in the heart." It was all this to Cecilia. She had now entered on a new existence. Satan was defeated, and shrunk away ashamed; but there was joy in heaven.

When this service, so interesting and important to Cecilia, had terminated, the young man pressed her very earnestly to continue her attendance. She wept, but her tears were those of joy, for she had now found a "great treasure," of the existence of which she was previously in utter ignorance. He gave her a shilling, and they separated, to meet no more in this life. It is very remarkable that she never knew anything concerning him. Perhaps he was detained by illness, or perhaps he was removed, in the providence of God, to some other part of the Great City; but it is idle to inquire. Our safest course is suggested by the Prophet, when he says, "This also cometh from the Lord of Hosts,

who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working." "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." He never knew the consequences resulting from his kindness, but the act shall be had in everlasting remembrance.

Reader, have you ever invited a neighbour or acquaintance to the house of God, or said to a stranger, "Come, and sit with me in my pew"? That young man was an instrument, in the hand of the Holy Spirit, of "saving a soul from death"—a holier and happier deed than the conquest of a kingdom. "Suffer the word of exhortation," and "go thou and do likewise."

Cecilia had been unable to thank her benefactor, but she went home with a lightened heart. She was willing to live now, that she might praise Jesus. The following lines delineate her feelings—

"The sound of pardon pierced her startled ears;
She dropped at once her fetters and her fears;
A transport glows through all her veins, and speaks;
And the first thankful tears bedew her cheeks."

She had found a Friend—One who "loves at all times," and is "a Brother born for adversity." Others had cast her off, but He would "never leave her nor forsake her." Happy Cecilia! She "served the Lord with gladness," and often longed to have her husband and child with her again, that she might tell them "how great things the Lord had done for her," but this privilege she never enjoyed.

Perhaps some persons, who are inclined to "limit the Holy One of Israel," as if He were bound in every instance of conversion to certain rules, will conclude that there is not sufficient evidence that the work was of God. They think it essential to a sinner's salvation that he should endure for a certain period all the horror and distress of soul which they have endured; but Cecilia was, soon after being wounded, healed. Such objectors are reminded that there are "diversities of operations, but the same Spirit." The interval was very short between the hour when the multitude, on the day of Pentecost, were "pricked in their heart," and that in which they "gladly received the Word." Those who knew Cecilia Sloane never doubted the reality of her conversion.

With some difficulty she obtained employment, and cheerfully toiled for her daily bread. She cared not how hard she laboured if, at the close of the day, she could reach the chapel in time for the worship of God. Sometimes she suffered pain in her limbs from having over-taxed her strength; and at other times she endured great privation, when she had but little employment; yet, in every trial, she felt as the poet, when he said—

“ And, though my cup seems filled with gall,
There's something secret sweetens all.”

She now lived in the liberty of the Gospel for several years, during which there was no change in her outward circumstances. She laboured hard, but she had great enjoyments. Christianity is divinely adapted to the rich and poor; yet the latter frequently possess a larger share of spirituality and comfort, and thus their covenant God compensates for the privations and toils they endure. “ God hath chosen the poor, rich in faith.”

One evening, after her day's work was done, Cecilia was returning home. Her path led her through Little Wild Street, and when she had reached the chapel which is situated there, the sound of voices singing the praises of the Saviour attracted her attention. The tune was familiar, and this encouraged her to enter. Dr. Stennett was preaching; and though his manner was less energetic than that of her favourite ministers, yet his soft, persuasive tones interested her greatly, and she left the place with a gladdened heart. From that time she frequently attended there, as it was much nearer her residence than Tottenham Court Road, though she still preferred the chapel where the Lord had so graciously opened her heart.

After some time, she was kindly noticed by several of the Doctor's members; and as she had not, up to this period, formed any spiritual acquaintance, their attentions were much prized. Familiar intercourse with the children of God tended also to enlarge her views of divine truth, and promoted greatly her establishment in the things of God. Solomon says that, “ as iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend.” It is much to be lamented that the example of primitive saints is so little imitated. Christians too much resemble a flock of sheep on a summer's day, scattered over the common, and mindful only of their individual ease. Were the clouds to indicate a storm, or the dog to bark, they would soon congregate together, as if they knew that “ union is strength.” May the Church consider this, and even now “ speak often one to another.” Days of persecution may be nearer than many think; but, under any circumstances, the “ communion of saints ” will greatly advantage the people of God, by the strength and courage it will impart to endure and perform all the will of their divine Master.

Dr. Stennett, having heard from Cecilia the history of her eventful life, endeavoured to effect a reconciliation with her relatives. In this he failed, and they still adhered to their determination never to see her again. His intercession, however, induced them to settle on her a small annuity, to be paid quarterly. By this arrangement, she was mercifully relieved from the necessity of labouring for the bread that perisheth, just at the time when

her strength began to fail. When the writer of these pages became the pastor of the Church, he several times had the pleasure of paying her the quarterly allowance, which was handed to him for that purpose by the agent of the family. At her death, also, when he transmitted an account of the charges for her funeral, and for previous medical attendance, the amount was immediately paid, without any comment.

In making a public profession, and uniting with the Church, Cecilia found, like many others, that "in keeping the Saviour's commandments there is great reward," and, as the eunuch, she "went on her way rejoicing." Her days were now free from anxiety respecting temporal things, and she was permitted constantly to attend the means of grace. Her cheerful conversation also rendered her society valuable to her fellow Christians, in their social meetings. Indeed, there was always a sweet savour of Christ in her conversation, and the apposite manner in which she would introduce a text of Scripture, part of a hymn, or a sentence from the sermons of Whitefield, Berridge, and others, whose names were embalmed in her memory, was exceedingly pleasant and profitable. The writer of this memoir remembers the solemn manner in which, a short time after he became acquainted with her, she addressed him in the following lines—

" Oh, servant of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name ;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol ;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all."

When he entered on his ministerial duties in Little Wild Street, his acquaintance with Cecilia commenced. At that time she had just entered upon her ninetieth year. She was still in possession of her faculties—indeed, her memory was remarkably retentive—but her bodily strength was nearly gone, and she was unable without assistance to come to the house of God.

Her enjoyments were very great. Every sermon was to her a "feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined." She found, as she often said, "a full Christ for empty sinners; a rich Christ for poor saints." Her pastor, hearing her express her strong confidence in God, said, "Cecilia, do you never doubt?" She immediately replied, "*No! How can I doubt, after all the Lord has done for me?*" and then added, with singular emphasis—

" He by Himself hath sworn ;
I on His oath depend ;
I shall, on eagles' wings up-borne,
To heaven ascend."

“ I shall behold His face ;
I shall His power adore ;
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.”

Thus she seemed as “ a shock of corn, fully ripe in its season.” She was willing to wait the Lord’s time, yet she had “ a desire to depart, and be with Christ, which is far better.”

Her parents were dead, and scarcely any who had formerly known her were now alive. She felt that, if they still existed, the change in her religious views and habits would have unfitted her for their society. She sighed not for her former splendour, for she had “ learned to be content with the things that she possessed.” Indeed, “ Christ and a crust ” were sufficient to make her happy. Of death she had no fear. He was a chained enemy, and she knew that her best Friend held the chain. She would frequently say—

“ And when I’m to die, ‘ Receive me ! ’ I’ll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why ;
But this I do find, we two are so joined,
He’ll not stay in glory and leave me behind.”

Her last Sabbath was spent in the house of God. She was on the mount. In answer to an inquiry respecting the state of her mind, she said, “ Thy words were found, and I did eat them ; and Thy Word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart : for I am called by Thy name, O Lord God of Hosts.” That night she went to bed as usual, but she never left it. Before the morning, an attack of paralysis deprived her of the use of her limbs and of the power of speech. Yet even then she indicated by signs that she was happy. In this state she remained two or three days, and then, without a struggle or a groan, she fell asleep in Jesus.

Cecilia’s history is ended. Who that has followed her through the intricate mazes of her path has not sympathized with her in the afflictions she entailed on herself by that one act of duplicity and disobedience ? May the record become a beacon to warn the young of the consequences which will inevitably result from neglect of the Apostle’s admonition, “ Children, obey your parents in the Lord.” Cecilia, though ill-instructed, knew that she was acting improperly, and her chastisement was severe.

Let not the forbearance and love of God be overlooked. How wonderfully were these displayed ! Cecilia was a sinner, but the Lord “ had thoughts of mercy towards her, to give her an expected end.” She wandered far from Him in ignorance and rebellion, until her destruction was almost accomplished ; and now “ the prey was taken from the mighty,” the “ brand was

plucked from the fire," and Cecilia became a monument of Jehovah's grace. A sinner saved ! Manasseh, Magdalene, Cecilia, proclaim to every trembling sinner that none who flee to Christ need despair.

The providence of God was also remarkably exemplified. "He tempered the wind to the shorn lamb." The ravens and the doves brought her aid. The charity of that young man was the means of saving her from death, and the small annuity secured to her by her family preserved her in age and infirmity. Forget not the cheering assurance of the Psalmist, "They that fear the Lord shall not want."

" Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make you His service your delight ;
Your wants shall be His care."

In concluding the memoir of Cecilia Sloane, the reader is assured that it is a truthful narrative. The facts have been obtained by the author from several sources, all of which may be relied on with entire confidence. But the principal part of the narrative was from Cecilia herself. She seemed to derive both pleasure and profit while she related the interesting and affecting events by which her life had been so remarkably distinguished. It may be further remarked, that she ever sought to magnify the sovereign grace of her Heavenly Father, "who remembered her in her low estate, because His mercy endureth for ever." Such, also, has been the sincere desire of the writer. May the Holy Spirit deign to make this little account a blessing to many.

CHRISTOPHER WOOLLACOTT.

A PROTESTANT'S PRAYER.

OH, Lord, look down upon our land !
We well deserve Thy chastening hand ;
But lay aside Thy rod ;
Open our rulers' eyes to see,
And give them grace to honour Thee,
And seek Thy will, O God.

We've fostered, Lord, the "man of sin,"
Opened our doors and let him in,
And lulled ourselves to sleep ;
We say that "Rome can do no harm ;
There is no cause to feel alarm,
And so we'll quiet keep."

But while men slept, Thy Word declares,
 At night the enemy sowed tares
 Among the living seed ;
 It soon sprang up among the grain,
 Causing much sorrow, grief, and pain—
 A solemn sight indeed.

And now Rome's cloven foot we see
 Contending for the mastery
 Through all our favoured land ;
 Now Pope, and priest, and bishop too,
 Try all their art and power can do
 To bind us with their hand.

We see and know Thy judgments, Lord,
 On other lands who slight Thy Word,
 Or treat it with contempt ;
 And we deserve Thy frown no less,
 Oh, Lord, with sorrow we confess ;
 And shall we be exempt ?

Oh, spare, if 'tis Thy holy will—
 Yes, spare our guilty nation still !
 And, in this solemn hour,
 Stretch forth Thine hand, and in Thy might
 Put all our enemies to flight,
 And crush Rome's deadly power.

And may Thy watchmen oftener be
 Warning men of this enemy,
 Where'er its power may go ;
 And, with the Spirit's sword in hand,
 Go forth, and boldly make a stand
 Against our bitter foe.

Oh, help the nation, Lord, to rise !
 Drive Thou Rome's mist far from her eyes,
 That men may careful be
 Ne'er to excuse—no, not one hour—
 Rome's systems and her deadly power,
 Priestcraft and tyranny.

Brighton.

LYDIA.

FILLED with the promise and clothed with the righteousness of Christ, we can approach death without terror ; but woe be to them that have to pass through an undivided Jordan !

As the first step heavenward is humility, so the first step hellward is pride. Pride counts the Gospel foolishness, but the Gospel always shows pride to be so. Shall the sinner be proud who is going to hell ? Shall the saint be proud who is newly saved from it ? God had rather His people fared poorly than lived proudly.—*Mason.*

DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN AT GRANTHAM.

ON Tuesday morning, December 28th, 1887, Mrs. Mary Brown died at her residence, 6, Castlegate, Grantham, having attained the extraordinary age of one hundred years and four months. The deceased lady was born at North Witham on the 12th of August, 1787, and therefore completed the centenary of her existence last August, at which time she was in a comparatively good state of health. Indeed, with the exception of a little weakness of the body, she has stood the strain of advancing years with but little loss of physical power, and, up to a very recent date, came down stairs and breakfasted by eight o'clock in the morning, as was her usual custom.

About three weeks previously the old lady took cold, and bronchitis supervened, resulting in her death as stated. Her eyesight had failed her for some time, but up to two years since she could read, with the aid of glasses. Her hearing was pretty good, and, speaking generally, her faculties were wonderfully maintained up to the last. Mrs. Brown was not confined to her bed for more than three weeks, and it is scarcely necessary to add that, throughout life, she enjoyed almost uninterrupted good health.

Her father was Mr. Stanham, a farmer at North Witham; and it is interesting to learn that her grandmother lived to the age of one hundred and one years, while her sister died at eighty-four, and her brother (Mr. Stanham, of Castle Bytham) at about eighty-three.

When she was still Miss Stanham, the deceased lady succeeded some relatives in the occupancy of the Blue Bull Inn, Grantham, and subsequently, at the age of forty, married Mr. Wm. Brown, who was then in the employ of Lord Dysart, the owner of the Blue Bull property. This business they successfully and honourably carried on for a great number of years, and when at length they relinquished it (in 1854), it was to retire into private life at the house in Castlegate, where Mrs. Brown continued to reside up to her death, and where her husband predeceased her in 1860.

It will interest many of our readers to know that Mr. Wm. Brown was followed in the occupancy of the house already mentioned by his nephew, Mr. John Brown, whose son is the present tenant.

Mrs. Brown, we are told, was an abstainer, even up to her last illness, her favourite beverage being tea. Not only was she a very active woman in her younger days, and managed her business affairs in a most upright and straightforward manner, but she was also wonderfully kind-hearted and sympathetic, and her

first thought always seemed to be for others rather than for herself.

Mrs. Brown was well known in Grantham and the neighbourhood, and enjoyed the respect and affection of a large circle of friends. For over sixty years she was connected with the Calvinistic Chapel at Grantham, and for about eighteen years her late husband regularly conducted the services there. It is now about four years since she was last able to get to chapel, but the consolations of religion greatly sustained her as the burden of years increased; and when the end drew near, her spiritual perception seemed to become quickened and intensified. She was especially fond of repeating to herself various favourite passages of Scripture and verses of hymns. One of the latter, which came with singular appropriateness from the lips of one so venerable, was quoted within the last day or two of her earthly life—

“ How long, dear Lord, how long,
Deliverance must I seek;
And fight with foes so very strong,
Myself so very weak ? ”

Speaking to her nephew (by marriage), Mr. George Payne, who was in the habit of regularly visiting her, she said, some three weeks ago, “ I have had a little taste of heaven; but I ought not to say ‘ a little taste,’ for there is nothing small pertaining to heaven.” Then she repeated, quite spontaneously, and with singular earnestness, as if she were already in the enjoyment of heaven, the following four verses of one of her favourite hymns—

“ Heaven is that holy, happy place,
Where sin no more defiles;
Where God unveils His blissful face,
And looks, and loves, and smiles.

“ Where Jesus, Son of Man, and God,
Triumphant from His wars,
Walks in rich garments, dipped in blood,
And shows His glorious scars.

“ Where ransomed sinners sound God’s praise,
Th’ angelic hosts among;
Sing the rich wonders of His grace,
And Jesus leads the song.

“ Where saints are free from every load
Of passions or of pains;
God dwells in them, and they in God,
And love for ever reigns.”

Two nights before she died, she was heard repeating the following lines—

“ So, whene'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away ;
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad to leave our cumbrous clay :
 May we, ready,
 Rise and reign in endless day ! ”

It will be gathered from the above that the old lady possessed a marvellous memory for her age, and her intellect was equally clear up to death. Only a day before her decease—(she died at nine o'clock the next morning)—Mr. Payne read to her, and she was able to respond intelligently, evidently having a thorough apprehension of what was taking place. She always had a great aversion to being photographed, although often entreated by her relatives and friends to grant the necessary consent. It was not until last month that she gave way to the appeal of Mr. Payne on this point, and on the 15th of November she was photographed by Mr. Bliss, of Castlegate, in her own sitting-room. Notwithstanding the difficulties of the situation, and the age of the subject, Mr. Bliss succeeded in securing an admirable and most pleasing portrait of the centenarian, and we have no doubt there will be a large demand for copies. It may be added that Mrs. Brown had no children, and that her income, though not large, was sufficient to maintain her in comfortable circumstances. The remains of the deceased were laid to rest on Friday, December 30th, in the churchyard at Great Gonerby, where her husband and other members of the family were interred.—*Local Paper*.

[This should have been inserted last month, but, being from home, we did not see it in time to do so. The friend who sends it, and who knew Mrs. Brown well, says, the late Mr. Chamberlain, of Leicester, used to stay at Mrs. Brown's when he visited Grantham.—Ed.]

WAITING on the Lord is often groaning under inability.

HE that forsakes all relations for Christ, shall certainly find all relations in Christ.

“ WILDERNESS ” and “ desert ”—the heart of a natural man ever was such in God's sight, but it is mercy that makes it so in our own.

ROWLAND HILL said to a young minister, who was afterwards a bishop, “ Humility is a sweet and guardian grace. If I saw you pert and proud, and wanting to go without the Lord, I would not give a farthing for you, or your preaching either ; but if you are humble and child-like, afraid of taking a single step unless the Lord point out the way, then you will be owned and blessed.”

HONOURABLE WOMEN.

ANNE BRINE.

ANNE BRINE was the youngest daughter of Mr. John Moore, a Baptist minister, of Northampton. She eventually became the wife of Mr. John Brine, also a Baptist minister at Kettering, and Curriers' Hall, Cripplegate. She inherited from her father "Hutter's Hebrew Bible," which, in those days, was no small treasure, and with her own hand wrote a very choice account of the Lord's gracious dealings with her, from which the following is taken :—

When I was young, I was very much taken with the vanities and follies of youth. My greatest concern was, that I was hindered by my parents of taking my full swing in that in which I so much delighted, for they would sometimes be talking to me about the state of my immortal soul, and asking what I thought would become of me, if I should die without an interest in Christ; but I, in a disregardful manner, used to turn my back upon them, thinking myself as good as they, "for," thought I, "I am not guilty of any very heinous sins." I heartily wished that my parents were like the parents of some of my playfellows, that I might have the liberty which they enjoyed. When I was at the meeting, instead of being attentive in hearing the Word of God preached, I was thinking of my pleasures. Sabbaths were very burdensome to me.

When about fifteen years of age, it pleased God to awaken me, and bring me to consider what a state I was in. One night, being in my usual manner at play with my companions, and hearing them swear and take the Lord's name in vain, I was much terrified to think that I should delight in such wicked company, contrary to the mind of my parents, and displeasing to God, "against whom," thought I, "I have sinned greatly."

I went home that night with a heavy heart, fully expecting, when I went to bed, I should never awake in this world, but should be in everlasting punishment before daylight appeared. I resolved to amend my life—to pray to God for forgiveness of past sins. It was suggested to my mind that God was merciful, and so, if I did but repent, I need not fear acceptance with Him.

After a time my terror ceased, and I returned to my old companions again. Then again I was filled with remorse. Thus I went on for some time, until it pleased the Lord to work such strong convictions in me as I hope ended in saving conversion. My sins were set in order before me. Things that I had done in my childhood, which had been long forgotten by me, came fresh to my remembrance, upon which I thought that I was undone to

eternity. At the same time, I was made sensible of my incapacity to do anything that is good. I saw there was a want of power as well as of will in me.

About this time my father preached from those words—"Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are His. And, Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity." From these words he took occasion to talk of election, and of God's foreknowledge from eternity. "Well," thought I, "is it so, that the Lord did, before this choice, well know what rebels we should prove? Then I may be well assured that I shall be damned, for He would not fix His love unalterably upon so vile, so sinful, a creature as I am." When my father came to speak from the latter part of the text, he spoke of how it was the duty of believers to be pressing after holiness. This made me begin to think of working for life again, though I doubt not my dear father made a distinction between working *for* life and *from* life; but so ignorant was I that I could not take it in aright, so I attempted to pray, and in so doing found something of a secret hope that the Lord would pardon my sins if I persevered. But the Lord did not suffer me long to rest here, for that Scripture came into my mind, "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but of His mercy hath He saved us"; and these words followed—"Not of works, lest any man should boast." Now was I quite brought off from having any dependence upon my own doings, and was at once quite stripped of all hopes, for I thought these words came only to convince me that my righteousness would avail me nothing in point of salvation; and that Scripture came with some power—"Seek ye the Lord while He may be found; call upon Him while He is near," whereupon I desired that I might so seek Him as to find Him; so call, that He might answer; so knock, that He might open unto me; for I thought there was nothing in the world so desirable. And this was given for my comfort—"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." I was then helped to admire the distinguishing, superabounding love of God. Oh, that He should come over all my sins and rebellions, and also manifest and discover it to me! Then I could cry out, "Why me? Why me?" indeed. "Why should I, that am viler than the vilest sinner that lives, be thus favoured—thus honoured? It is cause of wonder and astonishment."

But, alas! this abode not long. I soon began to be under fears, and Satan came in with his temptations, and tempted me to question the being of a God; but these thoughts were like arrows piercing me. But one day, as I was standing at the garret window, and looking out into the garden, I began

to consider how the trees did grow. "Surely," thought I, "it can be no natural power that produced them"; and from this reflection I was strongly persuaded that there is an all-seeing and all-knowing and wonder-working God, who is infinite in power, which for the present a little supported me, for I was persuaded that He could save the worst of sinners. I used often to wish that I had died in my infancy, and then I should not have committed so many and so heinous sins against my dear Lord, though I was sensible that, if I had died when but one day old, and had not the application of Christ's righteousness, I had even then been miserable, for I was convinced of original sin before this time from those words—"I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me."

But to return. After some time, the Lord was pleased to break in with discoveries of His love to my soul afresh with these words—"As the Father hath loved Me, so have I loved you: continue ye in My love." This was a sweet cordial indeed to my drooping spirits. Oh, how did I then admire the distinguishing grace of God, that was thus largely displayed and revealed to vile, sinful, unworthy me! Then was my heart knit and united to the Lord Jesus, so that I could say, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none in the earth that I desire besides Thee." Now I thought I could be content to be anything or nothing, so that God might be glorified in me. I was fearful of acting or speaking anything that was in the least contrary to the mind of God. I then hated everything that looked like lightness, or was in the leastwise sinful, and I desired as much to be holy here as happy hereafter. The Sabbaths were a delight instead of a burden, for as soon as the Sabbath was ended, I longed for the return of another. Then were God's ways "ways of pleasantness," and all His paths were paths of peace unto me.

At that time I had an earnest desire after the welfare of those who had formerly been my companions—I mean the welfare of their immortal souls. "Oh," thought I, "did they but know what I feel, and could they but conceive what satisfaction, comfort, and joy there are in the enjoyment of nearness to, and communion with, a reconciling God, and did they but see what a beauty, loveliness, and glory there are in Him, they would freely forsake all their foolish pleasures and vain delights for an interest in Christ." I thought I would not have returned to my former course of sin and vanity, might I thereby gain a thousand worlds, for there is more true peace and solid comfort in one moment's communion with God, than in a hundred years of sin and folly.

One Sabbath Day, in the morning, I was very ill, so that I was forced to stay at home. But no sooner was the family gone to the

meeting than I began to reflect upon myself for letting a little illness detain me from going to the house of God. "If I had a right value for hearing the Gospel of Christ," thought I, "I should have gone; or had I any right esteem for the comfort and refreshment of my soul, I should readily have gone, that I might have met with it." I had at that time such a sight of the darkness of my understanding, the hardness of my heart, and of the perverseness of my will, that I thought there were none like me, "for," thought I, "such as are indeed Christians take more delight in the means of grace, and in discoursing of the things of God. They can speak of a new birth, and of faith in Christ," and this I thought myself a stranger to; so I then judged there was nothing right in me, but I was well assured that, if I returned to my former course of sin and folly, I should perish. "If I have any dependence on anything in myself, that is too short. There is no other way whereby we can be saved but in and through Christ—through His righteousness alone, without any of our own to be joined therewith; therefore I will now, as helped, venture my soul upon Him, and if I perish, I perish."

I had now an endeared love for any that I hoped were the children of God; and if I heard of any young ones being under convictions, I soon found my affections strongly engaged to them, whom before I had no esteem of, and an earnest desire after their welfare.

After this, hearing some, in telling their experience, speak of the dreadful temptations they had met with, and also reading Mr. Barry's account of the dealings of God with him—what sharp conflicts he met with, and how long he was under the spirit of bondage, and upon his receiving the Spirit of adoption, what glorious effects ensued—I began to fear again that I was not in a converted state, for I thought, "I was never loaded with the guilt of sin as some be, nor yet have I ever enjoyed such wonderful and glorious revelations of Christ as some express, therefore I fear that I am still in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity"; whereupon I acquainted one of my intimate friends therewith, who directed me to a passage in Mr. Bunyan's "Come and Welcome to the Chief of Sinners," which just answered those very objections, the reading whereof a little removed my doubts; and these words following me very much, "He leadeth me beside the still waters," did give me some hopes that I was one of those that He was pleased thus by the gentle drawings of His Spirit to bring to close with Christ. Then these words were very pleasant to me—"I taught Ephraim to go, leading them by the hand, but they knew not that I healed them"; and, though I had not such great revelations of Christ, nor such ravishing joy and comfort as some have, yet I had such views of Him, as a suitable and sufficient

Saviour, that I would not part with my hopes of interest in Him for the world—yea, for one moment's communion with God is far preferable to all the riches, honours, and pleasures of this world.

It pleased the Lord to take from me my only child, a dear babe of about five years, and I hope that these words, which so ran in my mind during its illness, have in some measure been made good, namely, "This is the will of God, even your sanctification." I sometimes, like Jonah, think I do well to be angry. I am ready to call Providence to an account in this manner. Thinks I, "Why was not she removed sooner, before she was so exceedingly engaging? or why had she not continued longer, that she might have been more capable of giving an account of herself, that so we might have had full satisfaction about her state?" I have indeed been sadly distressed about that, though I sometimes think I have less reason so to be than many others have, for it is certain she had uncommon impressions upon her mind some time before her illness, for she talked much about dying and being in heaven. She wanted to know what would be her employment there, and if she should not see more and know more than she did here. In the midst of her gaiety and briskness she would often change her countenance, and look as grave and solid as anybody could do, and, running to me, would say, "Mamma, doth He that is above see me now, and is He angry with me?" And many such questions she often asked, that I many times could not tell how to answer her. It was a sore trial to me to lose her, for I pleased myself very much with the thoughts of coming with her to Northampton, to show what a fine child she had grown. I could not have borne up during her illness, had not the Lord granted me particular supports. But at times I was enabled to say, "Oh, Thou lovely One! How sweet are the least glimpses of His peculiar favour, when He is pleased to give some special discoveries of it! But what will it be when we shall enter into the joy of our Lord, and be made to swim in that vast ocean of eternal love and glory?" In the meantime it must be testified that the blessed Jesus deserves the highest seat and entertainment in our hearts. But oh, what need have we to be begging of God that there may be a reviving time, for if these withering, backsliding days be not shortened, how will His honour be vindicated? It is a matter of great concern to me at times to see the decays there are among the professors in this our age, as well as to feel the declining in my own soul, and I am sometimes ready to say, "What will become of God's great name?" But this may be our strong consolation, that there is no limiting of His power, nor searching of His understanding. He knows how to restore in a moment the desolations of many generations. He can, if He pleases, revive His children,

and make them rejoice in Him, and cause them to flourish in the courts of their God.

I had such a view of the glory of God one day last week, and a home application of my being entitled unto it, and having a right to all the benefits which flow through Christ, as filled me with astonishment. A sweet time it was indeed while it lasted, but it was but for a few hours. Such times are very desirable and very delightful. I was ready to cry out, as one of old did, "How is it, Lord, that Thou wilt manifest Thyself to me, and not unto the world?" I knew then for a little season what it was to take up my rest where my God and Father rests.

I am at times, through grace, made to believe that I have received the Spirit of adoption, not only to witness to my relationship to God, and give me faith views of the inseparableness of that union in which I stand to the Person of Christ, but also at times to give me the greatest holy freedom, through the blood of Jesus, to draw nigh to God as my own Father, to unbosom my soul to Him, and tell Him all my wants; and, blessed be His name, I have not been sent empty away. I have found the enjoyment of God to be strength in weakness, joy in sorrow, a reviving cordial in time of trouble; and in all that I meet with in my way homeward I can say, He is God all-sufficient. I find Him so, through grace.

She had very great light in the Gospel, and a sweet spiritual savour of it all her days. The last sermon she heard was from these words—"Thou believest that there is one God; thou doest well: the devils also believe, and tremble. But wilt thou know, O vain man, that faith without works is dead?" This sermon she thought a searching one, and because she did not find so much of the fruits of a divine faith in herself as she desired, was somewhat discouraged, upon which, as her manner was, she attended to holy meditation, and received fresh satisfaction and comfort, and in that week discoursed with great freedom of spiritual things. "On Saturday, I had conversation with her," says her husband, "about some sublime truths of the Gospel. She expressed her wonder that some professors embrace them not, for that they are very comfortable."

On the Tuesday following, which was the 6th of August, 1745, after two days' sharp pain, early in the morning, without a sigh, without a groan, she stretched and soared away, to be "for ever with the Lord." Dr. Gill preached, and afterwards published, her funeral discourse.

PAUL was willing to be esteemed a cypher, so that Christ might stand for a figure.

THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

TRUE LOVE AS SEEN IN JONATHAN'S LOVE TO DAVID.

"VERY pleasant hast thou been to me; thy love to me was wonderful, O my brother Jonathan." Thus David lamented the early death of his friend, slain on the battle-field (2 Sam. i.); and we may regard this wonderful love as natural, spiritual, and typical; and in all respects we find it very interesting and instructive.

This love was natural. Jonathan—noble, brave, and generous—perceived in David a greater and nobler person than himself. Little minds are jealous and envious, but a noble heart appreciates and honours superior goodness and greatness, and thus did Jonathan admire and love his friend David.

But his love was spiritual, godly, and brotherly. Jonathan's trust was in God (1 Sam. xiv. 6), and he was probably with Saul when David first offered to fight Goliath, and so humbly and confidently avowed his confidence in the Lord of Hosts; so, when he returned victorious, God having so manifestly honoured his faith, it is no wonder that "his soul was knit with the soul of David, and he loved him as his own soul." And the spiritual love remained proof against all the temptations to jealousy to which circumstances gave rise. Jonathan might reasonably have expected that he would, if spared, wear Saul's crown and govern his kingdom; but when he knew that this would never be (2 Sam. xxiii. 16—19), he was gratefully content. A beautiful picture is here—the last recorded meeting of the two friends in the lonely wood, whither he went to strengthen David's "hand in God," and they again made a covenant with each other "before the Lord." To Jonathan, the will of God was not only good and perfect—it was truly "acceptable" (Rom. xii. 2)—the best arrangement that could possibly be made, and he was well satisfied to do and be whatever God thought fit. Oh, it is blessed to know no will but His.

And this love was typical of the love of Christ and His Church. But which of these two foreshadowed Christ? David, most certainly (see *Psa. lxxxix. 35, 36*; *Psa. xvi.*; *Psa. xxii.*; and many other portions of Scripture). Indeed, the concurrent testimony of the Word of God always points out David as the representative of the Lord Jesus. Jonathan was, originally, richer and higher than David, but we must never try to "make a figure go on all fours." Some general features of a parable or type are all that are required to point the heavenly lesson.

David, at this time, was Israel's deliverer; and so is Jesus. Though David, it is true, was poor, and Christ was eternally rich,

"yet for our sakes He [Christ] became poor." David was sent by his father on an errand of love to his brethren, and they despised him. Jesus came on His Father's great mission, but His own brethren according to the flesh "received Him not." David, the stripling, alone, unarmed (save with five smooth stones, and a sling to cast them with), went forth against the terrible giant, and overthrew and slew him. Jesus, the despised and rejected One, went in the name of His God against Satan, the god of this world—the evil one in whom all the forces of mischief were combined. His Church did not go with Him; the angels of heaven were not called to assist in the conflict. The Second David "trod the winepress alone; of the people there were none with Him"; therefore, His own arm wrought salvation, and by Himself He gained the everlasting victory over all His own and His people's mighty foes.

Jonathan's love of David began, as we have before seen, with grateful admiration. And does not the believer's love to Christ generally begin in the same way? His saving work is seen by faith; the heart admires the glorious Saviour, and rejoices in the fact that He saves His people; while the longing desire arises, "Oh, that I might call Him my Beloved and my Friend!"

I was much struck, some months ago, by the remark of my beloved pastor (since gone to his heavenly home) upon the Prophet's words (Isa. liii. 2)—Christ having "no beauty that He should be desired" of certain persons. He strongly emphasized the word "desire." "Many," he said, "saw some beauty in Christ as a Man, an Example, a Martyr, but no beauty to make them desire Him as their Lord, their Saviour, their everlasting All." And this must be the test of our religious life—Is Christ of little importance to us, or is He the "Chief among ten thousand; yea, altogether lovely"?

If "we know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren," surely love to Christ is, according to His own Word, a certain proof that God is our Father (John viii. 42); and admiring reverence and yearning desires are the highest form of love.

Then Jonathan and David gave each other many pledges, tokens, and renewals of love. Our love always needs these. Natural love requires them. "He that hath friends must behave himself friendly." Coldness, distance, and unkindness are inconsistent with the growth of affection. Spiritual love also needs culture. "Let brotherly love continue," "not forsaking the assembling of yourselves together," weeping with those that weep, and rejoicing with those that rejoice.

And if natural and spiritual love require renewing, our love to Jesus certainly needs to be cherished and sustained. The believing heart does not say, "Once for all I have, through grace, given

myself to Jesus, because He has given Himself to me, and that is enough," but it longs for tokens of His love. "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation," may not be the language of doubt and fear. "Jonathan caused David to swear again to him, because he loved him" (1 Sam. xx. 17), and the believer begs again and again to hear "the voice of his Beloved." "Yea, in the way of Thy commandments have we waited for Thee, O Lord; the desire of our souls is to Thy name, and to the remembrance of Thee."

If we love Him, let us seek to keep His commandments, to follow Him in His ordinances, to honour all His precepts, and desire to do whatsoever He hath said unto us.

Doddridge sweetly traces the rise and progress of this heaven-born love in the lines—

" 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the power divine.

" High heaven, that heard that solemn vow,*
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear."

And Jonathan's love was life-long, while David's love for him continued all the while he himself survived. So God-given love is "strong as death; many waters cannot quench it, neither can the floods drown it." "We love Him because He first loved us," and we shall continue to love Him as long as He loves us. Jesus ever liveth, ever loveth too; and all His life His people shall live also, and live to love their Saviour and their Lord.

" His Spirit will cherish
The love He first gave;
That never shall perish
While Jesus can save."

Jonathan's love induced him not only to give his treasures (1 Sam. xviii. 4), but also to risk his life for his friend, by speaking in his favour to the infuriated Saul (1 Sam. xx. 33), and doing all he could to further his cause. And did not the Apostle, who spoke so confidently about the unchangeable love of God (Rom. viii., last verses), "count all things loss for Christ"? Did he not labour more abundantly than all his companions in His name? Did he not say, "I will very gladly spend and be spent for the Churches, though the more abundantly I love, the less I be

* As in Ruth's case, "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God," &c.

loved" ? (2 Cor. xii. 15.) And did he not declare that he was ready to offer up his life, and all for love to that dear Friend who loved and gave Himself for him ? So, in proportion as we receive of His Holy Spirit, shall we also live and labour, or suffer and die, for His beloved name.

Oh, may Christ's love be richly shed abroad in our hearts, and that shall kindle ours, and keep it fervent and faithful to the end. Amen.

H. S. L.

SIN AND GRACE.

A LITTLE HEART-SEARCHING, BY JOHN BUNYAN, IN WHICH, HIS FELLOW-PILGRIMS TO THE CELESTIAL CITY FIND FELLOWSHIP WITH HIM TO-DAY.

"I FIND to this day seven abominations in my heart—first, inclinings to unbelief ; secondly, suddenly to forget the love and mercy Christ manifesteth ; thirdly, a leaning to the works of the law ; fourthly, wandering and coldness in prayer ; fifthly, to forget to watch for what I pray for ; sixthly, apt to murmur because I have no more, and yet ready to abuse what I have ; seventhly, I can do none of those things which God commands me, but my corruptions will thrust in themselves. 'When I would do good, evil is present with me.' These things I continually see and feel, and am afflicted and oppressed with ; yet the wisdom of God doth order them for my good. First, they make me abhor myself ; secondly, they keep me from trusting my heart ; thirdly, they convince me of the insufficiency of all inherent righteousness ; fourthly, they show me the necessity of flying to Jesus ; fifthly, they press me to pray to God ; sixthly, they show me the need I have to watch and be sober ; seventhly, and provoke me to look to God, through Christ, to help me, and carry me through this world. Amen."

"Being dead," the "Bedford Tinker"—but Heaven's own ambassador—"yet speaketh." Dear reader, what sayest thou to his verdict on self-examination ? The first seven items are the experience of every Christian ; so also are they of an empty professor—a lost soul. The last seven are Christian experience, and prove Christ within thee—a saved sinner. He who shrinks from having his heart searched by God (Psalm cxxxix. 23, 24) has the witness in himself that there is no "good thing" there. He who pleadeth to be searched, has the witness that there he would have nothing but that which is good. While Satan reigns within, sin is nourished and excused. Grace always reigns, where implanted, "through righteousness," and Christ on the throne makes sin hated, mourned over, and forsaken.

LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR N——,—A smooth path, without trials, is no evidence of being in a gracious state, neither do troubles and afflictions prove us to be in a carnal and unrenewed state. God is infinitely wise, and He says He “does not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men.” It is very true. If we look at our own deservings, we must see cause for His displeasure and His judgments to come upon us. As the Psalmist says, “If Thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquity, who could stand?” &c. We want, when oppressed with our sins, to see them laid upon the Victim, Christ Jesus, and look there until our hearts are humbled and broken with-sorrow and joy. This sight produces that “repentance not to be repented of” (2 Cor. vii. 10). A blessed compound—a wounding and healing.

A heart to wait upon God, under trials, for this experience to be wrought in us, is an evidence of being under God’s teaching—not waiting for a time and then giving up. “He that endureth to the end shall be saved.” Christ spake a parable to this end, that “men should always pray and not faint,” but it is His power that keeps poor souls from fainting, else she who said, “Truth, Lord; yet the dogs eat the crumbs which fall from their masters’ table,” would have fainted at the seeming denial of the Lord Jesus (Matt. xv. 26).

Those who are in the way to heaven find it a chequered path, and it will be so to the end. I have been thinking of what Job said—“Oh, that I knew where I might find Him!” Job did know in his judgment where He was to be found, though he no doubt was then in the dark. God is to be found on the mercy-seat. He says, “There will I commune with you.” Christ is the Mercy-seat; and what a sweet view it is, when the eyes are opened to see it, that God is in Christ for sinners to approach unto Him!

There is something very formidable in an awakened sinner coming to God. Indeed, he could not, if God had not revealed such a Way as the Lord Jesus Christ. But here is a Man—at the same time God—as a High Priest—One that can be “touched with the feeling of our infirmities”—who knows what temptations are—who may be approached unto as a “Brother” (Prov. xvii. 17). He came into the “horrible pit” on purpose to bring His people out with Him, having taken them into union with Himself; and in His compassion has also said, “Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.” Here is wondrous mercy and encouragement for those who feel their sin and ignorance. Such texts as, “Though your sins be as scarlet,” &c.; also, “I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance,” become most suitable, and

set them longing for nearer and clearer sights of such a gracious, compassionate Saviour.

May you be stirred up and encouraged to press on through every trial and obstacle that stands in your way; and, with my love,

Leicester, 1879.

I am, yours affectionately,

E. MORGAN.

STATUTES FOR SECURING THE PROTESTANT SUCCESSION TO THE THRONE.

WE hope that many who may read these extracts will be aroused thereby to the importance of these laws being kept intact, and not rendered null and void either by the Sovereign or the rulers. It is time every Protestant stood boldly forth for truth and liberty :—

ACT FOR ESTABLISHING THE CORONATION OATH. (1688. 1 W. & M., c. vi.)

Whereas by the law and ancient usage of this realm, the kings and queens thereof have taken a solemn oath upon the Evangelists, at their respective coronations, to maintain the statutes, laws, and customs of the said realm, and all the people and inhabitants thereof, in their spiritual and civil rights and properties. But forasmuch as the oath itself, on such occasions administered, hath heretofore been framed in doubtful words and expressions, with relation to ancient laws and constitutions, at this time unknown. To the end, therefore, that one uniform oath may be, in all times to come, taken by the kings and queens of this realm, &c.

And be it enacted by the King's and Queen's most excellent Majesties, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords spiritual and temporal, and the Commons in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, that the oath herein mentioned and hereafter expressed, shall and may be administered to their most excellent Majesties King William and Queen Mary, whom God long preserve, at the time of their coronation, in the presence of all persons that shall be then and there present at the solemnizing thereof, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, or the Archbishop of York, or either of them, or any other bishop of this realm, whom the King's Majesty shall thereunto appoint, and who shall be hereby thereunto respectively authorized; which oath followeth, and shall be administered in this manner, that is to say :—

The Archbishop or Bishop shall say—"Will you solemnly promise and swear to govern the people of England, and the dominions thereto belonging, according to the statutes in Parliament agreed on, and the laws and customs of the same?"

The King and Queen shall say—"I solemnly promise to do so."

Archbishop or Bishop—"Will you to the utmost of your power cause law and justice in mercy to be executed in all your judgments?"

King and Queen—"I will."

Archbishop or Bishop—"Will you to the utmost of your power maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant Reformed religion established by law? and will you preserve unto the bishops and clergy of this realm, and to the churches committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges as by law do or shall appertain unto them or any of them?"

King and Queen—"All this I promise to do."

After this the King and Queen, laying his and her hand upon the Holy Gospel, shall say:—

King and Queen—"The things which I have before promised, I will perform and keep. So help me God."

Then the King and Queen shall kiss the Book.

And be it further enacted that the said oath shall be in like manner administered to every king or queen who shall succeed to the imperial crown of this realm, at their respective coronations, by one of the archbishops or bishops of this realm of England for the time being, to be thereunto appointed by such king or queen respectively, and in the presence of all persons that shall be attending, assisting, or otherwise present at such their respective coronations; any law, statute, or usage to the contrary notwithstanding.

BILL OF RIGHTS.

Act declaring the Rights and Liberties of the Subject, and settling the Succession of the Crown. (1689. 1 W. & M., Sess. 2, cap. 2, § 9 and 8. Commonly called the "Bill of Rights.")

And whereas it hath been found by experience that it is inconsistent with the safety and welfare of this Protestant kingdom to be governed by a Popish prince, or by any king or queen marrying a Papist, the said Lords spiritual and temporal, and Commons, do further pray that it may be enacted that all and every person and persons that is, are, or shall be, reconciled to, or shall hold communion with, the see or Church of Rome,* or shall profess the Popish religion, or shall marry a Papist, shall be excluded, and be for ever incapable to inherit, possess, or enjoy the crown and government of this realm and Ireland and the dominions thereunto belonging, or any part of the same, or to have, use, or exercise any royal power, authority, or jurisdiction within the same; and in all and every such case or cases the people of these realms shall be, and are hereby, absolved of their allegiance, and

* Read this in connection with paragraph on page 83, marked with *.

the said crown and government shall from time to time descend to, and be enjoyed by, such person or persons, being Protestants, as should have inherited and enjoyed the same in case the person or persons so reconciled, holding communion, or professing, or marrying as aforesaid, were naturally dead.

DECLARATION

which, under Sec. 2 of the 12th and 13th W. III., c. 2, commonly called the "Act of Settlement," and by the law of England, every sovereign of this country, at his or her coronation, must "make, subscribe, and audibly repeat" :—

"I, Victoria, do solemnly and sincerely, in the presence of God, profess and testify and declare that I do believe that in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper there is not any transubstantiation of the elements of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ, at or after the consecration thereof by any person whatsoever ; and that the invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary or any other saint, and the sacrifice of the Mass, as they are now used in the Church of Rome, are superstitious and idolatrous. And I do solemnly, in the presence of God, profess, testify, and declare, that I do make this declaration, and every part thereof, in the plain and ordinary sense of the words read unto me, as they are commonly understood by *English Protestants*, without any evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation, and without any dispensation already granted me for this purpose by the Pope, or any other authority or person whatsoever, or without any hope of any such dispensation from any person or authority whatsoever, or without thinking that I am or can be acquitted before God or man, or absolved of this declaration or any part thereof, although the Pope, or any other person or persons or power whatsoever, shall dispense with or annul the same, or declare that it was null and void from its beginning."

Her Majesty made and signed this declaration in presence of the Houses of Parliament on the 20th day of November, 1837.

The Romish members of the House of Commons have, on several occasions, openly attempted to obtain the repeal of these Statutes.

THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT ON THE PROTESTANT CONSTITUTION, AND HER MAJESTY'S EXPRES- SIONS OF APPROVAL.

SPEECH of the late Prince Consort, delivered on the 17th of June, 1851, at the annual meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, at which meeting His Royal Highness was in the chair.

He (the Prince Consort) said, "This Society was first chartered by William III., the greatest sovereign this country has to boast of, by whose sagacity and energy was closed that bloody struggle for civil and religious liberty which so long had convulsed this country, and who had secured to us the inestimable advantages of our Constitution and our Protestant faith."

This speech is reproduced in the Queen's "Life of the Prince Consort," edited by Theodore Martin, Vol. II., pp. 375-6, "as it throws [says the editor] valuable light upon the opinions of the Prince, both political and religious." "It embodies," he says again, "truths of universal application."

Lord John Russell, writing to the Queen next day, said that this "speech had an excellent effect. With many dangers on every side, every word was admirable—nothing left unsaid that ought to have been said, and nothing said that ought to be avoided."

The Queen, answering this letter, said that they "are both much pleased at what Lord John Russell says about the Prince's speech of yesterday. It was on so ticklish a subject that one could not feel certain beforehand how it might be taken. At the same time, the Queen felt sure the Prince would say the right thing, from her entire confidence in his great tact and judgment"; and leaving the Queen, she becomes a woman and a wife, and adds, "she feels so proud of being his wife that she cannot refrain from herself paying a tribute to his noble character."

ENVOY TO THE POPE.

AFTER reading the above facts, we can but express the deep sorrow we feel respecting the mission of the Duke of Norfolk to the Vatican. The *Standard*, December 19th, reports—"The Duke of Norfolk, as Envoy Extraordinary of the Queen, was received on the 17th December last, by the Pope, *in order to present Her Majesty's felicitations on the Papal Jubilee and the Royal gifts.*" And this paper then remarks—"It is an interesting historical fact that no special envoy has been sent by a British Sovereign to a Pope of Rome for exactly two hundred years, the last having been when James II. sent Lord Castlemaine to His Holiness in 1687."

The *Standard* further reports that "the Duke of Norfolk, attired in his full robes as Earl Marshal of England, wearing the Order of the Garter and the insignia of the Order of Christ, and accompanied by his First Secretary and the other Attachés of his Mission, was received by the Pope in solemn ceremonial, with full honours." According to the etiquette required to be observed at the court of the Vatican, as is alleged, the Duke *went on his*

knees three times before the Pope, as he advanced to the Papal throne, and as "Head of the Queen's Special Mission to the Pope," presented the address, given in the Vatican official Gazette, as follows :—

HOLY FATHER,—Her Majesty the Queen, my most gracious Sovereign, having been pleased to select me as Her Majesty's special Envoy to express to your Holiness, in a public and formal manner, her sense of the courtesy shown by the mission of Monsignor Ruffo Scilla to convey your Holiness's congratulations on the fiftieth anniversary of her reign, I have the honour to present to your Holiness Her Majesty's letter accrediting me for that purpose.

Her Majesty has commanded me to say that, in confiding to me this *high mission*, she has been moved not only by a desire to acknowledge this proof of your Holiness's good-will towards her, but also to give expression to her feeling of deep respect for the elevated character and Christian wisdom which you have displayed in your high position.* The temperate sagacity with which your Holiness has corrected errors and assuaged differences from which much evil might otherwise have arisen inspires Her Majesty with the earnest hope that life and health may long be granted to you, and that your beneficent action may be long continued.

In conclusion, I beg leave to be permitted to express to your Holiness how very sensible I am of the honour which has been conferred upon me by my gracious Sovereign, in selecting me for this *high mission*, and in making me the interpreter of Her Majesty's sentiments on this occasion.

His Holiness (speaking in French) replied :—

It was with pleasure that we sent our special representative to London, six months ago, charged to offer in our name to Her Majesty the Queen of England our congratulations on the fiftieth anniversary of her glorious accession to the throne. *Our joy is not less in receiving to-day from your Grace the congratulations and the compliments of the Queen, your Sovereign, on the occasion of our priestly jubilee.* We accept Her Majesty's missive with gratitude, and thank her for the choice which she has made of your illustrious person, so dear to us, in order to convey that missive to us.

We would further, on this specially propitious day, publicly testify our great satisfaction with the liberty which the Catholic religion enjoys throughout the vast British Empire, and which permits that religion to prosper more and more. This happy result—we love to acknowledge it—is due to the profound wisdom of Her Majesty and to the enlightened spirit of her Government.

Will your Grace be good enough to convey our sentiments to Her Majesty the Queen, whose glory and prosperity we most ardently hope for?—*Times*, December 20th, 1887.

It may well be asked, For what object has the Earl Marshal of England been sent to humiliate this country at the feet of the

* See paragraph, page 80, marked *

Papacy, and to offer to the Pope such an act of homage in Her Majesty's name? Is it in acknowledgment of Papal supremacy that an envoy from the Queen of England should prostrate himself in abject servility, and make obeisance to the Pope as the Sovereign Pontiff? Let there be no mistake about this matter. The Papal power asserts its claim to authority over kings and princes, its right to depose sovereigns, and to exact implicit obedience from their subjects.

With respect to these humiliating proceedings, we can but echo the words of our valued friend and co-worker in the cause of Protestantism, the Editor of that excellent little periodical, the *British Protestant*, when he says:—

“Protestant England has prostrated itself, in the person of a Royal Envoy, before the throne of the Papal Antichrist! Protestant England has laid golden offerings at the feet of the Man of Sin! Protestant England has even congratulated, in the most formal and official manner, the Pontifex Maximus of the mystical Babylon upon the prolonged term of his blasphemous usurpations and shameless pretensions to be the Vicar on earth of God's own anointed Son! Clothed in the robes of England's peerage, and accredited by royal warrant, the Duke of Norfolk has conveyed to Priest Pecci, in the palace of the Vatican, the felicitations of the crown of ‘this Protestant kingdom.’ The guilty act—for which Her Majesty's exalted advisers in the State are before God and man responsible—was not a private one, nor one of a personal nature as between two temporal rulers, for the Pope is not a temporal, but solely an ecclesiastical ruler, representing the most pretentious and intolerant system on the face of the globe. Surely the Protestant people of this liberty-loving land will not suffer this base betrayal of the Constitution, on the part of those who counselled our gracious Sovereign, to pass unchallenged or uncondemned!”

A solemn oath despised, a throne made void, and a Protestant Constitution thus prostituted by political intriguers, form a sorry spectacle for children of Protestant martyrs to look upon.

Oh, ye professed sons of men who sealed the truth of Christ with their blood, do not sell your liberties for a mess of politics! Let the honour of God, His cause, and your liberties stand before any political party which so betrays the confidence of those who helped them into place and power.

MANY persons who appear to repent are like sailors who throw their goods overboard in a storm, and wish for them again in a calm.—*Mead.*

The Bower, April, 1888.



A SECRET ASSEMBLY OF PERSECUTED CHRISTIANS.

THE WALDENSIAN MARTYR, BARTHOLOMEW COUPIN.

THIS venerable old man, a martyr, whose character and fate are full of interest, especially in these times, was originally of La Tour, where, in the bosom of the Church, he discharged the duties of elder.

A draper by trade, he had resorted, as was his custom, to the fair of Asti, which took place annually on the 8th of April. The evening preceding, being at table with several other merchants, as the supper was nearly ended, one of the company said to him, "I have been in your parts, staying with one who married at Moncalier." "That is M. Bastie," observed another. "He is of 'the religion.'"* "And I am also," rejoined Coupin. "Then," some one observed, "you do not believe in Christ's real presence in the best sacrifice of the Mass?" "No," replied Coupin. Another, in anger, exclaimed, "What a false religion is yours!" and he answered, "It is as true that our religion is true as it is true that God is God, and that I know of a certainty that I must die." Not another word did he add.†

It was not necessary in 1601, when this conversation took place, to say more. It being reported to the bishop, he summoned Coupin to appear before him, and urged him to retract, if he desired to escape severe punishment. "For nothing in the world," replied the old man, "will I retract; and I am ready to maintain what I have said, even at the peril of my life." He added that, if it pleased his lordship to institute inquiries respecting his life and habits, of the merchants of Asti, who all knew him, he might convince himself that, throughout his whole converse with them, he had never wronged any one; that if it was permitted to the Jew—nay, even to the Turk—to frequent fairs, and traffic in Piedmont, he much rather should be allowed who was a Christian. Besides, in what he had said he had not attacked any one, but that others had attacked him, and that he had only rendered a reason for the hope that was in him, agreeably to the command of Holy Writ, and the privilege allowed by the very decrees of his Highness concerning those of his religion.‡

But, instead of yielding to these representations, the bishop sent him to prison, and the next day the examination, on a charge of heresy, commenced.

Let us here allow Coupin to speak for himself. No other language could so pleasingly convey the plain and simple out-

* The Vaudois faith. † Coupin's Letter in Gilles, p. 334.

‡ Perrin, page 178.

pourings of mind of the pious martyr, when writing to his family:—

“I have long desired to send you good news of myself; and although perhaps some may make light of such language, inasmuch as they regard no news as good, if they are not such as the flesh lusts after and the world desires, nevertheless I feel assured that many will reckon what I am about to tell you good news.

“The day following my imprisonment, which took place on the 8th of April, 1601, I was examined before the vicar, the fiscal, and secretary Annibal. This examination lasted but a short time, as well as two others. Thirteen others followed—in all, sixteen—and I was always under examination from five till ten o’clock p.m., and frequently a quire of paper was not enough for the purpose.

“I should like to tell you all that I answered; but you may well suppose that I could not recollect it, my replies having filled a dozen quires of paper, or thereabouts; for they questioned me, besides the Holy Scriptures, about things in heaven, in earth, in hell, and things of which I had never heard mention. I spoke freely, and felt amazed at the grace which God gave me to answer, as it seemed to me, seven times more than I ever knew. Oh, eternal God, Thy Word is very true, who hast warned Thy children that they should take no thought how or what thing they should answer, when they should be examined for such a cause, and hast promised them that it would be given to them what they ought to say. . . .

“The 16th of April I was very much indisposed, but, being sent for, and led forth from prison into a great hall, I went into a room, and thence into another one, where I saw four distinguished persons, advanced in years, with the fiscal and secretary, all six seated in pontifical state on chairs, which having seen, I said, ‘Death is at hand.’ Then the bishop greeted me, and said, ‘Bartholomew, this is the vicar; I am the bishop; this is the inquisitor; this M. Paul Laro; these, the fiscal and the secretary. We have altogether prayed to God for you, that He may bring you to see your heresy, that you may implore of Him pardon, and turn to the holy mother Church, which ever waits for the repentance of her children. What say you?’

“I said, ‘By the grace of God I am of the true Church, and in that I hope to live and die.’

“Hereupon the inquisitor, after some examination, being greatly moved, said, ‘Let him be taken back to prison.’

“The next day, at the close of the examination, the bishop said to me, ‘If you abandon this your heresy, your valley will have a holiday and a day of rejoicing on your account.’

"I replied to him, 'I desire rather that they should carry thither tidings of my death, than of my having abandoned my religion ; and although I have a wife, and children, and possessions, God has taken away all these from my heart, for the sake of that holy religion in which I hope to end my days, by the sacred will of God.'

"They had on the table two Bibles and a thick portfolio, in which they had collected the subjects for my examination, with so many quotations and fabrications as would, I believe, have given the most learned man in the world enough to do ; and I, a poor worm, answered just as much as it pleased God to empower me to answer.

"Afterwards, I was examined on the 27th, then on the 28th and 29th of April. I answered according to the grace which God gave me, and if in anything I could not do so with ease, I said to them, 'I believe what is taught in Holy Writ, which contains sufficient proofs of the truth of our religion.' . . . 'Why do you lose your time in trying to conquer me?' . . . and 'I pray you to leave me in peace.' Oh, what peace !

"'What!' said the inquisitor, 'accursed heretic ! Lutheran ! You will go to the abode of all the devils in hell, and then your memory will dwell upon the holy exhortations urged to lead you to salvation ; but you wish rather to go to hell than to reconcile yourself to holy mother Church.'

"I answered, 'For a long time I have been reconciled with the holy Church, and in it I wish to live and die.'

"On Tuesday, 1st of May, I was examined on works ; on the Friday after, on justification ; on Monday, again on works ; on Tuesday, respecting images ; on the 14th, about the honour due to the saints, and still further on the same subject the next day ; whereupon I said to them, 'Sirs, if an unarmed man were assailed by four or five men, well armed, how could he defend himself ? Just so many are you here against me, learned doctors, with books and writings prepared. How then should I, a poor, ignorant man, and without books, be able to defend myself ?'

"They said to me, 'You know but too much. It would be better for you if you knew less.'

"Now, as to the reasons for my imprisonment, we must not contend about them with God, to whom no one can answer one of a thousand, as saith Job (ix. 3). I know that His judgments are deep, His compassions infinite, and that it behoves us to lay our hands upon our mouths, and to praise His holy acts." *

Meanwhile, in the midst of his trials, the prisoner was greatly

* Gilles, p. 335.

comforted by a visit which his wife and eldest son were permitted to pay him. His enemies had calculated much on that visit as a means to win him over to recant; "but," says the old historian, Gilles, "they gained nothing. His godly wife took no pains to exhort him to such an evil step through love of the world."

The husband, and wife, and young man, supped together, and never was there a repast at once more sad and more sweet. The old man, clearly foreseeing that this interview with his family would be the last, gave to his every word the character of a final exhortation.

"God will be to you more than husband," said he to his wife, who was struggling to suppress her tears; "and you," he said to his son, "be well assured that He will not cease to be to you a good Father. As for me," he added, "my duty is, to love neither wife nor children more than Christ; and good trust have I that God will give me grace to support every kind of torture for His glory."

He charged his wife to bring up their children in the fear of the Lord; his son to be subject in all things to his mother. Both the one and the other he charged to pray to God that it would please Him to strengthen them against all temptation. Then, having commended all his own to the grace of God, with many tears they bade each other farewell.

The day after this heartrending separation, Coupin addressed the following letter to his wife:—

"To my well-beloved wife, Susannah Coupin.

"MY DEAREST WIFE,—I have received much consolation from your having come here, and still more from your visit having been unexpected. I think that you also must have been comforted from having had once more the opportunity of supping with me, as was the case yesterday, Saturday, the 15th of September, 1601. Why that privilege was granted to us I know not; but all things are in the hand of God. Still, I do not think that we shall ever eat together again.

"Pray to God to comfort you, and confide wholly in Him, who has promised never to forsake those who put their trust in Him. You have much judgment; still, be sure to conduct our house so that our children, Samuel and Martha,* shall obey you, whom I charge, in the name of God, to be faithful and obedient to you, for then God will bless them.

"As to the rest, be not distressed on my account; for if God

* Coupin had these two children by a previous marriage.

has so ordered it that I am come to the end of my days, and it pleases the Almighty that I should render up to Him the spirit which He has long lent me, my trust is in Him that He will, out of His divine compassion, receive it to Himself, for the sake of His beloved Son Jesus Christ, through whom I believe that our sins are blotted out, on account of His holy death and passion. Of Him accordingly I pray that He would accompany me to the end with the power of His Holy Spirit. Be you also earnest in praying to God and in serving Him, for so you will be happy.

"Put yourself to no trouble to send me anything for three weeks, at the end of which you will send me some silver, if you please—part to give the jailer, the rest to supply my own necessities, if so be that I am still alive.

"Also remember what I have often said to you, namely, that God prolonged for fifteen years the life of King Hezekiah, but that he has prolonged mine much more, for, for a long time you have regarded me as dead, yet still I live, and hope and feel assured that He will preserve me as long as shall consist with the honour of His holy name and with my happiness, through the grace which He will confer on me.

*"From the prison of Asti, 16th September, 1601." **

Meanwhile, the Bishop of Asti was not altogether free from perplexity with regard to his prisoner. To release him he could not bring himself to resolve, fearing the great encouragement which many would take therefrom to speak boldly against the Romish Church. As to condemning him, the reasons for doing so were altogether insufficient, the fifth article of the king's letters patent of 1561 expressly providing that, "in case they were examined respecting their faith, the Waldenses should have the power of answering, without incurring any penalty, real or personal." In this dilemma, he determined to refer the case to Rome. After a delay of fully two months, the decision of the Papal court at length came. What was the purport of it? We know not. The only ascertained fact is that, a few days after, Coupin was found dead in his cell. Did the lingering sufferings of a captivity, extending now to its second year, terminate an existence already frail, and undermined by age and disease? or was that death really the work of a familiar of the Inquisition? History affirms nothing positive.

What it adds on the subject excites a smile of pity that, whilst the spirit of the martyr was taking its place at the banquet of the elect in the eternal mansions, his dead body, dragged from prison, was condemned, by a sentence read in the open market-

* Perrin, page 181.

place, to be burned, which was accordingly carried into immediate effect.

"This," said Perrin, who wrote his history in 1619, "is the last of the Waldenses that we have heard of, who was persecuted even to death for his faith." The massacres of 1655 and 1686 were yet to come.

"LOVE YOUR ENEMIES."

WHEN Jesus left the world of bliss,
And sojourned for a while in this,
He lived a life of love :
For it was love which prompted Him
To suffer for His dear ones' sin,
And leave His home above.

And while He did on earth reside,
He spoke as none e'er spoke beside ;
And to the listening throng
Said, "Love your enemies indeed ;
And even if they hunger, feed ;
And thus requite the wrong."

Nature prefers to do like them,
And would retaliate again,
And think it only right :
But where the Lord has given grace,
Oh, this should never be the case—
'Tis wrong in Jesus' sight.

Nor is it e'en enough that they
Their foes forgive, but for them pray,
And help them in distress :
E'en though they persecute till death—
Add anguish to the expiring breath—
Yet even then to bless.

Oh, none but Christ within the soul
Can feelings of revenge control,
And help the pierced heart
To treat with love its cruel foes,
And bear, unmixed with self, the woes
That cause the painful smart.

M. B.

THE late John Thornton says, in writing to Charles Simeon, of Cambridge, that there are three lessons a minister has to learn—first, humility; secondly, humility; thirdly, humility. How long are we learning the true nature of Christianity! Oh, thanks to our meek and lowly Teacher, how He bears with us!

PRAYING IN THE SPIRIT.

"Pour out your heart before Him : God is a Refuge for us."—PSALM lxii. 8.

IN the words cited we have, first, an exhortation—"Pour out your heart before Him"; secondly, a sweet encouragement to help us in the business of prayer—"God is a Refuge for us."

"Pour out your heart"—that is, utter freely before your covenant God and Father all your desires, all your wants, all your troubles. Keep nothing back under an idea that such and such things are too black or too bad, for your God loves at all times, and delighteth in mercy. "Let your requests be made known unto God" (Phil. iv. 6).

Every regenerated child of God daily and hourly stands in need of the Holy Spirit to instruct, to lead, to guide him; yea, the sense of our need is produced by His most powerful operation. "The Spirit also helpeth our infirmities," saith blessed Paul (Rom. viii.). All the fruits of the Spirit which the elect do, and shall, receive in the time appointed are the sure and certain evidences of the Personality, Godhead, and love of the Holy Spirit.

"Prayer," says that great man and humble Christian, Ambrose Serle, "is the very breath of faith, and the first evidence of new and spiritual life in the soul."

The Lord said of Paul, "Behold, he prayeth," because the Lord had then given him a heart to pray. Doubtless he had often fasted and prayed before, as far as the lips were concerned, but the spirit, not words—life, not expression—only constitute prayer with God. Language may give it a form, but language alone is like a mere body without a soul, and he that so offers it renders to God a dead, unclean carcase for a living sacrifice, which is an abomination in His sight. Prayer is unbosoming the heavy load that is oftentimes laid upon the believer. It is carrying the message where it should be carried—not to the creature, but rather unto God, who alone can calm that storm which sin and Satan occasion in us. A believer is a praying soul at all times, though he be not able to utter his desires unto the Lord at all times, nor in expression be as he could wish.

The same author last quoted observes, "The cries of a drowning man are above the formality of words, and forcibly pierce the ear for help; so the deep-felt anguish of a convinced heart is inexpressibly eager for mercy, and with moans and groans sues it out from God in right earnest. It does not seek a florid oration, pompous phrase, or theatrical starts, but pours forth aspirations at times too ardent and mighty for words. Oh, how God loveth such addresses as these! One 'Abba, Father!' one

tearful sigh, one inward groan, is beyond and far better than all the fine speeches in the world."

Let not the broken-hearted sinner grieve, then, too much that he cannot find language to express the fulness of his desires. His desires are the better for being found in his bosom too large and too strong for utterance. There is more of heaven in them, and they will break out at last the swifter towards heaven. God knows and loves the language of the heart, and, in due time, will answer prayer. The believer will frequently find in his bosom enough to hinder him from pouring out his heart before God, such as unbelief, that powerful foe to our peace, and its proper name is "infidelity," which will, in spite of all our efforts, assault us, rob us, and distress us.

By the precious blood of Christ our conscience is purged from dead works, and from the guilt of sin; and sin cannot have dominion, because we are not under the law, but under grace. But sin will still remain, and be a source of sorrow to every regenerated child of God while he is at home in the body. Hence the many interruptions, the many difficulties, experienced by the heaven-born soul in prayer, and in every other duty and exercise. Still, trying as the path is, the Lord in mercy keeps alive that work of His in the heart, and in the midst of our extremity proves Himself faithful to His promise—"I will not leave thee nor forsake thee"; or, as David says, "He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer."

How great is the privilege of prayer! How many are the victories obtained by the prayer of faith! Many a saint has been deprived of his personal liberty by tyrants, and their unjust and cruel laws, but neither their malice nor their dungeons could stop the breath of prayer from entering into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth.

"Pour out your heart before Him: God is a Refuge for us." All the Persons in the Godhead, or God in Trinity, may be addressed in prayer by His dear children, for this Elohim is the Refuge of His saints—the God of Israel, a God to Israel. As a Father, the eye of the Lord is always upon His own with infinite delight. "I will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be My sons and daughters, saith the Lord." This holds out to the believer precious encouragement to "pour out his heart" unto God.

The Lord who, by the mouth of His servant, exhorts to prayer, annexes a precious encouragement to the poor, tried soul, saying, "God is a Refuge for us." How does He prove Himself "a Refuge for us"? By receiving us; by blessing us with His sensible presence; by subduing our sin; by healing our diseases; by removing our fears; by applying His promises to our heart, and suiting them to the very trial we are labouring under; by com-

manding deliverances out of both temporal and spiritual difficulties ; by stirring us up to watchfulness and prayer ; and in answer to prayer He turns our captivity as the streams in the south.

Say, believer, is He not "a Refuge for us"? Does He not prove Himself "a Refuge in times of trouble"? Say not, believer, "I cannot pray," for be assured there may be real prayer in groans, in sighs, in tears ; and the promised help shall be given thee in the very time thy covenant Father sees most needful for thee.

Holy Father, teach Thy poor, lisping babes to cry, "Abba, Father!"

HENRY FOWLER.

THE LORD WILL APPEAR (OR PROVIDE).

How often during our journey through this wilderness, both in connection with ourselves and others, do circumstances occur in which we are compelled to say, "The hand of the Lord hath done this"; and I think the following instance will show a case in point:—

A friend was at my house one evening, and during our conversation said, "I have, during the past week, had it so impressed upon my mind (as next Lord's Day the Ordinance will be administered) to go to O——, though I feel, under my present circumstances—not having much work to do, and perhaps may be out of employment for some time during the coming winter—that I cannot afford to spend a shilling or two in that way." I replied, "Solomon says, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' If the Lord has impressed it upon your mind to go, who can tell what may be the result? Watch His hand, and if you have any intimation from Him to go, go by all means."

I might just observe that this friend and his wife are both members of the Church at O——, a distance of about six miles, Providence having recently removed them here.

Well, Sabbath morning arrives. He tells his wife that the impression still abides, and that he must go. She remonstrates, and asks whether it would be wise, considering the prospect before them—seeing it would cost him two shillings, as he thought of going to the adjoining village to see his father, who he expected was out of employment, and he wished to give him a shilling. He admitted that they really could not afford it, but the impression was so upon his mind that he felt he must go. Breakfast over, with a depressed mind and a dejected countenance, he starts on his journey.

No sooner had he started than carnal reason began to work—

so much so, that he began to think it would be wise to turn back again, and not go, after all, Satan, who is ever busy, suggesting that he would be two shillings out of pocket, &c.; when suddenly his eyes espied, lying on the edge of the path, a two-shilling piece. Oh, what a change was wrought in a moment ! It broke his heart, and filled him with gratitude and praise, so that he said aloud, "Bless the Lord ! Bless the Lord ! The same Lord that worked a miracle for His servant Peter, when he stood in need of money to pay the tribute, has in this marked way appeared for unworthy me." What made it appear the more striking was, it being in such a public place, where so many people were continually passing and re-passing. We must say, with Cowper—

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

Walking along through the fields, his mind meditating upon the goodness and mercy of the Lord to him, a poor, vile worm of the earth, he felt that he could see the goodness of the Lord in the blades of corn just springing forth out of the ground, and, though it was a November morning, even creation around him appeared cheering. Thus musing as he went along, the journey appeared quite a short one, and before he was aware he had arrived at the chapel.

The service began by singing the 1056th hymn. The minister read and prayed, then gave out his text (Lam. iii. 19, 20). During the sermon, he said he did not know why he was so tried and exercised in his mind that morning. He wondered how many there were in the congregation that knew anything about the path of trial and exercise he was that morning describing. As the Lord would have it, the minister was so enabled to trace out the path of experience my friend had for some time past been passing through, that he could scarcely refrain from speaking aloud.

After service, he went into the vestry to tell his pastor how the Lord had blessed the sermon to the comfort of his soul ; and after he had stayed with some of the friends to have his dinner in the vestry, he walked to the adjoining village to see his father, who he was glad to find well in health and in work, so that he did not just then stand in need of the shilling. He walked back to the chapel, and was asked to take a part in the public service. He gave out the 289th hymn (Gadsby's Selection), as he could then feelingly say—

"Thus far my God hath led me on,
And made His truth and mercy known ;
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs."

Yes, he had, during the past few weeks, often wondered where the scene would end, and in his very soul felt—

“ Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road
Which leads us to the mount of God ?
Are these the toils Thy people know,
While in this wilderness below ? ”

But he felt all was right now in providence and grace, for time and eternity.

After the Ordinance, for some reason or other, the collection for the poor was omitted, so that my friend had not the opportunity to give his mite at the Ordinance. As time was rapidly running on, he had to hasten to return home; and at night he came into my house and related how good the Lord had been to him, both in providence and grace, for, though he had felt for some time past that his way was hedged up with hewn stones, the Lord had enabled His servant that day to remove some of the stumbling-blocks out of the way, and he felt that he was still treading in the footsteps of the flock; and instead of being money out of pocket, as Satan had suggested, he returned home with money in pocket. Thus the Lord works.

I am aware that many look upon these things as the outcome of luck, chance, and fortune (the trinity of fools), but we say, in the language of the poet—

“ The fictitious powers of chance
And fortune, I defy;
My life's minutest circumstance
Is subject to His eye.”

Feeling somewhat cheered at hearing this instance of the Lord's goodness to one of His poor, tried, and exercised children, I thought—

“ Why should the wonders He has wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot ? ”

Oh, that some of the Lord's tried ones may be encouraged by the record of it in the SOWER!

ELIJAH COE.

LEPROSY.—The leprosy of the body none but God can cure, as is implied in the strong protestation of the King of Israel, when Naaman came to him—“ Am I God, to kill and make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy ? ” So, also, there is only one Physician who can cleanse the soul from the leprosy of sin.—*The Land and the Book.*

NIGHT THOUGHTS BY A WATCHMAN.

MARRIED TO THE LORD.

"I will show thee the bride, the Lamb's wife."—REVELATION
xxi. 9.

THE marriage union is of all unions the most sacred and the most sweet. There are many natural unions in the wondrous creation and providence of God which are not the result of free choice, but are the outcome of circumstances, over which the persons related had no control. We have no power to select our own parents, brothers, or sisters; and in many cases, cannot be choosers of our companions and neighbours. However, in the matter of marriage we should be free, and well-informed as to when and by whom we enter into this solemn and yet blessed relationship. In no step in life is wisdom and prudence more called for than in the matter of taking a life-companion. It should be the matured fruit of growing knowledge and affection; and if it be slow growing, it will be never the worse for that. Fruits which are slow to ripen are preserved the longer; late apples will keep through the winter.

Spiritual union with the Lord is the result of knowledge and love, both on His part, and ours also. On our part, it is of recent date, and slow of growth; while on His side, it neither had beginning nor variation, and will know no end. This precious, close, and abiding relationship is most desirable, and to be sought after with the whole heart. All abiding joy in the soul springs from the knowledge of our relationship to Christ, and especially in this of marriage.

First, there is the renewed heart, warmly *desiring Him*. If you see any beauty in Christ—if you feel your need of Him—if you are sad at the thought that you may never have Him as yours—then you are seeking Him. You can say, "In the way of Thy judgments, O Lord, have I waited for Thee; the desire of my soul is to Thy name, and to the remembrance of Thee. With my soul have I desired Thee in the night; yea, with my spirit within me will I seek Thee early. Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee." We value Christ just in proportion as we know Him, and feel our need of Him. What fellowship have we with the following lines—

"Jesus, now Thyself reveal;
Manifest Thy love to me;
Make me, Saviour, make me feel
All my soul's delight in Thee.

“ Daily I’d repent of sin ;
Daily wash in Calvary’s blood ;
Daily feel Thy peace within ;
Daily give myself to God.

“ Daily I’d Thy name adore,
Prize Thy Word, and love to pray ;
All Thy kindness well explore ;
Still press on to perfect day ” ?

He is indeed “ the desire of all nations,” so far as they know Him. What we think to be desirable, that we seek after. The soul which desires and seeks after the Lord shall soon find itself closely drawn to Him—sweetly *betrothed to Him*. A soul betrothed has had love in some measure expressed to it, and some impressions made thereby. It knows the joy of hope, but not the delightful peace of full assurance of relationship to Him who has drawn and betrothed it. There will be anxious and doubtful moments mixing themselves with the brightest hours of hope. In order to calm the fearful breast, distracted with love and care, He has said, “ I will betroth thee unto Me for ever ; yea, I will betroth thee unto Me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving-kindness, and in mercies. I will even betroth thee unto Me in faithfulness ; *and thou shalt know the Lord.*” He draws the soul to Himself in order to make Himself known to it, and the most fervent desire of a soul betrothed to Him is, to know Him more and more. Thus there is a fixed purpose and a oneness of desire for a real and lasting union to be formed betwixt the two—two minds with one desire, and one object and aim—a desire which will be fully realized and consummated at the appointed time.

Can one betrothed remain satisfied without being married ? No, surely not. Full possession alone can give rest to love. Christ is embraced, as well as desired and sought after. He will give Himself to His bride, as well as *for* her. Look often at the love-tokens which He has given you. Prize them because they *are His*, and are sure pledges of the coming union. He will own and acknowledge His gifts, and fulfil His promises. Every one who sees beauty in Him, and desires Him, shall be *married to Him*. How happy and safe are those who are married to the Lord ! (All who are married to the Lord should certainly be careful to marry *in* the Lord, or remain unmarried.) What honour have those who are joined to Him who is the “ Lord of Hosts ” ! What real and unbounded satisfaction it gives them to say, “ My Beloved is mine and I am His ” ! They live for Him, to Him, and upon Him. Should not the bride live upon the Bridegroom, as well as lean upon Him ? He is fully able and willing to provide for her

all that she requires. He has a large heart, a strong arm, and a full store-house. What had he who fell among thieves, when the Samaritan came to him, save wounds, woes, and wants? What needed he more than was provided for him by his gracious friend? Pride may, and will, want to provide for itself, but love will delight to lean on the arm and trust in the heart of the ever-faithful and affectionate Beloved, and say, "I know whom I have trusted." Yes, surely, "they that know Thy name will put their trust in Thee."

Those who are married to the Lord know that they are united by bonds of love which can never break. They may not fear separation from Him, knowing this shall never be; but they may often fear His withdrawals. The hidings of His face, and the silence of His voice, fill them with fear and sorrow. They trust His faithful heart even when they fear His frowning providences. They are jealous of His honour, and are willing to suffer for His sake.

Oh, my soul, remember "thy Maker is thy Husband," and He will watch over thee with the tenderest affection and sympathetic care. His rebukes and corrections are as sure proofs of His regard as are His smiles. He will pity thy weakness and pardon thy sin. Thy sorrows are as much His as they are thine. He is withholding the favours thou desirest of Him till thou art in the right condition to receive them as His free gifts, and to use them for thy own good and His glory. When He does not grant thy request, it is because the thing is not for thee, or the time is not suited yet. Still, wait on Him. He will either take away the desire, or grant the object. If thou hast a heart to plead, He has an ear to hear. The heart to pray is His gift.

"Wait but His appointed hour,
And thy suit thou shalt obtain."

If thou art married to Him, why art thou shy and fearful in telling Him all thy wants? Why art thou so backward in telling Him thy woes and wishes, since He has told thee to cast all thy cares on Him? It is both His office and pleasure to care for thee. Then—

"Be still, my soul, these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;
They cast dishonour on thy Lord,
And contradict His gracious Word.

"Brought safely by His hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want while He provides,
Or lose thy way with such a Guide?"

“ He who has helped thee hitherto
Will help thee all thy journey through ;
And give thee daily cause to raise
Fresh Ebenezers to His praise.”

Freed from the law and its labours, and married to the Lord of life and glory ! Oh, happy and honoured condition ! What are all the distinctions and titles, the riches and pleasures, of earth, compared with this blessed and exalted position—one with Christ by eternal union ?

W. B.

THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

AGAIN, another soul-plunge I was in, in which I sought to stay myself upon Christ, in some promise or other, though most of them were then veiled. But in a little time that word was brought to my mind, “ Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth ” (Isa. xlv. 22). I saw the words contained, first, a divine command, “ Look unto Me ” ; and that this extended itself to “ all the ends of the earth ”—to sinners at the greatest distance—in obedience to which, my soul attempted a *direct act of faith*, or an immediate look to Christ, as the only Saviour of the chief of sinners. And upon this direct act I straightway attempted a *reflex act*, or a taking of Christ at His word, as to my salvation in looking. I saw that, as the first clause of the words—“ Look unto Me ”—contained a divine command of *faith*, so the next, “ be ye saved,” a glorious grant of salvation to every believer, and that it was as much my duty to believe the grace and faithfulness of Christ in the one, as to obey Him in the other. And, being enabled so to do, I durst no more question my salvation than the faithfulness of Him that promised it. That word also was brought to my mind, “ That Thou mayest be my salvation unto the end of the earth ” (Isa. xlix. 6), from whence I saw that, as Christ was lifted up as the Father’s salvation for poor lost sinners, even to the end of the earth, it was as impossible for me to perish, looking to Him as such, as for God Himself to be unfaithful. Thus believing, I entered into rest, and have often found that, by the light which sprang into my soul through fresh acts of faith, I could see to read my past experiences with comfort.

This I was willing to mention, that the dear saints might be encouraged hereby, if the Lord please, to go forward by fresh acts of faith, walking on in Christ, as they received Him ; and I dare say that any child of God may sooner arrive to satisfaction of his interest in Christ, by a fresh act of faith, than by looking back upon his past experience in the dark. It is the appointment of God that “ the just shall live by faith ” (Hab. ii. 4), and one

direct act of faith on Christ, or a fresh look to Jesus, will bring more light and comfort to a distressed soul than a thousand looks into itself, when the Spirit of God does not shine upon His own work, especially if the soul makes conscience of taking God at His word, as to having eternal life, in believing on His Son. And it is a dreadful thing to make God a liar. We are all of us too much unacquainted with the abominable nature of unbelief, as it gives the lie to infinite faithfulness. Oh, this easily-besetting sin! Under what specious pretences doth it hide itself! Many of God's dear children dare not for their lives look anywhere else than to Christ alone for salvation, and yet are afraid that they shall not be saved. What is the matter? Why, they do not credit the faithful God for themselves, in this declaration of His grace, that "whosoever believeth on Christ shall not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16).

But perhaps some poor soul may say, "I do not question the salvation of *believers*, but I am afraid that *I do not believe*." Why, believing is the soul's looking to Christ for life, as the only Saviour of God's providing, lifted up in the Gospel. This was typified by the Israelites looking to the brazen serpent in the wilderness. And canst thou look to Christ, soul? If so, thou wilt live. "It came to pass, when a serpent had bitten any man, that when he looked to the serpent of brass, he lived" (Num. xxi. 9), and it is the Father's will, who hath sent Christ, that "whosoever seeth the Son, and believeth on Him, shall have everlasting life" (John vi. 40). Christ says, "Look unto Me." Poor soul, He bids thee look to Him for life, as a perishing sinner. In obedience, then, to His command, pray for faith to cast up an eye to Jesus, as the great ordinance of God for salvation, and thus endeavour to take Christ at His word. He says, "Be ye saved." Canst thou believe it, soul? Thou must either believe that thou shalt be saved in looking to Christ, or give Him the lie. Oh, then, learn to believe thy salvation upon Christ's naked word, and stay not for the effects of faith in thy heart and life before thou wilt credit the word of Christ, and the testimony of the Spirit therein, for, though saving faith is always attended with its fruits, yet it is not, the fruit of thy faith, but the faithfulness of Christ in His Word, that ought to be the first and principal ground of thy persuasion of life and safety in Him. And, if thou art helped to believe thy salvation, in looking to Christ, merely because He hath said it, thou wilt soon find the blessed effects thereof in thy soul. Let but faith look to Christ, and salvation in Him, and love will straightway be upon the flow, and every grace of the Spirit will be answerably exercised, which, in the Holy Ghost's light, will become a subordinate evidence, and serve to corroborate thy faith. But put not that

first which ought to be the second. The grace and faithfulness of Christ in His Word is a firm basis for thy faith to rest on amidst the greatest shakings. "Hath He said, and shall He not do it? or hath He spoken, and shall He not make it good?" (Num. xxiii. 19.) Infinite faithfulness must fail before thou that lookest to Christ for life, and takest Him at His word, can perish. The Rock of Ages must sink beneath thee before thou that art built thereon canst be lost. Go on, therefore, to honour Christ by looking to Him daily, and believing thy salvation steadfastly, in the face of ten thousand difficulties and seeming contradictions. It is the excellency of faith to believe without sight (John xx. 29). Abraham "considered not his own body now dead, nor yet the deadness of Sarah's womb. He staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief, but was strong in faith, giving glory to God; being fully persuaded that what He had promised He was able also to perform" (Rom. iv. 19—21); and Abraham's children are called to exercise faith in the same way, believing in hope even against hope, or in the face of the greatest improbabilities. Therefore "let us not cast away our confidence, which hath great recompense of reward." But to return from this digression.

The Lord having brought me to some stability and rest of faith upon the Rock of immutability, when I had not frames to lean on, He was graciously pleased to make my joy full, by casting in a rich over-plus of spiritual sense; and, though I did not take up my faith of interest, principally from *frames*, yet I had abundant experience of the rich overflowings of God's love upon my soul, and of the blessed fruits of it in my heart and life. The Holy Ghost opened to me such glorious views of all that vast grace wherein I stood, as gave me to see my everlasting standing in it, and to have frequent access into it. I was indeed led into green pastures, and made to lie down. The doctrines of the everlasting Gospel were daily opened to me in their amazing glory, each of which was a pleasant pasture for me to feed in; and oh, how my heart burned within me while my dear Lord opened to me the Scriptures in their glory and consistency! Now one was opened unto me, then another, and oftentimes many, to explain one. Delightfully I viewed over the wonders of infinite grace displayed therein, and feasted upon all as my own, as having an entire and eternal interest in the God of all grace, and in all the glorious provisions of His grace for the salvation of sinners, through Jesus Christ. Thus kindly the Lord dealt with me when He established me in Christ, anointed me with the oil of gladness, sealed me with the Holy Spirit of promise, and gave Him into my heart as an earnest of "the inheritance of the saints in light."

And in vain do the enemies of the grace of God malign it with their old odious calumny, that it leads to licentiousness, for so long as God has a people in the world, He will have witnesses to stand on the side of free grace, as it constrains to holiness, and among them I will cast in my mite, and bear my witness for God, that the more His glorious grace in my salvation did appear to my soul, the more was I efficaciously taught to "deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world, looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all evil, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works" (Titus ii. 11—14).

Thus, as enabled, have I, in a few brief hints, given some account of the Lord's loving-kindness to my soul; of my manner of life from my childhood; of the work of divine grace upon my heart, in a saving conversion to Christ, and of my being brought to some establishment in Him. And now I come to the last thing proposed, which was—

Fourthly, something by way of reflection; and—

1. To the people of God, in two degrees of experience.

First, to such saints as have a comfortable knowledge of the work of grace in their own souls, I would say, with the Psalmist, "O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together. I sought the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me from all my fears" (Psa. xxxiv. 3, 4). You have heard something of the Lord's loving-kindness to my soul. "Glorify God in me" (Gal. i. 24).

Secondly, to such of God's people as have not as yet a full persuasion of a special work of grace in their hearts. You also have heard what the Lord has done for me; and I know you are apt to listen how it has been with others, which you judge are believers, and to compare your experience with theirs, in order to form a judgment whether the work of God upon your own souls be indeed saving. But, dear hearts, be not too *critical* herein, for the experience of the saints in many particulars may *vary*, though in the general it *agrees*. Do not say, then, upon the reading of this narrative, "I have not been in all respects thus, and therefore I fear I am not right." Hast thou (whoever thou art that hast these thoughts) been convinced of the misery of thy natural state—that thou wast in a perishing condition without Christ? And hast thou had a discovery of Christ's beauty, excellency, and suitableness to thee in all thy wants, so as to draw out thy soul into earnest desires after an interest in this precious Jesus? And, under a deep sense of thy perishing condition, hast thou been encouraged by God's free grace in Christ

to cast thyself at His feet, in hope of finding mercy? to commit thyself into the arms of His grace and power for all life and salvation; with a holy venture, saying, as Esther, “‘I will go in unto the King, and if I perish, I perish.’” I see there is no other way of salvation. Here therefore I will wait as an undone sinner. It may be free grace will save me; if not, I can but die; and, if I perish, it shall be at the foot of God’s free mercy in Christ”? Hast thou, I say, at any time experienced such resolutions wrought in thy soul? Thou art then exceeding *safe*, and thy *state* eternally secure, though thou mayest not have so much comfort in it, or satisfaction about it, as some of God’s children enjoy. Hast thou been brought to Christ? What matter how—whether exactly in all respects in the same way that another was brought, or not? Is Christ thy Foundation? Doth thy soul rest upon Him? Thou art founded upon a Rock that will never fail thee, or sink under thee. Christ will be thy *supporting Rock*, to preserve thee from sinking into the deluge of eternal misery, notwithstanding all the weights of sin, guilt, and fear that are upon thee; thy *defending Rock* from the danger and real hurt of all the storms and tempests which may pass over thee; and thy *advancing Rock*, too, from the depths of misery to the heights of glory. And what though thy Father may not have indulged thee with such love-feasts, such sensible mirth and rejoicing, that some of thy brethren—poor *prodigals*—have met with at their return? Yet thou art ever with Him, and all that He hath is thine! Thou hast Christ, and thou hast all—all life, light, and glory in the right of it now; and thou shalt have the enjoyment of it ere long. Be content, then, that Infinite Wisdom should carve out thy time-portion of comfort. What though some of the saints are favoured to walk in the light, and thou art called to walk in darkness? Yet trust in the Lord, and stay thyself upon thy God (Isa. l. 10). Believe that He leads thee in a right way, that is best for thee now. Thou shalt see it to be so ere long. It is but a little while ere the sun will rise upon thee, and no more go down; ere thou, who as yet hast had but, as it were, the *day-star* arising in thy heart, shalt behold the *sun* in its meridian brightness, for night and darkness shall be swallowed up in eternal day (Isa. lx. 20). Meanwhile, labour to live by faith—to go on trusting thy soul in the hands of Christ, taking Him at His word, as to thy eternal salvation, as counting Him faithful that hath promised—thus glorifying of Him in the *dark*, until taken up to be glorified with Him in the enjoyment of thy inheritance in *light*.

ANNE DUTTON.

THE wicked make their end their god, but believers make God their end.

THE PROPER THING TO DO.

ON Tuesday, March 13th, at Soho Chapel, London, W.C., the pastors and delegates from fifty-six Strict Baptist Churches agreed to send a memorial to the Queen formally protesting against the sending of the Duke of Norfolk as an envoy to the Pope, with a present for use in the Mass on the occasion of his Jubilee. The memorialists aver that, as the Mass in the Romish Church is an idolatrous sacrifice, the Queen's gift of gold altar plate may be regarded as a "surrender of the supremacy that pertains to the sovereign of these realms under the Protestant Constitution," and therefore calculated to endanger the security of the throne, and disturb respect for the Royal person. They also consider the Queen's action dishonouring to God. A similar memorial was sent to the Marquis of Salisbury. The pastors and delegates further agreed to memorialize the Royal Commission on Education, protesting against increased grants to denominational schools.

THE MYSTERIOUS SECESSION TO ROME.

(From the *English Churchman*.)

THERE can be no longer any doubt that the Rev. Arthur Murray Dale, Curate-in-Charge of St. Mary Magdalene, Chiswick, has seceded to the Church of Rome.

The following letters on this subject have appeared in the papers:—

To the Editor of the Daily Chronicle.

SIR,—I must ask you to correct your announcement with regard to the Rev. A. M. Dale, and the congregation of St. Mary Magdalene, except as regards Miss Rawson, whose secession was not altogether unexpected.

I remain, yours faithfully,

LAWFORD W. T. DALE, *Vicar of Chiswick.*

The Vicarage, Chiswick, March 6th, 1888.

To this the following reply was sent by Father Tuke, of the Roman Catholic Church, Turnham Green:—

To the Editor of the Daily Chronicle.

SIR,—With reference to a paragraph which I am informed appeared in your paper of yesterday, I beg to inform you that the Rev. Arthur M. Dale, of St. Mary Magdalene, Chiswick, was formally received into the Catholic Church by me on Tuesday, February 21st.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

REGINALD TUKE.

To the surprise of everybody, the uncle wrote another letter in the following terms:—

To the Editor of the Daily Chronicle.

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Tuke's letter in your issue of to-day, it is doubtless true that the Rev. Arthur M. Dale was "formally" received by him in a weak state of health on Tuesday, February 21st, but those who know Mr. Dale best are well convinced that his heart is not with the Church of Rome, and we have his strong assurance, by word of mouth and by letter, that he will still continue to minister in the Church of which he has been so long a member.

I remain, yours faithfully,
LAWFORD W. T. DALE, *Vicar of Chiswick.*

Chiswick, March 8th.

Mr. Dale's last extraordinary announcement has drawn forth this indignant protest from a correspondent of the *Echo* :—

To the Editor of the Echo.

SIR,—Speaking of Mr. Dale, the Vicar of Chiswick, in your remarks on Rome's recent recruits, namely, Miss Rawson (the assistant-organist of St. Mary Magdalene's, at Chiswick) and Mr. Arthur Dale, late curate of the same church, you very truly remark—"What object was to be gained by attempting to deny a plain fact, is hard to say," and you add that possibly the Vicar of Chiswick "thinks that Jesuistic prevarication should be a cardinal point of the English clergy." But the vicar has put himself in a fix, for he tells us plainly (if there be any meaning in his letter) that Mr. Arthur Dale has either been ministering, or "will continue to minister, in the Church of which he has been so long a member," and this, too, in the face of the Bishop of London, whose duty it is to call upon the vicar for a satisfactory explanation, the bishop being paid—and well paid, too—to wake up such Jesuits, and force them to explain their conduct and remarks. If Mr. Arthur Dale has long been a member of the Church of Rome, he had no right to minister in the Church of England. While, on the other hand, now that he is a member of the Church of Rome, he has no right to "continue to minister" in the Church of England. In either case, the Vicar of Chiswick proves pretty clearly his opinion of the bishop as one who takes everything in a quiet way, so long as his lordship's pocket is not touched.

Your obedient servant,

March 9th, 1888.

AN UNLEARNED OLD MAN.

[What a horrid state of things the above correspondence reveals! Bishops and clergy combining to force Popery upon us, and that by means of the Church established by law as a Protestant one! What perfidy!—ED.]

THE REREDOS IN ST. PAUL'S.

SPEAKING recently at Preston, Dr. Vaughan, Roman Catholic "Bishop of Salford," said :—

"Even the great Cathedral of St. Paul, in London, is being turned to resemble more a Catholic church than anything else.

A magnificent altar and reredos have been erected, which could not have been more effectively designed by an architect in Rome, so perfect are the outlines and decorations. It is now only necessary to provide the relics of the saints, and secure the blessing of the Catholic Church, in order to celebrate High Mass."

What will the Bishop of London and the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's say to this?

THE OATHS BILL.

IN the House of Commons, on March 14th, Mr. Bradlaugh moved the second reading of the Oaths Bill. Mr. Stanley Leighton moved that no alteration should be made in the existing law until the whole subject shall be investigated by a Royal Commission. On a division, Mr. Leighton's amendment was rejected by a majority of 110, 137 voting for it, and 247 against. The House subsequently divided on the motion for the second reading of the Bill, when 250 voted for, and 150 against, the second reading; majority 100.

[Thus it seems, what could not be done during the existence of a Radical Government is likely to be effected under a Conservative one. So much for party unprincipled and hollow politics. What are we to expect next? Up to the time of going to press, we have not heard of any special prayer-meetings or petitions on the subject. Alas! alas! is there not a reason? Let religious politicians answer.—ED.]

LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

DEAR —,—I was quite disappointed at not being able to speak to you last night, but I could not wait. I know full well your heart rejoices with me in the step I am about to take—joining the Church. I cannot tell the deep trouble it has been, and still is to me. I only want to do what is right, and I keep asking myself, "Is this God's will?" I know quite well it is not mine own, so that it must be from the Lord. I cannot tell you how much I shrink from it, and yet I would not give up my hope for all this world contains. I trust you will be able to understand me here. I want to let self go entirely, and only go as I am led by Christ. I wish I could express myself more fully, but I do want to honour Him; and it is trusting entirely on Him, and in His strength, I am coming forward. I do hope I shall be able to say something for Him next Sunday, and to leave it with Him what I shall say.

I had a high day yesterday, and really felt as though I sat at the feet of Jesus. There might not have been any one else in the chapel but myself. Surely I could not enjoy it thus, if it was all self.

I have had some very wrong ideas about these things. I thought I must have a full assurance before I could join with the people of God, and that I must feel very much better than I do. I was looking and trying to do something, but I trust I have been brought to see that it is "Jesus only." As Mr. C—— said, "It is not what *we* have, but what *Christ* has."

The eighth chapter of Romans has been very sweet to me just lately. I think I can find myself there. I cannot tell you the deep happiness I now enjoy. Everything seems changed, and it is with a quiet sense of thankfulness that I can enjoy these things.

I am so glad I have been led back to the dear old place. The love and sympathy of old friends encourages me. I did not think they cared so much for me.

I wish I could break through this reserve of mine, but I have been so used to keep these thoughts to myself, I do not suppose I can speak all at once.

Your sincere friend,

Leicester, February 20th, 1888.

PRESENTATION TO MR. GREY HAZLERIGG.

ON Tuesday, March 13th, a most interesting event took place at Zion Chapel, Leicester, when an excellent tea was given in the school-room to about five hundred friends, who assembled for the purpose of celebrating the seventieth birthday of their highly-esteemed Pastor, Mr. Hazlerigg. Mr. and Mrs. Hazlerigg and family were heartily cheered when they entered the room. Mr. J. Hack, one of the deacons, briefly introduced them, and congratulated Mr. Hazlerigg on his attaining his seventieth birthday, and spoke of the pleasure it gave them to meet him on that day in the enjoyment of health and strength.

After tea, a meeting was held in the chapel, Mr. Wakeley, of Rainham, taking the chair. After singing hymn 373, "With heavenly power, O Lord, defend," Mr. Lenton engaged in prayer, thanking God for His manifold mercies to the Pastor, the Church, and the people; and praying that God would still continue His goodness to them and to Zion generally. Mr. Wakeley read Psalm lxxi., and said:—

"My dear friends, I feel unworthy of the position in which you have placed me. My desire is, that you may grow in grace, and that poor sinners, hearing the Word, may witness that God

is in the Word of a truth. May God bless your dear minister and you. And now, my dear friend Hazlerigg, I desire to congratulate you upon your attaining your seventieth birthday ; and may you, my friends, be a comfort to him, and so live as to adorn the doctrine of your salvation. You certainly are a very favoured people ; but remember you have much to answer for as to how you have heard the truth which your minister has faithfully preached."

Hymn 329, "How firm a foundation," &c., having been sung, Mr. J. Hack presented the Pastor with a beautifully-illuminated address, together with a purse containing £280 in Jubilee sovereigns. The address was as follows :—

"TO MR. GREY HAZLERIGG, MINISTER OF ZION CHAPEL,
LEICESTER.

"DEARLY-BELOVED PASTOR,—We, the members of the Church, congregation, and Sunday School, assembling under your pastoral care, desire to offer you our hearty and sincere congratulations on your attaining your seventieth birthday, and to express our deep gratitude to Almighty God for raising you up to be an able minister of the truth, and faithful servant of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"We also ask your acceptance of a purse of money, as a token of our appreciation of your valuable labours in our midst for upwards of thirty years, with the earnest prayer to God that your life may be spared for years to come, both for our sakes as a Church and congregation, and for the sake of those near and dear to you ; and that, when your course on earth is finished, you may receive that crown of righteousness which the Lord hath laid up for all His faithful servants.

"Signed on behalf of the Committee, John Hall, Joseph Hack, Thomas Lenton, Reuben Baker, Edward Hack, Deacons ; Alfred Tyler, D. Hale, Thomas Webster, Arthur Tyler."

Mr. Baker supported the address on behalf of the Church, saying that, having had the great privilege of hearing Mr. Hazlerigg for twenty-two years, fifteen of which he had been a member of the Church, he could therefore testify how highly they valued their Pastor, as a true and faithful servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. In presenting this address, he felt sure they were not using words of flattery, but those words expressed the deep feelings of their hearts. They found from time to time the world endeavouring to show their appreciation of their leaders. How much more should they show their love to their ministers, when they considered that the work of one was for time, the other for eternity.

Mr. T. Webster supported the address on behalf of the congregation, and stated that the proposal to celebrate this day had met with the heartiest response from all, and they could not sufficiently testify their appreciation of their dear Pastor's services. Many in the congregation, he believed, could witness to the blessings they had received under his ministry.

Mr. Arthur Tyler supported the address for the Sunday School, and said he was glad words were not left to be the only means of conveying their feelings on that occasion. They all hoped Mr. Hazlerigg would accept all as coming from those who gladly seized the opportunity afforded them of showing their great respect and esteem for him as their minister and friend. He said he had been connected with the school for twenty years, and must bear testimony that Mr. Hazlerigg had taken a lively interest in the spiritual and temporal welfare of the young. His many acts of kindness in the Sunday School were well known. He had the young at heart, and he had a place in theirs. They had great cause to thank God that they had one at their head so useful and so willing, and prayed that his life might be long spared.

Mr. Hazlerigg, in reply, said—"My dear friend and friends, I cannot address you in a mere formal manner, for I feel a hearty friendship to the one in the chair, and have almost a parental feeling for you who are present. It has been remarked what good health I enjoy, but I do not know that ever I felt the infirmities of old age so much as at the present time, being almost overwhelmed with your kindness. I had no idea of your making this valuable presentation. I really do hope you show all this love to me on account of my Master—that it is not only to show your respect to me, but to my dear Lord Jesus Christ.

"I must confess that, when our dear friends have spoken in the way they have about me, they must view things in a very different way to myself. I deeply feel my deficiencies. I have indeed a good Master, but I cannot say that I am a good servant. I hope I can say as much as this—that I earnestly seek your welfare. I feel an interest in your bodily health, your temporal prosperity, and more especially, I earnestly desire your spiritual welfare. I think I can say that I bear you on my heart in my prayers before God. The very breathings of my spirit go out to God for your spiritual prosperity. I hope also that I can say I have 'not shunned to declare unto you the whole counsel of God.' My earnest prayer to God is, that I may be free from soul blood. I may seem at times to speak severely, but it is because I love you, and wish you well in Jesus Christ.

"Your continued prosperity, too, as a Church and people, when my head is laid in the dust, is at times a source of anxiety to me.

I do not want you to feel dependent merely upon myself for that prosperity. I must, sooner or later, be taken from you; but the Lord remaineth. May He not only bless you whilst I am with you, but also when my days upon earth are ended. I want you to find in God at all times an All-sufficient One. I want, too, in this chapel, as built for the Lord, a generation to be raised up to call God blessed in days to come.

"Oh, how my heart yearns for the young persons who attend! I would not forget the old, but more especially I must remember the young. I know their temptations. I know their trials. One dear friend has spoken of what I have done in the Sunday School. I have wanted, as far as is consistent with the truth, to adapt myself to the young.

"I can look back fifty-one years to when I was young, and an officer in the army. Then God arrested me in my wicked career. Since that time He has shown me great and sore troubles, and, alas! I have shown Him great and sore sins; but, in spite of all, He has shown me marvellous kindnesses and favours.

"If, too, divine grace has caused me to forsake many things, and to lose some friends, I am a living witness to the faithfulness of His word. He has given me manifold more than I have lost for His sake, and the present gathering of friends and lovers for Christ's sake proves that this is the case. I do, from the bottom of my heart, thank you for the great kindness you have shown me this day. May God bless you all."

The choir then sang, "How beautiful upon the mountains," after which Mr. Hale addressed the meeting, and said:—

"Was it not the hand of a kind Providence that led our dear Pastor to make that wise and shrewd choice, when he gained the heart and hand of such a valuable and consistent lady as Mrs. Grey Hazlerigg? I am sure she has gained the love and esteem of us all. I have now, therefore, the very great pleasure, on your behalf, of presenting to that lady a French timepiece, as a token of that love and esteem, with your earnest desire that she may long be a support and blessing to our Pastor in the arduous work of a faithful minister, and may those who are near and dear to them, when they look upon these tokens, ever recognize the spirit in which they were given."

Mr. Barlow and Mr. Lenton having ably supported the address—amongst other things the latter stating that 550 persons (many being heads of families, therefore representing several persons) had most gladly contributed—Mr. Hazlerigg replied that his second task was easier than the first, and he desired, on Mrs. Hazlerigg's behalf, to heartily thank them for their unexpected kindness. He felt that she would be quite overcome by such an unlooked-for token of esteem. She was indeed a con-

sistent wife, and kept her proper place amongst the people. She was what a minister's wife should be ; and when his head was laid in the dust, his desire was, that she might still be a blessing to the Church. He concluded by saying, " Do pray for my dear wife ; do pray for my dear children ; that we may all be bound up in the bundle of life with the Lord our God."

After an address by Mr. Clarke, minister, and a vote of thanks to the chairman, the hymn, " All hail the power of Jesus' name," was heartily sung, and prayer offered, thus bringing to a close the largest and most united, affectionate, and interesting meeting ever held in the chapel.

The following day, the scholars of the Sunday School were provided with a liberal tea, and afterwards were entertained in the school-room by a lecture, illustrated by dissolving views.

A PROTESTANT'S PRAYER.

God of our mercies, hear, oh, hear,
And quickly for our help appear ;
Revive again the martyrs' zeal,
Who with their blood Thy truth did seal.

May all true Protestants arise,
Oppose the foe, and pierce the skies
With their united cry, and bow,
Like Nineveh, repentant now.

Nor rest till Thou Thy power extend
Again, our Helper and our Friend,
To overturn the plans of those
Who would betray us to our foes.

Thy Word and goodness are the cause
Of England's greatness and wise laws ;
But slighting these provokes Thy hand
To pour Thy judgments on our land.

Forgive the apathy we've shown,
And all the sins to Thee we own ;
Forsake us not, though we are vile ;
Still rule Thou in our favoured isle.

Be earnest in seeking a blessing, and patient in waiting for it.

THE sinner who is drawn to Christ is not he who has learned that he is a sinner by head-knowledge, but who feels himself such by heart-contrition.—*Hart*.



"HERE IS THE GRAVESTONE I SAID I WOULD SHOW
YOU". (See page 111.)

WHAT WILL BE OUR HOPE IN DEATH?

[Hoping that the Lord may use the following incident, which illustrates the evil wrought by what used to be called "German neology," to the spiritual warning and benefit of some who may be inclined to favour, or think lightly of, similar and equally soul-ruinous errors, now so widely propagated by what are rightly termed "down grade" men, we give it as a testimony against such blind guides, praying that the Lord may bless it to the good of any who may have been deluded and led astray by them.—ED.]

ONE summer evening, when the inhabitants of a retired village in Germany were busily occupied in the neighbouring fields, gathering in the hay harvest, thus leaving the village to more than its usual quiet, two English travellers entered the churchyard. One was elderly and the other young. The church was situated on the slope of a hill, and as they stood in the burying-ground, the whole village lay beneath. The elderly gentleman, Mr. D—, seemed very thoughtful, as they walked from one tombstone to another. At last, turning to his companion, he said :—

"It is many years since I last stood in this graveyard, and thus looked upon this scene. The stones that were then fresh and new are now moss-grown, but all else seems unchanged. I did not expect to meet any old acquaintances in the street, for I knew that, at this season, and on such a fine evening, all hands would be required abroad to gather in the hay ; and, indeed, the wish to look upon all undisturbed made me hurry on to reach it whilst they were so. Here is the gravestone I said I would show you," and he pointed to a stone on which were carved the name of the dead buried underneath, and the words, "This day shalt thou be with Me in paradise."

"It seems like yesterday," he continued, "that I saw that stone put there, though it looks old, and is overgrown with grass ; but I never can forget the death-bed of him who is beneath. It is always fresh in my memory, for it taught me more of God in one hour than all that I had read, or heard, or been taught during my previous life. It was to show you this, and to tell you of him whose dust it covers, that I induced you to come with me so far out of the beaten track of English tourists ; for I find you are imbibing the same opinions from which the death of Pastor Binke saved me."

"I shall be glad to hear all you have to tell me," replied the young man. "I felt honoured by your asking me to join you on this tour, and have derived pleasure from visiting this part of Germany with a person so intimately acquainted with it. I have felt curious to know what could be the motive of visiting this

out-of-the-way spot ; but instead of answering my questions, you have become silent and sad as we approached, though when you proposed to me to accompany you, you told me that from this very spot you date the greatest happiness of your life."

"The only true happiness of my life," said Mr. D——. "But, my young friend, when you know as much of life as I do, you will know that real happiness, and the recollection of past scenes, often produce gravity. Thirty years ago I was a young man, like yourself, little troubled with serious reflections of any sort, perhaps, and certainly without any upon religion. I fancied myself a Christian, and sound in the faith, having no doubt that all who acted uprightly and honourably were approved by God in this world, and entitled to happiness hereafter. I never doubted the truth of the Bible, but I knew scarcely anything of its contents.

"When I left college, my father allowed me to spend some time in Germany, and placed me with a clergyman, with whom I was to continue my classical studies, whilst I learned the German language. At that time many of the clergy in this country cared very little for the doctrines of the Reformation, except so far as it kept them from the Papal yoke. They practised a sort of dead morality. Their sermons were mere moral essays, adorned by a few texts from Scripture, and their lives corresponded. Pastor Sittard, with whom I lived, was one of these. He was correct and regular in his conduct, and I then thought honourable and sincere, but I have since become aware that, had he been truly upright, he would not have been ordained a minister of a Church with whose articles he did not really agree, for he did not, in fact, believe in Jesus Christ as the only Mediator, nor did he perceive and acknowledge the sinfulness of man.

"The gentleman to whose house we are going to-morrow, and with whom I hope you will form a friendship, was, at the time I speak of, preparing for the ministry, and came to visit Pastor Sittard. His name is Edward. He was about my own age, and we were much together during his sojourn. His conversation and pleasing manners attracted my regard, and though we differed in opinion on most subjects, the difference seemed only to afford matter for agreeable discussion.

"One day Pastor Binke, whose grave we are looking at, joined our party at supper. The conversation naturally turned upon subjects connected with the ministry upon which Edward was so soon to enter. Both pastors wished to draw out his opinions, and asked him many questions, for he seemed rather unwilling to speak on sacred subjects, probably from deference to those older than himself. I did not attend to the beginning of the conversation, but my attention was aroused by Sittard saying, in rather a contemptuous tone, 'Then you believe in the emphatic meaning

of every word of Scripture? Do you not perceive that the strong language often used, is meant only to convey to us what we could not conceive without such words?—that most of these expressions are allegorical, and that, if we take them literally, we make faith contradict reason?’

“‘I believe,’ answered Edward, ‘that “all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness”; and in this belief I find a peace in reading the Scriptures that I could not find were I occupied searching for meanings contrary to, or different from, the plain and literal sense.’

“They did not dwell long on this, but passed on to what I soon saw was the real difference between these rational Christians, as they called themselves, and the young candidate for the ministry—the Person and office of the Redeemer—I mean, their views and opinions of Jesus Christ. Pastor Binke declared Christ to be, in every moral and spiritual view, the most distinguished Being that ever appeared; that a whole life spent in copying Him would not bring us to the perfection that He displayed, but that He was in no sense anything but Man; and that His death was the seal set to the truth of what He taught, and a pattern to us to be ready to die for the sake of the truth, as well as a proof that never could be shaken that it was the truth that He taught.

“Sittard thought there was something more mysterious than all this in the Redeemer—something hard to explain—but perhaps, after all, not more mysterious than existence itself, which he thought no man yet had ever rightly explained, however deeply he had studied physical science; and that Christ’s death was certainly the confirmation of His doctrine. So perfect a Being would not have died for what was not truth. The progress of human reason would, he thought, in future times explain much that was now mysterious, for the world was still in its childhood; nor did he think it much improved even in morals, though the pure doctrines of Christianity had been preached for so many ages. This he considered a proof that it is the reason that requires to be improved and enlightened if we would benefit mankind; ‘therefore, my young friend,’ he added, ‘when you are ordained, preach plainly what people can understand, and what will improve their reason, and not these mysterious, unintelligible doctrines which I plainly see you have imbibed.’

“‘Well, but,’ said Binke, ‘your young friend has not yet told us what he thinks of Christ. Let us hear.’

“Edward, thus called on, said, ‘I believe what the Scripture teaches of Him—“Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God” (John xx. 31)—“the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His Person” (Heb. i. 3). He took upon Him “the likeness of sinful

flesh," suffered for our sins, and bore on His cross the punishment due to us. When He had, by His death, atoned for the sin of the world, He rose from the dead and ascended up to heaven, and will draw to Himself all those who truly believe in Him, and will save all who come unto God by Him, and will make them sharers in His glory hereafter.'

"The deep feeling with which Edward expressed himself showed that what he said was the warm and joyful utterance of his heart, and silenced the others for a moment ; but at last Binke said, smiling, 'Truly such faith is rarely found. Alas ! for us poor sinners that have it not ! You must think us lost without it—lost and condemned completely.'

"Edward, without apparently understanding the taunt, said, 'I should think myself so without it, and certainly, were I in the ministry, I should feel myself miserable without it.'

"'Oh,' said Sittard, 'I have seen many instances of the same exaggerated feeling, but it can scarcely be reconciled with the reason and dignity of man—at least, of strong-minded men. But why should the pastoral office be an unhappy one without your precise views of religion ?'

"'Because the faith of the Church is founded on Holy Scripture, and she acknowledges it in her creeds and articles. Were I to be a minister of the Gospel and of the Church, with another faith in my heart, I must be miserable, professing myself a faithful steward of the mysteries of God, while, in fact, I was only acting a part. Even if I could hide from man my secret thoughts, I should be a liar in the sight of God. To preach any other doctrine than that of Scripture would be to contradict what at ordination I had vowed to uphold and set forward.'

"'But,' said Binke, and I thought he spoke with uneasiness, 'a good moral sermon cannot contradict Scripture, nor reason either, and therefore must be safest.'

"'But it is Christ crucified that we promise to preach,' said Edward.

"'Well,' said Binke, 'if you really can reconcile your faith with your reason, I must say yours is a faith I envy, for our position in the Church without it is equivocal, certainly.'

"'But,' said Sittard, 'that is not our fault ; it is the fault of the Church, that holds to its worn-out forms and formalities, instead of altering and progressing with human reason. In spite of the progress of knowledge and information, we are still called upon to promise to preach the doctrines set forth in creeds and articles framed long ago, founded on Scripture no doubt, but not at a period when we had our present light to interpret it ; for light and knowledge, we all know, are progressive.'

"'Yes,' said Binke, 'it is certainly a force put upon conscience.

This conversation has strongly called to my mind my own ordination. It was the most solemn day of my life, and is still awful to my thoughts. But I must go now ; my horse has long waited at the door. We can finish our argument some other time.' He said farewell, and hurried off.

"None of us were inclined for further conversation, and we separated for the night. Soon after midnight we were startled by a loud knocking at the house door. I thought I heard groans, and on opening the door of my room, met Mr. Sittard and Edward hurrying to see what was the matter. We found a party of the villagers outside, carrying Mr. Binke on a board. He had been found on the road-side badly wounded, some distance on the other side of the village. At first he was unable to speak, but had recovered speech to ask to be carried back to the parsonage. Of course, all was done that could be for his accommodation immediately, and the surgeon sent for. As he had neither wife nor child, there was no need to do more. His horse had taken fright at something, when he was lost in thought upon the subjects on which we had been speaking, and before he was aware of any danger he fell on a stake, which had wounded him in the body, and injured him so much that, when the surgeon saw him, he at once said there was nothing for surgical skill to do, beyond alleviating his sufferings during the short time he had to live.

"The surgeon had taken Pastor Sittard out of the room to tell him this. When he re-entered, Binke said, in broken words, 'I am lost, Sittard ! It is all over with me.'

"'Oh, I hope it is not quite so bad,' said Sittard. 'But, dear brother, would you not like to celebrate the Lord's Supper ?' It is a custom for the dying to do so in Germany.

"'I !' said the dying man. 'No ! oh, no, no ! I am lost—lost, body and soul ! But, pastor, if you can say anything to comfort or strengthen me, do so. Oh, my bodily sufferings are nothing ! It is in my mind I suffer. It is frightful to die thus. I know not where I am going.'

"'Fear not, brother,' said Sittard. 'Recollect what you have always taught to others, and lived by yourself—those great truths that never fail, even when life itself is failing—God, virtue, immortality. These are everlasting truths of the Gospel. The God of love never forsakes those who have been virtuous through life, who with honest and true hearts have followed what was right, and with sincerity sought for truth. The Almighty looks to the heart.'

"'Cease, cease,' interrupted Binke. 'Your words torture me ; they pierce me like a sword. What is man, that he can be upright and justify himself before God ? But a few hours and my judg-

ment will have gone forth. What must be the judgment of a wise and holy God upon the perjured, unfaithful steward of His household? Speak not of my virtues! I have been a hypocrite, a deceiver, for twenty years. What virtue is that? Talk not of my reason, Sittard. I cannot trust to it. Wretched thing, that a glass of spirits can set astray. Can reason save us from the judgment of God? Can I trust my salvation to my reason? To it I have sowed, and what do I now reap? Torment of mind, despair, condemnation. Solemnly did I vow to God that I would preach His Word in the Church and amongst my parishioners, and I have been a liar and faithless to that vow for twenty years, and now I am called to give an account of my stewardship. Oh, it is frightful to fall into the hands of the living God. Mercy! mercy!

"He could say no more. We were so overcome that for a few moments no one could speak. At last Sittard said, 'My brother, in your present bodily state, your mind is not capable of clearly judging. Remember that when your mind was unclouded, your reason clear, you condemned these mistakes that now darken your view, and preached against them. It was then your conviction, and had you preached otherwise you would have been a hypocrite, but not so, preaching as you did from conviction.'

"'Oh, silence,' said the dying man. 'It is at this moment that I see things in their true light. I now see the sophistry through which, what I called reason, led me to perjury. Sittard, believe the words of a dying man. Believe a friend who sees the approach of death and the judgment of God. The account that we must give of our stewardship will condemn us; it must do so. The Word of God is against us. It bears witness that we have not taught what we promised to teach. We have set forth what the Spirit of God inspired the apostles to say, as if it were the mere word of man. It is the Word of God. Did we not deal with it according to our own will? Is it not the word of Christ that we should honour the Son even as we honour the Father? that His blood was shed for our sins? that no man can come to the Father but through the Son? Has this been our teaching? If it has not, we are condemned. We had the Word of God in our hands, but not in our hearts, not in our mouths. Jesus said, "I am with you, and the Scriptures testify of Me." This shows that, if we preached our own convictions, we did not preach Jesus Christ. Our vow was to preach Him. From the beginning I have broken that vow. I have sinned against the Lord in His own house. I have turned away many from the way of righteousness, from the Word of the Lord, and by that Word I must be judged and condemned.'

"He ceased, and an expression of horror sat on his countenance.

'I will no longer contradict you,' said Sittard, 'for even, as we saw yesterday, an enlightened pastor stands in an equivocal position; but the God of mercy and of love will not condemn, but forgive, and not impute our sins to us.'

"'Why not?' said Binke. 'Is righteousness a jest? Is the judgment a mockery? "He who believeth not is condemned already." I have received His Word, but I have not kept it. Can I say with Stephen, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit"? What have I been to Him, that He should receive it?'

"Sittard knew not what to answer his unhappy friend. He could but repeat what gave no comfort to his dying brother, and he remained silent, and hid his face in his hands.

"Edward now ventured to say a word. 'Do not despair even now,' he said. 'Your soul surely is now longing for the Lord and His salvation. Cry to Him for salvation—for the forgiveness of your sin through the blood of the Redeemer. Let your heart speak the words of the Psalmist, "Have mercy upon me, O God; blot out my transgressions. Wash me from mine iniquity and cleanse me from my sin. Against Thee have I sinned, and done evil in Thy sight. Hide Thy face from my sins, and blot out all my iniquities." Thus, and thus only, can you ask through Christ for grace and mercy. The sacrifice that God approves is a broken and contrite heart. You acknowledge your sin; you do not hide your misdeeds. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." His mercy is greater than our sin. Although our sin is great, there is greater love and grace with Him. I say to you by the Word of God, and beseech you to call on Him for forgiveness. We have a Mediator on high, Jesus Christ, who is the propitiation for our sins. Whoever comes to Him He will in no wise cast out. "Whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life."

"While Edward spoke, the countenance of the poor sufferer changed to an expression of hope, but it faded away, and he muttered, 'It is too late.'

"'No,' said Edward, 'it is not too late. The Lord is merciful. Listen to His words to the dying thief—"To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise." He did not find it too late. "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord, shall be saved." God does not say when or where. It is whenever, wherever we believe, and ask in faith. "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." This is His word to every penitent sinner.'

"'But I cannot believe,' said the unhappy man. 'Your words are empty sounds to me. Oh, if I could begin my life again! I then could find time to ask the Lord to give me faith, but now

there is no time for me to seek it. You cannot conceive my state—I cannot believe.’

“He wished to say more, but some spasm prevented him. We thought it was the death struggle, and called in the surgeon, but he did not think death so very near, although he said the sufferer was further gone than he had expected from the strength he showed at first. After a few convulsive struggles he lay some moments as if dead, and then gave a deep sigh, and slowly opened his eyes. ‘Are you all still round me?’ he said with a weak voice. ‘I thought I was gone. That was a frightful dream. Oh, that I could dare to cry, “Son of David, have mercy on me!” but I have no faith to do so. How frightful!’ His lips moved, but we could distinguish the words no longer.

“He looked beseechingly at Edward, who answered by saying, ‘True, dear friend, but God can give you faith. The poor, tortured, broken heart is what He promises grace and mercy to. The Lord says, “Thou hast wearied Me with thine iniquities. I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for Mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins.” These promises are to sinners, to those who have nothing to offer. “Who hath first given to the Lord, and it shall be recompensed unto him again?” Redeemer, Saviour from our sins, is His name. Gracious and merciful as He is, He will not give that name to another. He alone can save us; our virtues never could do so. It is sinners He came to save.’

“Did the dying man trust in the promises of the Lord? Did he believe? A smile came to his countenance as Edward thus spoke, a look of peace sat upon it, but he said no more. A few sighs, a rattle in the throat, and all was over. Edward closed the eyes, kissed the forehead of the departed, and left the room.

“My young friend, I have told you all this to show that there is no resource in the hour of death, except in the Saviour. At that solemn hour we need something more than our imaginary virtue and the conviction of immortality. When I opened my Bible that day, it seemed as if scales had fallen from my eyes, which had, until then, prevented my reading even the printed words, so plain now appears the fact that it is not a virtuous life that saves us, but remission of sin through the sacrifice of Christ; and that those whose sins are remitted are created anew unto good works, which are not the cause, but the consequence of forgiveness. Each day since then I have seen this truth more plainly. Listen not, young man, to those who teach for doctrines the traditions of men.”

The sun had long set, and as the two gentlemen walked back to the village inn in the calm moonlight of that summer night, they continued the conversation commenced in the churchyard,

for the younger wished to learn all particulars of those who had been present at that death. It was Edward who had placed the stone with the text on it, for he encouraged the hope that poor Pastor Binke had, by faith, laid hold on Him who hung upon the cross, ere he died.

Sittard had, through divine grace, been brought to the faith of Christ crucified, and, after suffering many trials, had died some years before the evening Mr. D—— spoke of him. He died in a distant part of the country, and was not buried in the same churchyard with Binke.

“Of Edward,” said Mr. D——, “I shall say no more, as to-morrow I hope to introduce you to that faithful labourer in the Lord’s vineyard. He lives a day’s journey from this village.”

E. M. P.

ST. PAUL’S CATHEDRAL.

HE never knew canon, or chapter, or dean ;
His eyes never rested on chancel or screen ;
No curious vestments, no rochet, no stole,
E’er garnished the home of the tentmaker’s soul.

The Paul of the Acts had the fear of the Lord
In his heart, while his hands grasped the Heaven-sent Word ;
No patronage lured him, no policy bound,
When the wise men of Athens pressed eagerly round.

Mars Hill was his pulpit ; his dome was the sky ;
His foe, superstition ; his theme, the Most High ;
Oh, would one could stand in the place ye have made,
To perpetuate him, and repeat what he said !

“ Oh, too superstitious, why will ye divine
That God can be worshipped by your hands or mine ?
Your gold and your silver are dross, and the light
Of your candles is smoke in the Holy One’s sight.”

Shall sweet-smelling powders be tossed to the sky ?
Or can fumigation allure the Most High
To enter His dwelling ? Such blasphemy calls
For the vengeance of God in the doom of St. Paul’s !

Suppose now—just think, if the man God has sainted
Had mounted Mars Hill with the things I have painted—
Gilt cross, and gold candlestick, alb, stole, and cope,
And scents of the flavour of nursery soap—

Don’t you think the philosophers, learned and rich,
Would have tumbled the orator into the ditch ?
Ah ! bear with the folly called forth by your own,
And pray lay your clothes and your candlesticks down.

Paul's theme was a Saviour—a Saviour for men ;
 It welled from his lips and it streamed from his pen ;
 It swamped every meaner delight of his heart,
 And vivified that which he knew but in part.

The men you are acting for need Him to-day ;
 Sin cannot be purged by a scene in a play ;
 And when the heart sinks at the closing of life,
 Can chanting a Litany lessen the strife ?

Nay, what they want then is a something to hold—
 A Man true and living, whose arms will enfold ;
 Whose promises bind Him ; whose sacrifice claims
 Eternity's bliss for the registered names.

The Christ of the Bible—oh, who could want more ?
 Throw cocoa-nut over your tessellate floor ;
 Go, gather the outcasts, and truthfully tell
 How contact with Him is salvation from hell.

Not Christ in a wafer, not Christ in the air,
 But Christ in the heart, with the publican's prayer ;
 Oh, think—though ye pass these realities by,
 And substitute baubles, Jehovah knows why !

Galleywood.

MRS. T. CHAPLIN.

THE POWER AND VALUE OF PRAYER.

A WORTHY minister of the Gospel was the pastor of a flourishing Church. He had been a popular preacher, but gradually became less acceptable to his hearers, and his congregation very much decreased. This was solely attributed to the minister, and, matters continuing to get worse and worse, some of his hearers resolved to speak with him on the subject. A deputation was accordingly appointed to wait upon him for that purpose. They did so, and when the good man had heard their complaints, he replied, "I am quite sensible of all you say, for I feel it to be true, and the reason of it is, that I have lost my prayer-book." They looked quite astonished at hearing this, but he proceeded—"Once my preaching was acceptable, and many were edified by it, and numbers were added to the Church, which was then in a prosperous state. But we were then a praying people. It was this, by the blessing of God, that made us prosper. But as prayer began to be restrained, my preaching became less acceptable, the Church declined, and things became as they are now." They took the hint. Social prayer was again punctually attended to. The result was, that the minister became as useful and the Church as flourishing as ever.

"LET NO MAN'S HEART FAIL BECAUSE OF HIM."

THESE words, and other like comforting words, came very cheerfully upon my spirit this morning, for which, with all other mercies granted, let the glorious name of my gracious Lord be ever praised.

I had been thinking of these trying times, and thinking of the solemn and trying things which, sooner or later, will be coming on the earth. I had been thinking of the power of the great adversary, and of his many subtle and deceitful ways among mankind; and it seemed to me that Scripture gives us to understand that these trying things may yet more and more abound. And then, considering what poor, weak, and failing things we all are, without the Lord is always near us, I felt I needed some heavenly Comforter indeed, as the anxious foreboding of my spirit seemed so plainly to ask this question—"However shall I be able to stand the trying day?" You will see, then, how kind was the Lord to me, in causing this portion so comfortingly to rest upon my soul.

They were the words of the stripling David of old, when Goliath, like a great adversary, stalked out and frightened the whole army of Israel; and the poor tremblers were assured by him (though it seemed such an unlikely thing that such a young stripling could say anything to any good purpose then) that the God of Israel, who had been his great Helper in times past, would certainly not fail His people now, and that a great victory should most certainly be gained. Yes, and so it was; blessed be the name of the Lord, *so it was*.

And is our God become less strong to deliver in these times? Is He less mindful of His Israel now? No, He is the same—the Almighty God of salvation; their loving Saviour, Friend, and Helper now. Therefore, "let no man's heart fail because of him"—whoever that *him* shall be—that shall rise up to threaten to crush the people of the living God.

And when the solemn things spoken of in the twenty-first chapter of Luke shall take place—those of them which are yet to come to pass—our loving Saviour, knowing all about our great fearfulness, so kindly tells us not to be afraid, as we are so apt to be when anything solemnly startling occurs. He very kindly said, "When these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads [don't hang them down so], for your redemption draweth nigh." Bless His dear name for this. May He cause it greatly to comfort His people now. The beginning of things often frightens us sorely. "Whatever is coming?" say we. But let no poor trembler fear, who, as a poor sinner, trusts alone and entirely in the great and mighty Saviour for the salvation of

his soul, and for his safe keeping and guidance, and for His kind help in all the path of life. These are the Lord's Israel, wherever they may be ; and "let none of their hearts fail because of *him*," whoever the adversary may be. Let it be their care (and, O God, give us grace to do so) to abide by His truth, to walk in His ways, in all humbleness of mind, looking to Him for all needful strength, for He has surely said, "Because thou hast kept the Word of My patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell on the earth."

B. B.

PURE RELIGION.

EMPTINESS and ignorance, death and confusion, sin and misery, are all my own. Whatever is right and good, lovely, and of good report, is the Lord's. As a needy wretch, guilty and polluted, I stand in need of His continual mercy, and am glad to get even a crumb of that "living bread" that cometh down from heaven. To be kept from myself is as requisite, in my case, as to be kept from Satan and from the evil that is in the world.

That Jesus came to "save the lost," to heal the sick, to give children's bread to dogs under the table, to blot out sins that are as a thick cloud—dark and heavy, glaring, and deep as crimson and scarlet—and to "save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him," are truths that suit me well, and which I desire to feel powerfully, and to be enabled, from my heart and soul, to contend for experimentally. And what is all religion, without some application of these things to the conscience by the Lord the Spirit? What is the chatty nonsense—called "religion" by thousands—to those whose "hearts pant for the living God as the hart panteth for the water-brooks," and whose fervent desire is to see His power and His glory in His holy sanctuary? Realities felt and known, in any measure, by divine teaching, make manifest to the soul the madness and delusion of all religion that comes not down from above. "To the unknown God" may well be written on the wordy prayer (so-called) of the mass of professors, and "Tekel" stamped deeply on their lips and forehead. Those who cry, "Woe is me, for I am undone; for I am a man of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts!" are few in number—a little city, with few men in it. Yet the "poor wise Man"—the almighty Saviour of the lost—dwells there, to "deliver the needy when he crieth, the poor also, and him that hath no helper." The "Lord looseth the prisoners."—*Isbell*.

PRECIOUS WORDS.

"Fear thou not, for I am with thee ; be not dismayed, for I am thy God : I will strengthen thee ; yea, I will help thee ; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness."—ISAIAH xli. 10.

A DEAR young friend told me, a few weeks ago, that, some time before, when about to undergo an operation upon her right hand, the above verse dropped very sweetly on her mind and heart, and comforted and sustained her under the trial ; and whenever and however these words are applied by the Holy Spirit, they are always precious and confirming to the faith and hope of the tried and weary child of God.

The words were addressed originally to believing Israelites, but no Scripture is of any private interpretation, and they are Jews whose hearts are circumcised, for they who have faith are blessed with faithful Abraham.

"Fear thou not." The encouragement may be taken individually. God gathers and blesses His people "one by one" ; and Christ's words to Peter are true of all His disciples—"I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." "Bless me, even me !" is the believer's cry ; and the Lord's response comes home to the waiting heart, "Surely in blessing I will bless thee."

Two disquieting feelings are mentioned—*fear* and *dismay*. The first may arise from timidity, or a sense of weakness and danger ; but the second gives us the idea of utter perplexity—the paralysis of fear seizing the heart, and rendering one unable either to fight or flee.

Moses feared when first told to deliver God's message to Pharaoh. Israel was dismayed when the Red Sea lay just before them, and the host of Egypt was marching fast upon them from behind ; but his fear and their dismay were followed by the wondering shout of gratitude—"Sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously. He is my strength and my song, and hath become my salvation" (Exod. xv.).

Then two encouragements are found in the text. First, in God's presence—"I am with thee." Earthly friends are not always with us when we need their presence, and we sometimes mournfully say—

"It seems decreed that most must pass
The darkest paths alone."

But the Lord, to all who trust Him, is "a very present Help in trouble"—not far away, but near—very near—nearer than any other friend—nearer than any enemy. He comes between the trembling heart and danger, and nothing can hurt us while He is so near. "Fear thou not," He says, "for I am with thee."

And who and what is this ever-present Friend? He tells us very sweetly—"Be not dismayed, for I am thy God." "God" means "good," but generally in the Old Testament the word "God" is the equivalent to "Ruler" or "Mighty One." We may take both thoughts here as David did—"My Goodness, my Fortress, my Shield, and He in whom I trust" (Psa. cxliv. 2). "*I am thy God.*" This little word in italics in our Bible, is given in the ordinary letters in the Revised Version, and I like it thus, for it carries us back to the burning bush and the covenant God of Abraham revealing Himself to Moses and to Israel by that mysterious name, "I AM THAT I AM"—the ever-living, never-changing One. We often think of creatures as they were, or we wonder whether they will be at some future time what they are to-day. God always is, and always is the same. The promise, once given, for ever holds good; the purpose once declared is for ever sure; therefore "He will in no wise fail, neither will He in any wise forsake" His Israel.

And then our text displays three promises. The first regards the believer's weakness, and declares, "I will strengthen thee"—a feeble creature, surrounded by mighty foes—a weary traveller in a rough and thorny way. How acceptable the assurance, "I will give thee strength"! "My grace is sufficient for thee, and My power is made perfect in thy weakness." "I will make thee strong to fight, to run, to suffer, and to overcome; and thou shalt say, 'I can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me.'"

The second promise is a continuation of the first. Having been strengthened by the Lord, we are fighting the good fight, are running the heavenly race, are serving the Lord in the way He has set before us. But "apart from Him we can do nothing." The strength He gives is not enough. He must stand with us, or we shall fall; He must guide, or we shall go astray; He must sustain, or we shall certainly fail. "Help!" How often has this been the burden of the believer's prayer, and how frequently the divine answer has given rise to the grateful song, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us"; and "Having, therefore, obtained help of God, I continue unto this day."

The third promise beautifully concludes the sentence—"I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness." "The right hand"—the mighty working hand—the right hand of faithfulness and truth nerving, supporting, supplying, and preserving. Who can fail, with such a Friend for ever nigh?

And all is confirmed by a wonderful little word—"yea"—twice repeated for the sake of emphasis, for "God, willing more abundantly to show unto the heirs of promise the immutability of His counsel, confirmed it by an oath: that by two immutable

things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have strong consolation who have fled for refuge to the hope set before us."

May the word of promise be spoken to our hearts, that "we may trust, and not be afraid; casting all our care upon Him who careth for us."

H. S. L.

THORNS IN THE WAY.

ONE evening, I had been to the house of a friend, to ask counsel with regard to the difficulties and sorrows with which I was at that time contending. Affliction, trial, and bereavement surrounded my path, while clouds and darkness were over-head. I asked, "Hath God forsaken me? Is there no way of escape?" and was inclined rashly to conclude and say, with Jacob, "All these things are against me." "True," said my friend, when I had thus expressed my fears to him, "true, *Jacob* said so, but *God* says, 'All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose.' You may rest assured that He has a design in all His doings, and that—

"Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face."

As I wended my way homewards, somewhat relieved by the conversation I had held with my friend, and asking myself, "Why doth God deal thus?" and "What good can result from these things?" I stumbled upon some thorns. I attempted to proceed, but could not. I crossed the road, but found that there also the way was closed. "What enemy hath done this?" was my exclamation. "He might have left one opening where I could have got through, and not have interrupted a public road in this manner." After a minute's reflection, I resolved, though unwillingly, to retrace my steps, and, by going round another way, was glad to find myself once more at home.

The next morning, in order to satisfy myself as to the cause of the obstruction, I visited the place, and found that a hedge had been placed across the road, to prevent passers-by from going into a stone quarry, which had been dug beneath the road, but had lately become exposed through the surface falling in.

Thank God, I see it now. It was a friend who did this, and not an enemy.

Reader, is your way hedged up? Consider—are you *quite sure* you are in the right path?

MANY blush to confess their faults who never blush to commit them.

OBITUARY OF DANIEL HERBERT.

WE feel sure that many of our readers who know and love the experimental hymns composed by Daniel Herbert, will be interested in reading the following account of his joyful end, which a friend has copied and sent for insertion in the SOWER :—

On the 29th of August, 1833, departed this life, aged eighty-two years, Mr. Daniel Herbert, servant of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and occasional Independent Minister of the everlasting Gospel, Sudbury, Suffolk. By his removal, the Church of Christ has lost a faithful and sincere friend. He was one whom his Lord had made valiant for the truth, independent of that alloy which attaches to many who, at this day, only tend to tarnish and eclipse the glory of a free grace salvation. Being taught by God the Holy Ghost, he was enabled to rejoice in the blood and righteousness of his dear Lord and Master. He was a plain, unadorned, faithful, and honest messenger to dispense the Word of eternal life. It was his mercy to prove that "those who honour God, He will honour"; and, as he experienced the help of a faithful Saviour, was content, in the face of much opposition, to receive Heaven's approbation, which was of more worth to him than all besides.

In early life it pleased Jehovah to meet him with omnipotent grace, and put him into possession of Gospel peace; and for more than sixty years he knew what it was to view his multiplied transgressions buried in the great fountain of redeeming blood. His dear Lord imparted unto him a spiritual perception, spiritually to enter into the great mystery of iniquity, so opposed to the reign of grace in the hearts of God's elect, so that he knew how to speak a word of advice to the tempted and tried followers of the Lamb.

It pleased his Heavenly Father to lead him through a long series of providential losses and crosses, and his nerves became so shattered as to leave upon him a depression of animal spirits which he never afterwards fully conquered. The Lord, who hath all the hearts of His creatures in His hand, was pleased to raise him up a small circle of friends in Lincolnshire, and others in Dorsetshire, who kindly administered to his pressing needs; and from one quarter or another his bread was given and his water sure.

How have I seen his countenance brighten up, and his heart bound with gratitude, when speaking upon the eternal good pleasure of Jehovah towards his immortal spirit. He had indeed cause to exclaim, "By grace am I saved, through faith; it is not of works, lest any man should boast." He was a great

admirer of the great and blessed Toplady, whose works were held in great esteem by him.

For some few weeks before his death, the Lord was pleased, for wise ends, to suffer the great foe at times to shoot his fiery darts ; but in those dark seasons light sprang up, and faith would say, " All, all is well. I know in whom I have believed, and I should be a base wretch if I did not declare it." Sometimes he would say, " Satan is at his old work again, but he cannot come near me. No, no ! My precious Jesus will not leave me. He has promised me that which I am sure He will perform. He does supply my need. Ah ! my precious Christ, what a sink of iniquity I am ! I feel it, but I am washed. I will praise free grace as long as I have breath. All my hope beyond the grave is in Christ. I am justified by His righteousness. I have peace within, and will glory in my enfeebled state. I have been called an Antinomian for many years ; but tell the professing world my faith is fixed upon the Rock Christ, who is the self-existent, independent God, with the Father and the Holy Spirit. I feel His power, and love His dear name ; and having an anchorage there, I shall outride the storm and enter the port where envy and malice can never enter."

Drawing near to his end, he remarked, " It will soon be over. Redeemed by precious blood, saved by sovereign grace, rich and free, I shall soon sing as loud as Paul the Apostle. Come, Lord, with Thy smile, and take Thy poor servant home." This prayer God answered, and gave him to enjoy a peace of mind that passeth all understanding.

On the evening of the day on which he died, his spirit was calm and full of joy ; and as he entered the valley of death, he exclaimed, " Ah ! my Father ! my Father ! my Father ! " and fell asleep upon his couch by his fire-side without a sigh. " Write, Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

Dear reader, in the thorny path of tribulation, join with the writer in giving glory and praise to Israel's God. Many, this year, of our aged friends, are gone home. They are taken from the evil to come. We shall soon follow. May it be like this dear servant.—*From an old Magazine.*

SATAN does not fight against notion, but against reality.

BELIEVERS build their tombs where others build their tabernacles.

UNIVERSAL approbation of God's truth never did take place, and universal application never will. I see discrimination from Genesis to Revelation.

THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

MY DEAR FRIEND.—Though you are the only person with whom I carry on an epistolary correspondence, yet I seldom find a subject on which to write. There is indeed one subject which is inexhaustible, and always suited to you and me—the sovereign grace of God, displayed in and through the Person and work of the Lord Jesus Christ. The riches of this grace are manifested in the manifold blessings stored up in our ancient Head for us—blessings so various that every case among the Lord's family is provided for—so all-sufficient that none can say that their necessity exceeds the boundless treasure, and so adapted to our situation that, when we realize them, we are constrained to acknowledge that Infinite Wisdom had an exact foreview of all the wants of our pilgrimage, and made provision accordingly. The marvellous display of grace in the redeeming work of our incarnate Lord is worthy of our deepest thought and highest admiration. Here is a salvation that fully meets all our guilt, pollution, depravity, wretchedness, and helplessness. Favour has secured the complete deliverance of the worst of wretches, and that in a way that will call forth our loudest songs throughout a never-ending existence in blessedness. Even in this world of woe we rise above our distress, when we are enabled to catch a glimpse of the glories of Calvary, and to behold Jehovah incarnate expiring on the accursed tree, to procure our honourable release from deserved punishment, and to lay a foundation for the complete destruction of the source of all our misery. However accumulated our guilt and deep our misery, here is merit infinite and efficacy inexhaustible. This glorious work, perfected on the cross, is like its divine Author, “the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.” No mutability in us, in our frame, or in our faith, can render inefficacious the redeeming merit of our Immanuel. He died to save, and save He will, notwithstanding all the opposition of the prince of darkness, the inconstancy and weakness of His own people, and everything else that would let. The grace that anointed the Deliverer, and sent Him into the world, is grace that will accomplish its own designs. The complete and eternal glorification of all the objects of favour was the grand design of our God in forming the plan of grace. This Jesus had in view when He groaned in Gethsemane, and expired on Calvary's tree; and this He has in view now that He is seated on the right hand of the throne of the Majesty on high; and He will use all His authority, all His power, and all His Mediatorial merit to accomplish it. As He was once offered to remove the sins of His people from the sight of law and justice, so will He assuredly return again, and appear a second time, to put His ran-

somed ones in possession of the salvation He merited (Hob. ix. 28). How glorious will this appearance be! How unspeakably blessed the state in which the Church will be presented on that triumphant morn—no spot or wrinkle remaining. Conformed to the likeness of her Head, all worlds will acknowledge that she is a fit companion for her Lord. All worlds will recognize the boundless love that has been displayed to her, and the deep interest her beloved Lord has in her (John xvii. 2). Then shall we rightly interpret the events of time, and see that all the circumstances connected with our temporary existence in this world were subservient to the grand purposes of mercy. Then shall we discover the greatest favour in those things which now cause grief, and the brightest display of wisdom in that which is now dark and mysterious. We shall then behold all things inseparably connected with God's purposes of love, and tending to promote our ultimate good. And why should we not thus estimate present things while we are travelling through the wilderness? It is true, sense will not lead us to this conclusion; but has not our God told us that "we walk by faith, not by sight"? Has He not assured us that all things are for our sake, and that all things work together for our good? And is He not worthy of our credit? Can we too implicitly believe Him, or too confidently trust in Him?

"Lord, increase our faith!"

I remain, dear friend, yours in the Lord,
Saffron Walden, November 1st, 1825. J. D. PLAYER.

A DIVINE CALL.

"I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not."—
 ISAIAH xlii. 16.

THE two following cases of real incident fully bear out the above Scripture, and show the Lord's way of working:—

A gentleman of fortune, who had been brought up without any religious advantages, one Sunday morning took his walk in the fields near Chelsea, and, as he walked, he thought thus with himself—"What a happy man I am! I have an ample fortune, an affectionate wife, and everything about me to make me comfortable; and what is the more pleasing, that I am not indebted to any one for it. I have made it myself. It is all my own. I am independent of every one. Many persons are under obligations to me, but I am under obligations to no one, and I am quite free in the disposal of what I have." While thus ruminating, a summer shower came on, which made it necessary for him to seek shelter. The only place that presented itself was a place of

worship, but he determined not to go further than the porch, never having been in a place of worship since he married. A gentleman, however, sitting near the door, on seeing him, came out of his pew and invited him into it, and as it was so politely done, he could not resist, especially as the rain appeared likely to continue. The moment after he was seated, his attention was attracted to the minister, Mr. John Owen, who was just pronouncing his text—"Ye are not your own; ye are bought with a price." "What!" thought he. "This is strange doctrine; but it does not apply to me. I am my own, and all I have is mine." As Mr. Owen proceeded, he brought new and strange things to his ears, and the gentleman retired with his mind deeply impressed.

On reaching home, he informed his wife what had occurred, and inquired for a Bible, that he might see whether there was not something to qualify the text, having borne in mind the reference to it; but there was not a Bible in the house, for neither himself, nor his wife, nor any one of the servants possessed one.

The next morning, he went out early to a bookseller's shop, and purchased a Bible, and, returning, told his wife it really was so. There were the words, and the obligation was distinct and unqualified.

The next Sabbath his wife accompanied him, and the result was, under the divine blessing, that after a short time they both avowed themselves to be under obligation to the dear Redeemer, who had bought them with His blood. They united with the congregation in that place, and became exceedingly useful in promoting the cause of Christ.

To the preceding, we may add another very similar instance of the wonder-working power of God:—

Mrs. Elliot, who eventually became the wife of a well-known missionary of that name, was the daughter of a tradesman in the City of London. She had been brought up to the Established Church, and had imbibed strong prejudices against Dissenters. In consequence of her health failing, a lodging was taken for her at Hackney. The good man and his wife with whom she lodged were very kind to her, and invited her into their room to their family worship; but she steadily refused, saying she belonged to the Church of England, which they did not. She occasionally, however, overheard the landlord in prayer, the partition being slight, and could not help thinking he was a worthy man, though mistaken in the precise notions she conceived him to entertain.

One evening, when taking her walk, a shower came on suddenly. She ran for shelter to the nearest building, which was a chapel. Being weak, she over-exerted herself, and would have fallen at the entrance of the place, had not a person near the door ran and

supported her, and placed her on a seat in the chapel. She felt unwilling to remain, when she had a little recovered herself, and the shower was over, but she felt reluctant to leave without thanking the pew-opener for her kindness, and thus was induced to stay while the sermon was proceeding, the preacher being Mr. George C——. The effect of that sermon, under God's blessing, was her conversion.

Her parents were at first greatly displeased at finding what had occurred, but finding her better both in body and mind for what they termed her new views in religion, seemed willing she should follow her new impressions. Her health being restored, she took an active part in the school for Jewish female children, and shortly afterwards married Mr. Elliot, with whom she proceeded to India, to assist him in his labours, until his death, when she returned to England, and, being in straitened circumstances, she was received into an asylum for ministers' widows, where she peacefully ended her days.

R. F. R.

“THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT THERE.”

(REVELATION xxi. 25.)

No night! What a picture sublime!
It carries our spirits away,
And fills us with longings untold
For the land where there's nothing but day.

No night! Never more shall we need
To lay the worn body to rest,
For weariness never can come
To the land of the pure and the blest.

No counting the dark hours of night,
And tossing on pillows with pain;
No wishing for morning to come
With light and with freshness again.

No night! There all sorrow shall cease;
No thief shall molest or affright;
No darkness, no shadows are there,
For God and the Lamb are its light.

BELIEVING is the exercise of sovereign grace in its freshness.

“I HAVE waited for Thy salvation, O Lord.” The waiting position is a blessed one, into which mercy alone can bring you.

A WHOLE-HEARTED disciple can have but little communion with a broken-hearted Lord; and “if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His.”—*Hart*.

LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

“DEAR NIECE,—I thank you for yours. No doubt but you have again had many fears that you have done wrong in writing, and perhaps have concluded that it really shall be the last letter respecting religion, especially in regard to yourself. But, for your encouragement, let me tell you that your fears are such as the Lord's people are troubled with from day to day. Satan is the “accuser of the brethren.” He cannot destroy the souls who are seeking after mercy, nor can he any longer reign over them, and lead them captive, to the same extent as he once did, before they felt their need of mercy; but he has great power to fill a poor, cast-down sinner full of fear and evil surmisings. He suits his baits according to the state of one's mind, and according to circumstances. If they are comfortable, he will tempt them to presumption. If they are really enjoying the Lord's gracious presence, he will hide in some dark corner, where one little suspects him, until the Sun of Righteousness withdraws, and then out he comes upon the poor soul, who is feeling dark, cold, miserable, and full of confusion, and sends an awful blast of fearfulness, trembling, and despondency, and this, too, at the very time when unbelief is writing bitter things against one's self; for you should know that every Christian possesses a new nature, or holy principle, which is called the “new man of the heart,” and, also, the old nature still remains as sinful as ever it was. These two are continually having some hard struggles. The new man wants everything according to his palate (and his mind and taste are like to that of the Lord Himself). When there is a word or action wrong, he is grieved about it. He delights in holiness, in reading the Word of God, in attending the house of God, in spiritual conversation, in writing of the Lord's mercy, &c. Now, whenever this new man is thus exercising his authority, Satan treads very lightly upon the premises, and the old man, which delights in foolishness, in foolish talking, pride, worldly-mindedness, and every vanity, is, for the time being, greatly benumbed, and you might almost think him dead; and at such a time you might vainly think that you have conquered sin and sinful lusts. Now Satan touches a string which is connected with our proud nature, and says, “You are getting more holy now. You have overcome sin now. You have escaped the pollution of the flesh now. You need not fear being entangled again. The Lord will be merciful to you now.” Thus Satan draws the soul into the snare of self-righteousness and self-sufficiency, and the end he has in view is, to keep one's eyes away from justification by Christ's righteousness alone, and to stop one from begging to be kept from evil.

I say, Satan, in accordance with our proud heart, would have us independent of the Lord, and work in us that "haughty spirit which goes before a fall." But presently, in order to teach the soul a wholesome lesson, the Lord allows it to fall a prey to indwelling, and perhaps to outward, sin. Then the soul sinks in gloom, afraid to pray, yet cannot cease from it. The Word of God stands like a sword to pierce him, yet he cannot let it alone. Preaching condemns him, yet he cannot stay away. Here the "soul refuses to be comforted." That which is really for it is put away as belonging to other people, and that which is for deceived characters, such as have *light* and not *life*, is taken to itself.

Now, at this season of experience, the "new man of the heart" is sickly, and well-nigh overcome in battle, and the consequence is, that the carnal nature is lively, unbelief strong, and these inward traitors, in league with Satan, make sad havoc, and one determines never to write or speak again on spiritual things. Thus the battle goes on. At times faith triumphs, and at other times unbelief rears its head, and Satan rages. Yet, amidst it all, "grace reigns." Ah! but amidst the reign of grace there is a multitude of evils which still perplex and dishearten the Christian, so that "when he would do good, evil is present with him." The final victory will be when the soul leaves the body. The Lord will have His people know that sin is deeply rooted within; that the old nature gets no better by outward reformation; that there is no power in self to stand against inward or outward sin; that in Him alone is justification, apart from our best doings; that salvation is of the Lord, and that He works in us "to will and to do of His own good pleasure"; that the sins of repenting, praying souls cannot prove their ruin, and that their best acts can render nothing towards their salvation; and that, although these things are so, it becomes each to be very careful in their walk, conduct, and conversation, for the Lord will chastise those who walk in crooked paths.

I desire your spiritual welfare, and to this end am writing to you. I trust I see in you "some good thing toward the Lord God of Israel," and wherever I see this I would encourage it. Don't you feel very different towards the people of God from what you once did? And when you read your Bible, hear the Word, or attempt to pray, don't you feel a personal concern which you did not once feel? What a different appearance death and eternity have from what they once did! And how different you look upon worldly things from what you once did! Well, you see, this is the "new man of the heart," which views things so very differently from sense and reason—or I believe such to be the case.

You will need keeping grace, therefore be constant at the throne

of grace. Prayer is a wonderful weapon for fighting one's way through the world, and through all that opposes. The Word of God will give you all needed instruction. Let it be your daily counsellor. Let it be your chief Book. If you get a blessing from the Lord, don't be afraid to speak of it to His people. "Speaking may relieve thee." Satan would have you silent upon spiritual things. There is a time to speak, and a time to keep silent, and doubtless you will need wisdom to know these times and seasons. James says, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God." You will find the way very rough, and will no doubt at times be discouraged because of the way. But fear not. The Lord says, "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out." Though the blessing tarry, wait for it. At times the Lord may appear to heed thee not, but give Him no rest. "Shall not God avenge His own elect, which cry day and night unto Him? He will avenge them speedily." But faith and patience must be tried. Real, genuine faith will cleave to Him even when He seems to frown. Good hope will hang upon Him when there seems no ground for hope, and real love will delight in and justify Him when He beats the soul with many stripes. But because of the much rubbish about the premises, neither faith, hope, nor love will be able to act so freely as they would, or as you might think they ought to act. You see, it will be a wonderful release for the soul when it leaves the body of sin and death, but first it must be perplexed with these many foes, and it must know the Lord in His saving power, and in His redeeming love and blood.

If I have intruded too much on your time, I trust you will forgive me. You may not be able to fully grasp and realize every particle of this letter, but I trust that in time you will prove it true.

The Lord bless you, shine upon you, and say unto your soul, "I am thy salvation." Our united love to you.

The way to heaven is rough I know,
 But Jesus brings the mountains low;
 Rough thorns and briars beset the saint,
 But Jesus will support the faint.
 'Tis through a howling desert wild,
 But Jesus leads the helpless child;
 This barren land no fruit will yield,
 But Jesus is the fruitful field.
 The traveller's thirst is often great,
 But Jesus does that thirst abate;
 The mire and dirt do oft besmear,
 But Jesus' blood makes clean and fair.
 Such is our nature, through the fall,
 That Jesus must be All in all.

I am, yours affectionately,
Biddenden, December 18th, 1884.

J. KEMP.

THE CALVINISTIC PROTESTANT UNION.

THERE was a large audience at the Lecture Hall of the Young Men's Christian Institute, Aldersgate Street, London, on March 23rd, when Mr. Ormiston, of Bristol, Editor of the *British Protestant*, delivered an excellent, stirring, and edifying lecture on "Worship—Christian and Anti-Christian."

The chair was ably filled by Mr. Doveton, who made some excellent and profitable remarks on the general subject of worship, as set forth by the Lord Jesus in the fourth chapter of John.

Mr. Ormiston made special and commendatory references to the Calvinistic Protestant Union, under whose auspices the lecture was given, and said he not only approved of its principles and aims, but believed such an unsectarian union of Christians, on the ground of the common truths and faith of the Gospel, would prove productive of good and lasting results connected with the spread of truth, and the opposition of gross errors of Popery, Ritualism, and infidelity. The Lord was certainly with Mr. Ormiston, and blessedly helped him to handle the subject of "Worship" in a Scriptural, spiritual, and able manner. The large audience listened to him with deep interest for about two hours, and manifested great enthusiasm as he exposed many of the glaring errors of Ritualism and Romanism.

We hope such meetings will become of frequent occurrence, and that friends of truth will take an active interest in the work of the Union, which we believe the Lord will own and bless.

The Editor attended a meeting at Skaynes Hill, near Hayward's Heath, on April 5th, and delivered an address on "Popery, an Enemy of Religious and Civil Liberty."

The chapel was filled with an attentive and interested audience, and it was decided to begin at once to enrol members, and form an auxiliary of the Union.

We wish our friends every success, and believe they will meet with it too, for their hearts are evidently in the work. They also decided to get up a petition against the Bradlaugh Oaths Bill, which is being countenanced by most of the members of the present Cabinet, many of whom, when the Radicals were in office, stoutly opposed such a measure.

We hope to give, in next month's SOWER, a report of the Annual Meeting of the Calvinistic Protestant Union, which is (D.V.) to be held at the Young Men's Christian Institute, Aldersgate Street, London, on Friday evening, May 11th. We hope all friends of the work will make an effort to be present, so that a year's stirring work may be inaugurated.

THE OATHS BILL.

WE announced last month that this measure had been read a second time by a majority of one hundred votes in the House of Commons. The Attorney-General spoke and voted against, whilst the Solicitor-General supported, the second reading, the latter on the ground that he was favourable to some legislation on the subject; and we believe Mr. W. H. Smith and Mr. Stanhope are the only Cabinet Ministers in the House of Commons who opposed the measure.

The Bill, which was not considered in Committee until after Easter, provides that in all places and for all purposes where an oath is required by law, every person who objects to be sworn may make solemn affirmation instead of taking an oath.

It cannot be denied that the object of the present Bill is to render the access of atheists to Parliament more easy, and this is advocated on the ground of religious equality. But it is idle to assert that the exclusion of atheists involves a question of religious disability. We have already removed every test that could in any way hinder the admission to Parliament of any man professing a belief in Almighty God, and it can be no question of religion to maintain the disability of those who deny the very existence of God, the binding force of His moral law, and His authority as Supreme Law-Giver. If it were, consistency would require that we should remove the disabilities attaching to the convicted felon and the traitor, and abolish any declaration of allegiance to the Crown, in order to make it more easy for avowed Republicans to overthrow the Monarchy.

Some few lovers of truth, we are glad to find, have set aside party politics, and sent up petitions against the Bill; but we fear that many who did so on former occasions are too enamoured of our present rulers to actively move in the matter. We opposed it during the Gladstone Ministry, and can only look with disgust upon rulers who then opposed it, now favouring it.

Mr. De Lisle's speech on the Oaths Bill is commented on by the *Ultramontane Tablet*. The hon. member is a Roman Catholic. Our contemporary remarks:—"Mr. De Lisle is right in supposing that circumstances might arise in which it would be allowable to tell a 'material' falsehood—that is, a justifiable untruth. Not as he seems to think, however, because a simple lie is a comparatively small thing, which a man might well risk for the occasion, and yet hesitate at a false oath, but because such an untruth would be not a sin at all." In other words, the *Tablet* thinks it lawful to "do evil that good may come." Alas! for Roman Catholic truthfulness!—*English Churchman*.

THE CHISWICK SECESSIONS TO ROME.

AUSTIN RICHARDSON, a Roman Catholic priest, residing in the Isle of Wight, writes to the *Tablet*:—"I have now to record tactics of such unheard-of audacity that it positively takes away one's breath. On February 21st last, Father R. Tuke received into the Church Mr. A. M. Dale, ex-curate of St. Mary Magdalene, Chiswick. A lady who was received at the same time wrote to inform me of it, and in a second letter, dated February 29th, she again alludes to Mr. Dale's conversion, and of their having been received together. In spite of this, and of the impossibility of hiding the truth for long, the Vicar of Chiswick is reported in the *Church Review* to have written to the papers denying the fact, and stating that Miss R——, the lady in question, was alone received. Any commentary on such extraordinary proceedings would spoil the effect of the sublimest piece of audacity that even the annals of Ritualism can present. Can we be surprised that an increasing number of high-minded and honourable men, horrified by such tactics, condemned even by Pagan morality, open their eyes to the goal to which a daily life of insincerity and hair-splitting must in the end lead?" [What a reproof, and that from a Romanist!]

UNDER date of February 10th, Pastor Chiniquy writes to the editor of the *Converted Catholic*:—"As your readers always like to know the progress of the Gospel among the Romanists, allow me to tell them that, during these last twelve months, more than three hundred have renounced the errors of Rome to accept the Word of God as the only light of their intelligence. Among my French Canadian countrymen there are two priests who have made their abjuration in our humble chapel. It is very seldom indeed that I spend a day without receiving some letters speaking of new converts who have broken the heavy, ignominious yoke of the Pope."

MR. WEBB PEPLOE, a clergyman of the Church of England, said at a recent meeting—"A worldling has stood face to face with me and said, 'I have found from a learned Canon, a far greater gun than you in the Church of to-day, that if I do sin ever so greatly, there is eternal hope for me in the world to come. I tell you plainly that, if it means millions of years, I am ready to go into whatever that condemnation means for the sake of enjoying my pleasures now; and all your preaching will not touch me, for I tell you the Canon is bigger than you. So I mean to sin and take the consequences, for I know from him that I shall be saved at last.' Brethren, 'what shall the end be of them that obey not the Gospel of God?'" This is "down grade" teaching and its effects.



"MARY ENTERED THE ROOM." (See page 148)

THE HISTORY OF MARY ;

OR, MAN'S RIGHTEOUSNESS BUT FILTHY RAGS, AND CHRIST
"ALL AND IN ALL."

MARY, when very young, was deprived of her parents by the death of one and the removal of the other. A near relation kindly took her to his house, treated her as a member of the family, and sent her to school.

As all her family belonged to the Roman Catholic Church, Mary, from early custom, professed its creed, and took part in its ceremonies, but she never seriously inquired respecting the truth of the one, or the benefits to be expected from the other. Sunk in spiritual insensibility, she was regardless of religion and its advantages, and cared for none of these things. She was remiss even in what she believed to be her duty, thoughtlessly yielding to every passing temptation. Her temper was vehement, and she was passionately attached to the reading of novels. Nor did her favourite pursuit lose its charms by familiarity. She continued to indulge in it for some time after she was married, often seeking solace from domestic cares in the perusal of a novel.

Having been seized with a fever, and thinking her end to be approaching, she called for a devotional work entitled, "Think Well On It." After reading a few pages, she felt her mind composed and her conscience satisfied, believing that she was now quite prepared for death. Through the mercy of God she was restored to health ; but, regardless of her soul's interest, this further respite left her where she was. Thus she continued for some years, when, one day, her child being asleep in her arms, she looked about for a novel, but finding none, she resolved to pass away the time with any other book that might be at hand. She found a volume, and discovered that it was the very same which she had read during her illness. She then had resorted to it as the means of quieting her conscience ; now, through the power of the Holy Spirit, it was to be instrumental in filling her soul with terror. The following passage from Deuteronomy xxii. 29, "Oh, that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end !" made a deep impression on her mind, especially in connection with these words, "Multitudes never consider for what end they come into the world, nor for what end they leave it, and are never roused from this careless state till they awake in the flames of hell."

Agitated and distressed, she dropped the book, and, clasping her hands together, exclaimed, "O Lord, I am one of these careless ones !" Anxiety for the salvation of her soul now occupied all her attention. She bitterly reproached herself for her past neglect, and the review of her life almost drove her to despair. She

earnestly asked herself, "What can I do to atone for my past sin, and to secure eternal life?" Ignorant, however, of the demands of God's law, and of her own helplessness and unworthiness, she imagined that her tears, lamentations, and endeavours to reform, would restore her to the divine favour. Accordingly, she commenced a new course. Among her past omissions was a disregard to the ceremonies of her religion. She therefore began regularly to attend on masses, confessions, &c., and was strict in fastings and penances. She watched, also, continually over her prevailing propensities. Their power was too much for her, however, in spite of all her exertions, though she sought to overcome them by punishing herself for every flagrant sin. To such lengths did she proceed that, at one time, after giving way to violent passion, she thrust her finger into the fire.

Alas! the service in which she was now engaged was perfect bondage. To peace with God, the result of forgiveness, through faith in the sufferings and intercession of Jesus Christ, poor Mary was a total stranger. The evil dispositions also which she sought to suppress still prevailed over her. She was also frequently interrupted in her prescribed task of devotions. Having resolved to repeat what is called by her Church "The Thirty Days' Prayer" (a repetition of the same prayer for thirty successive days), and the book containing it being often mislaid, she was obliged to commence the reckoning over again. She afterwards ascribed this to the mercy of God, who would not suffer her to persevere in efforts which could give no peace to her soul.

She was one night engaged at her devotions when, one of her children crying without her hearing him, her husband called her to attend to his wants. Incensed at this interruption, she rose from her knees in a violent passion, and bitterly cursed her husband. In a moment the airy fabric of Mary's fancied righteousness was levelled to the ground. Her present offence seemed to exceed all possibility of forgiveness, and this, with the conviction of her own weakness and inconstancy, overpowered her, and she abandoned herself to the horrors of despair. She feared that she was sold under sin, and a sense of divine wrath so overwhelmed her, that she could not lie down to rest without the dread of waking in hell. As she walked the streets, she fancied that the very houses were commissioned to fall on her, and everything around her seemed to threaten her destruction, and hasten on eternal vengeance.

Thus she continued for a few months, when one night she was awakened from her sleep by a violent storm. The fury of the elements she imagined to be an indication of divine wrath against herself.

Terror and anguish took such hold on her that, her present feelings becoming insupportable, she looked back with regret to that state of insensibility which formerly exempted her from such horrors, and in her wild paroxysms exclaimed, "Oh, that God would harden me as before!" Who would not have concluded that Mary's state was now absolutely hopeless? But the God of all grace had determined to show forth in her a pattern of His long-suffering, and the hour of her conversion was at hand. She arose the following morning with a mind so free from terror, that it seemed to indicate that her rash request had been granted. She went out to purchase milk, and, in passing through the streets, saw a pile of old books exposed for sale. Though she was in haste, she stopped, and looking at the title-page of the first volume she opened, read these words—"Alleine's Alarm to the Unconverted." "Surely," she said, "this is just such a book as I want"; and she at once purchased it for a small sum.

Mary felt a strong desire to examine her new possession. She was impatient to have breakfast over, and the house free from any cause of interruption, and gladly seized the first opportunity of realizing her anxious wishes. The awful state of those who are unmindful of their eternal interests, and the misery and condemnation of the human race, set forth in this work, were considerations to which Mary had been familiar. But, as she proceeded, her attention was powerfully arrested by those portions of the volume in which the sinner is directed to the only Refuge for the guilty, the Lord Jesus Christ. Her conceptions of the particular nature and benefits of His work were indistinct and confused, but the simple consideration, that she was to look out of herself to Christ for salvation, filled her with joy and peace, to which she had hitherto been a total stranger. When she came, therefore, to a passage, in substance as follows—"Look up to heaven, look around you on earth, and see if there is anything that can afford you pleasure, comfort, or enjoyment, equal to what is to be found in Christ; and if you can say that there is not, then may you have confidence towards God," she instantly cried out, "Oh, Lord, I can say this! I desire nothing but Christ—nothing but Christ!"

Mary now felt comforted and strengthened, but she fell into a common error, looking to her hatred of sin, and the new feelings of which she was now conscious, as the ground of her dependence, rather than to the obedience and sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ. This need not excite surprise when it is recollected that she was at this time a total stranger to the Word of God. She soon, however, began to reason on the propriety of searching the Scriptures for herself; and, looking diligently for a Bible among the old books sold in the street, she purchased a copy for

eighteenpence. She had now in her possession "a lamp unto her feet, and a light unto her path," and thus enlightened, she was led by the Spirit to perceive and embrace "the truth as it is in Jesus." The doctrine of justification by faith, as explained and vindicated by the Apostle Paul, filled her with joy. She gradually obtained such an enlarged view of the finished work of Christ, as led her to renounce every degree of dependence on her own works. In His sufferings she saw the price of her redemption from the guilt and punishment of sin. In His obedience to the law of God she saw an everlasting righteousness, sufficient to insure to her all the blessings of grace and the possession of eternal life. Taught of God to receive Jesus as not only able to pardon, but also to subdue her iniquities, her joy was derived only from Him. She enjoyed perfect peace in His work. Through the power of His grace she now resisted her spiritual enemies, while the love of Christ constrained her to seek conformity to His image, and obedience to His will.

Although she still went to the Romish chapel, she was yet frequently so much struck with many passages of Scripture directly opposed to the creed of her childhood, that she resolved henceforth to prove all things by the unerring standard of the divine Word. Thus one error after another was renounced.

Mary saw the strongholds of Popery overturned by "the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God." What is said in Scripture respecting the uselessness of "praying in an unknown tongue," in 1 Corinthians xiv., as well as in condemnation of "vain repetitions," "voluntary humility," and "worshipping of angels," satisfied her that the doctrines and practices of the Church of Rome were at variance with the Bible. The reverence paid to images, the petitions addressed to the Virgin Mary and other saints, with other observances contrary both to the letter and spirit of Scripture, produced in her mind much aversion. The doctrine of purgatory, the use of holy water, and absolution by a priest, she soon discovered to be contrary to the Gospel; and she embraced with unspeakable satisfaction the assurance that Christ had, "by one offering, perfected for ever them that are sanctified" (Heb. x. 14).

In the doctrine of transubstantiation, she could not, for some time, see anything directly opposed to the Word of God; but upon reading, in 1 Corinthians x., the description of the privileges bestowed on the ancient Jews, she paused on coming to the third and fourth verses—"And did all eat the same spiritual meat, and did all drink the same spiritual drink: for they drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them: and that Rock was Christ." "That Rock was Christ," she repeated. "They drank of Him, then, before He appeared on the earth. How was this, but by

faith in Him?" A cloud seemed to be at once removed from her understanding. She saw that believers must ever feed on Him in the same manner, and could not derive comfort or benefit from feeding on Him in any carnal sense, and that it was a vain thing to say that His body and blood were really contained in the elements of bread and wine. The practice of giving to the people but one part of what she now considered as the emblem of His body and blood, struck her very forcibly as having no warrant in Scripture, where also she sought in vain for a foundation for the Pope's claim to supremacy over the Church of Christ on earth.

The period which elapsed between Mary's first perception of the doctrines of the Gospel, and her final separation from the Roman Catholic Church, was about nine months.

Having formed some acquaintance with a few who professed the Protestant faith, she was directed to a church where the truths of God's Word were stated in all their fulness. Here her soul was frequently refreshed and encouraged, but an increase of domestic cares interfered with her regular attendance.

Mary's separation from the Roman Catholic Church caused deep regret to her relations, and she was led to expect a visit from a priest.

One day, seeing the bishop near her house, she was so agitated that she nearly fainted; but, recovering herself, she besought God to give her strength of mind to plead His cause without fear. After a short time, she found that the bishop had gone in another direction. But, growing in grace and in the knowledge of her Lord, and strengthened by His Spirit, Mary soon felt rather desirous than apprehensive of an interview with him.

The bishop called, and she received him with the utmost composure. As soon as he was seated, he said, "I hear you have neglected your duty lately." "You are misinformed, sir," said Mary; "I never minded my duty till now." "Have you not left the Roman Catholic Church?" "Yes, sir." He then asked her what fault she had to find with that Church, to which she answered that its doctrines and practices did not agree with Scripture. He asked her, "Which?" Mary mentioned prayers in an unknown tongue, the worship of saints, purgatory, transubstantiation, and others, referring to several passages in the Scriptures opposed to them. The bishop alleged the propriety and advantages of these doctrines and observances, and supported them by the authority of Popes and councils. She was, however, too strongly influenced by the simple declarations of the Word of God to pay respect to the commandments of men. The bishop said he would bring her a book sufficient to set aside all her arguments, if she would promise him to read it with attention.

"I shall be influenced by it, sir," said Mary, "according to its agreement with the Word of God."

The bishop returned with the book, but before Mary had read it half through, she saw that the whole weight of its arguments rested on the authority of Popes and councils. When, therefore, the bishop again called on her, to know what effect had been produced by its perusal, Mary plainly told him that she found that it was opposed to Holy Scripture. He said, "Then give it back to me. I will leave you to the judgments of God." "Very well, sir; to His judgments I had rather be left," replied Mary, as he left the house.

I shall now subjoin a few instances of the power of faith, which were exemplified in Mary's conduct.

Her husband was by trade a carpenter, but for many years he was frequently out of work, and, with his wife and seven children, exposed to want. Often for months together she had no assistance from her husband's earnings, but a firm persuasion that God had the hearts of all men in His hands—that the silver and the gold were His—led her to cast all her care upon Him. Thus she literally obeyed the exhortation, "Be careful for nothing; but in everything, by prayer and supplication, let your requests be made known unto God" (Phil. iv. 6). Her faith in Providence was so lively that often, when breakfast was over, and no means of providing for dinner were within her reach, she cheerfully engaged in domestic employments, in the confidence that the Lord God of Elijah would supply her wants. Nor was she ever disappointed. Some person was led to remember her, and brought or sent her sufficient for her present necessities. Thus a Father's special care was as much discerned, as in causing the ravens to feed the prophet. So many instances occurred of this kind, that Mary found more pleasure and satisfaction in tracing the hand of God in these extraordinary supplies, than in looking to Him through the medium of her husband's earnings.

Out of the many instances which her memory recorded, and which she often said would fill a volume, two may be specially noticed. One day, the hour of dinner drew near, and there was not a single morsel of provisions in the house. Her husband looked at her, as if he would say, "Where now is thy God?" At length he said to her, "Mary, you had better go out and try to borrow something, that we may not be left without dinner." She answered, "You know I have not any one to go to," when, immediately checking herself, she cried out, "But why do I say this? Have I not my Heavenly Father to go to?" Mary immediately betook herself to prayer, and pleaded before God the destitute state of her husband and children. In about ten minutes after she had risen from her knees, a woman appeared at

the door with something concealed under her cloak. In the firm confidence of faith, Mary ran towards her, opening her cloak, and saying, "Come, show what you have brought me." The woman said that she had brought her a piece of meat, some potatoes, and twopence for cabbage. Mary looked at her husband, crying out, "Now do you see how the Lord remembers me? See how He has supplied all our wants." That this was a particular answer to prayer appeared evident to Mary. The woman who brought her this present was not in such circumstances as to enable her to give much to others. She was not remarkable for generosity. It was Lent time, and she was a Roman Catholic, and would not, therefore, be naturally disposed to encourage any person to eat meat. What particular suggestion induced her to act in this manner is among the secrets of God's providence, which excited Mary's wonder and gratitude.

One morning, Mary rose without anything in the house for breakfast. The wants of her family requiring an immediate supply, she went out, determined, though very reluctantly, to apply to her sister, who was greatly displeased with her for renouncing that religion to which she herself continued firmly attached. As Mary approached the house, her heart sank within her, so that she found herself unable even to knock at the door. She walked up and down the street, endeavouring in vain to take courage to make her intended application. She could not, however, bring herself to address her sister, and returned home, shedding tears of sorrow and disappointment. But, on entering the house, what was her wonder, gratitude, and joy, on finding that her sister had called there during her absence, leaving a supply of bread, meat, and tea for the family!

I became acquainted with Mary some years after her conversion. I was one day with a poor man who was very ill, when Mary entered the room, and sat down near him. From her appearance, I did not expect to hear her address him in the language of instruction. But how was my attention arrested on hearing her set forth the truths of the Gospel with power, liveliness, and precision! When she had done speaking, I asked her how long she had known those precious truths. She gave me particular satisfaction by her narration of what the Lord had done for her soul.

The following are some of the remarks which she made to me in the course of our acquaintance. "I am sometimes," she said, "quite overpowered with a sense of my own vileness. My Christian walk is so defective, and I am so deficient in every respect. But, glory to His great name, God beholds me in a better righteousness than my own—the perfect righteousness of Jesus Christ. I would not for ten thousand worlds be found in

my own righteousness." Speaking of her hopes respecting her persevering to the end, she said, "I cannot keep myself, even for a single moment, in the exercise of any grace. How precious, then, is the assurance that, since I have been taught to believe in Christ, I shall never perish—that God will never leave me nor forsake me, but will 'work in me both to will and to do of His good pleasure.'" Speaking of her continual need of pardon, she said, "What would become of me but for that 'fountain which is opened for sin and for uncleanness'? I need it for all I think, say, and do. I love this poor habitation," she said, "from the remembrance of all that has passed within its walls. Here I have had days of enjoyment which I would not exchange for all the splendour of a palace. Often, when sitting opposite the door, though destitute, at the time, of any supply of food for my helpless family, I have looked with pity on those who passed by in their carriages, and have lifted up my heart in prayer for them, fearing lest their only portion was in this life."

One day, I went to visit her, shortly after the birth of her seventh child. Her domestic cares were now considerably increased. Her only daughter being but four years old, she had to provide food and raiment for a family of nine, without the least assistance. Her husband was without work, and there was no provision in the house. She cheerfully submitted to these discouraging circumstances. "If the Lord," she said, "increases our burdens, He knows how to strengthen us to bear them. Often, when worldly occupations and afflictions press upon me, my mind is most at ease, for I take my burden to Him who has invited me to cast it upon Him, and His strength is made perfect in my weakness."

The true history of Mary, thus given, is surely most instructive. Hers was indeed a faith wrought in her heart by the Spirit of God, by means of the perusal of His holy Word. May some who read this account be led to seek and obtain the like precious faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, whose blood cleanses from all sin; and if, like Mary, renouncing every other ground of dependence, you are brought to God as a guilty, condemned sinner, pleading the death and merits of His Son, you shall be made a partaker of this great salvation. But remember, there is no salvation without the new birth.

GOD'S children desire to come into judgment now.

THERE is no possibility of standing before Christ but by standing in Christ.

I CAN at times only see myself a child of God by the inward struggling and working against sin.

THE GOSPEL A VOICE OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

"And they brought young children to Him, that He should touch them: and His disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, He was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God."—MARK x. 13, 14.

WHAT a blessed thing it is that the Gospel contains so many cheering words, suited to such varied conditions in life! What a precious portion is this to the godly mother! As she holds her infant treasure in her arms, or folds and clasps it to her breast, as she thinks of the bewitching snares of life, and the evil tendencies of sinful nature—as she thinks so solemnly of its soul, and the solemn realities of eternity, and her tears drop silently on its tiny hand, as held in her own—to whom shall she look for comfort? To whom shall she bring, in her soul's pleadings, the little treasure given? Who will ease her of her great load of care? It is Jesus, the tender-hearted Son of Man, the compassionate Saviour, who so lovingly received and blessed the little ones when on earth.

Could we go to that godly mother, as she thinks so keenly of eternal things in reference to her little one, and talk to her of the stern decree of God in His sovereignty, that the saved ones are but few, making the poor woman think that it was ten to one if the Lord had any purpose of mercy towards her offspring, would not the poor woman tremble with horror at the thought of herself and darling babe having to do with God, or that God should have to do with them, on the ground of these abstract doctrines thus hardly handled? Blessed be God, then, for this precious record in the Gospel, wherein Jesus, full of compassion, so plainly is seen. Could His loving heart bear to see them rebuked by the disciples? No! At that He was much displeased. Which mother did He frown upon? Which child did He spurn away? To which did He say that they were such undeserving characters that He could not help them? Which poor child did He turn away, saying it was not elected? None, none, none!

Oh, ye godly mothers, here is your portion indeed! Be of good courage. Bring your tender babe to Him. He is that same Jesus still, just as loving as ever, and deals just as mercifully now.

When He saw the mothers coming, it was a pleasurable scene to Him, and His very manner seemed to say, "I, too, have arms to nurse with; I have hands to pat their little heads; and I have all power in heaven and earth." "And He took them up in His

arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them"; and who shall make the blessing void? "He shall gather the lambs with His arms, and carry them in His bosom." Oh, blessed words! Oh, ye godly mothers—

" His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love."

Am I confronted with a voice that says, "Who would talk to the mother about God's decrees as you name"? I reply that my fears are not groundless, when I fear that many a poor mother has been horrified by similar language from pulpits, and from more private conversation with respect to abstract doctrines.

And so have babes in grace been cruelly dealt with by Fatalistic teaching—bewildered by what men call divine decrees, and as to whether they are sure that they are elected or not—so that it choked the very emotions and yearnings of their soul towards God, and tended to settle them down into a callous indifference about the use of Scriptural means.

Think not that I am a stranger to these things. My tears have often started at the bitter remembrance of this sort of thing, and again and again have we lamented the deplorable ignorance, or fearful hardness, of such as have said, "Ah! it is only 'one of a city, and two of a family,'" in their attempts to describe, according to their own estimate, the number of saved ones.

May God graciously keep me from despising any Scripture; but to take this portion, which were the true words of God, describing His providential dealings with Israel of old—I say, to take this as the absolute rule of God's proceedings in Gospel times, and as our rule of measurement to gauge His work with, without one word or example from all the New Testament, is, to my mind, sad indeed. Happily, for our encouragement, there have been whole households under the humbling and happy reign of grace.

And have not many of us been made glad by the sweet story of the Saviour, in connection with the little home at Bethany, and especially as we have read, "Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus"? Yes, yes; we have solemnly felt that this dear Saviour is just the One, and just the same loving, helping, blessing Friend that we poor sinners need to visit us, and dwell with us, in our hearts, in our homes, and in the assemblies of His people. Yes, and He has tuned our hearts to sing, too—

" Poor, weak, and worthless though I am,
I have a rich, almighty Friend;
Jesus, the Saviour, is His name;
He freely loves, and without end."

But am I again asked, "Are we not, then, to speak of God's sovereignty and divine decrees?" I answer, They are, without doubt, to be spoken of Scripturally and timely. To stout opposers, and rash contenders against the truths of God, and proud, Pharisaic boasters, these things have been used, as in the ninth chapter of Romans and elsewhere, and they should be wisely used still. But to stagger a babe in grace, a weakling in the family, with these things too entirely, or at all erroneously, is as unwise as it would be to expect a cradled infant to draw a bucket of water from the well, or to expect a little trot to know geography and grammar before it had well learnt round O and crooked S.

God's sovereignty confronts the foe, and throws its arms of protection around every

"Humble soul who seeks salvation
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood."

Therefore, we would rather encourage these little ones to seek an interest in the blood of Christ, and thereby prove their election.

God's sovereignty is His right to rule, appoint, and determine according to His good pleasure; and to those who madly defy His power, or question His right, and oppose His truth, it is as a brazen mountain. And alas! for the folly of puny man, in thus insulting the Almighty Maker and Governor. Can they put their extinguisher upon the sun? If they cannot so deal with one thing which He has created, how can they do battle with the Great Creator, or wage war with Omnipotence? "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision"; and remaining in their daring presumption, the solemn time must come as declared—"Then shall He speak unto them in His wrath, and vex them in His sore displeasure," while God's glorious sovereignty shall show its glad delight in defending "the weakest believer that hangs upon Him"; and that soul who, like the prodigal, has begun to be in want, sees his perishing condition, longs for the Bread of Life, confessing he has sinned—that he is altogether unworthy—shall find an open way, a warm welcome, a glad reception, a full forgiveness, a loving Father, a ready feast, a perfect covering, a happy home.

And no divine decree shall ever clash with the simplest Gospel statement, or prove one jot or tittle thereof untrue. Oh, no! Jesus is "that same Lord over all," who "is rich unto all that call upon Him." Blessed be God for all such precious words. And the gracious doctrines of election and predestination, with all the rest, show a friendly aspect, and work together, by God's rich blessing, in defending and heaping blessings on every sinner

that really comes to Jesus for all the blessings of salvation, "without money and without price."

Oh, ye trembling ones, be encouraged to seek His face, for His name is Jesus still.

But, alas! how sad to rebuke the comer—especially so when disciples do it. This is the work of the enemy, as we read, "And as he was yet a coming, the devil threw him down, and tare him." Oh, how sad to lend this enemy a hand in his dreadful work! Blessed are they who, in all lowliness of spirit, are so taught and favoured as to be "workers together with Him" who is all their hope and their salvation. Hand in hand with the Saviour, seeking all our wisdom from Him, that He may constantly instruct us through His Word, and drawing all our help, and strength, and consolation from Him, giving Him all the glory with the Father and the Holy Spirit, thus may we follow on.

Let anxious mothers, then, take heart, and in the earnest pleadings of their soul bring their little ones to Him, for He said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God."

Let grieving fathers, too, take heart, as the Saviour said kindly to the man who had a devil-ridden son, "Bring him unto Me."

Let Sabbath School teachers be of good courage also, and, looking to the Lord themselves, in all patience, prayer, and perseverance, go on in their blessed employ. Oh, the glad delight of being so honoured of God, that it shall be said of them, as recorded of Andrew and Simon (John i. 42), "And he brought him to Jesus."

" May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above."

B. B.

"LOOKING UNTO JESUS."

(HEBREWS xii. 2.)

"Look unto Me, and be ye saved."—ISAIAH xlv. 22.

DEAR Lord, we've nowhere else to go;
To nothing can we flee;
Nor would we aught but Jesus know;
We'd look alone to Thee.

But we're so helpless, blind, and poor;
Such sinful worms are we;
Our only hope is mercy's door;
Our help must come from Thee.

Do Thou, in every time of need,
Our present Helper be ;
Give us Thy promises to plead,
And grace to trust in Thee.

In Thy rich faith, and fear, and love,
May we united be ;
Seeking Thy blessings from above,
Still looking unto Thee.

Lord, keep us humble in Thy fear ;
Give us Thy mercies free ;
The little time we sojourn here,
Oh, may we live to Thee !

Give us Thy grace to watch and pray,
That we may fruitful be ;
And guide us in the narrow way,
To seek our all from Thee.

When we are cold, and dark as night—
So blind we cannot see—
O Lord, may we receive fresh light,
And stay ourselves on Thee.

When Satan comes in like a flood,
Do Thou our standard be ;
Reveal in us Thy precious blood ;
Direct our eyes to Thee.

When sunk in sorrow and distress,
May we Thy goodness see ;
Bring near to us Thy righteousness ;
Give us a sight of Thee.

For every mercy we receive,
Oh, may we thankful be !
Lord, help us ever to believe
Our portion is in Thee.

Keep us from evil and from pride,
And may we lowly be ;
Dear Jesus, be our constant Guide ;
Oh, may we learn of Thee !

In sickness, health, or poverty,
May we resigned be ;
For time and for eternity,
We cast ourselves on Thee.

May 14th, 1888.

ROBERT LINK.

THE judgment day will be too critical for the hypocritical.—
Secker.

LIGHT AT EVENING-TIME.

THE subject of the following memoir, Mr. James Trustram, was a farmer in Arlesey, Bedfordshire. His relatives had occupied the same farm for generations. He was therefore well known in the parish and neighbourhood, where he was universally respected as an upright man of business, as one kind to the poor, and whose whole daily life was consistent with his profession of Christianity.

He formerly worshipped at Henlow, a neighbouring village, where he sat under the ministry of W. B. Haynes, the then vicar, who was an evangelical preacher, and who preached the truths of the Gospel in an experimental way. Subsequently, Mr. Trustram left the communion of the Church of England, and was baptized by the late Mr. Septimus Sears, and was received into the fellowship of the Church at Clifton, July, 1859.

In the lifetime of Mr. Sears he was appointed to the office of deacon, which he held to the day of his death; and, although lately prevented by age and infirmity from taking an active part in the affairs of the Church, yet he evinced a lively interest in its welfare, and was to the last a liberal contributor to the cause.

He valued the ministry very much, although, through deafness, he often heard but little. Sometimes, however, his hearing would return on his way to the chapel, or come during the service, on which favoured occasions he would always express the enjoyment he had had in hearing, and would speak in confirmation of the truths advanced. He was well grounded in "the truth as it is in Jesus." He was very fond of the old authors who advocated a free grace Gospel. Their writings were his chief reading.

He once said to me, in the near prospect of death, as he then thought, "I have such an inward witness of the truth of the doctrines of grace that, if it were possible that all the godly men who have preached them, and whose writings still bear testimony to those truths, could come to life again, and say that they had been mistaken, I could not believe them." Similar remarks I have often heard from his lips.

The last time that he was able to get to chapel, the Lord's Supper was administered, and he assisted in its administration (November, 1887). That morning, after sermon, the hymn—

" Help and salvation, Lord, I crave,
For both I greatly need,"

was sung, and he very much enjoyed it, and throughout his last sickness, asked to have it read to him morning and night.

Being an unmarried man, and prosperous in the affairs of this life, his career was not a very eventful one; and having for his

housekeeper a devoted niece, his pathway was about as easy as it could be, to one who knew the bitterness of sin. But, though free from many cares which others share so largely, he groaned in this body, being burdened. A daily sense of sinful infirmity caused him to cry, "Oh, wretched man that I am!" This sense of his sinfulness increased as he drew nearer his journey's end.

Not long before his death, he said to me, "Oh, I fear that, when I am about to die, all my sins will appear before me, and sink me into despair!" It was noticeable how he would qualify any remarks which he had made, that seemed to show confidence about his state, by an "If I am not deceived," or, "I hope I am not deceived." In his last days he was very much tried thus.

Once he said, "I am resting simply on the Word of God, wherein it says, 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.' I have," he said, "come to Him many times as a poor, needy, helpless, guilty sinner, and as such I come now. This is my only staff—God's Word."

Once he said, "You may put all my religion into a nut-shell. It is expressed in these words—'Oh, that Thou wouldest bless me indeed, and keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me!'"

To one who visited him, and who had been greatly afflicted, he said, "Affliction is the lot of God's children. 'He chasteneth every son whom He receiveth.' You have felt the same." The one addressed replied, "I have, uncle, and I have proved God faithful. His grace is sufficient. He enables us to bear." To this he said, "I hope He will keep that which I have committed to Him." To this the reply was made, "It is more than a hope, is it not? We can say, 'I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He *will keep*,' &c." He answered, "Yes! yes! He will! He will!"

To a niece, sitting by his bed-side one night, he said, "I am very dark." He quoted the words, "Who is among you that walketh in darkness, and hath no light?" She tried to comfort him. He seemed a little cheered, but said, "My dear, 'my harp is on the willows.'" Reminding him that the Lord had often manifested Himself to him, he replied, "Yes, but I have known the dark side, too—the deadness, distance, coldness, worldly-mindedness, *sadly, sadly*, and I feel it now."

Told of the promise, "At even-tide it shall be light," he seemed to grasp it, and quoted the words when dying. The hymn, "Give me the wings of faith to rise," being read to him, he repeated it all through. Other hymns he enjoyed, among them, 735, Clifton Selection—"For ever to behold Him shine"; and 742, "Sad prisoners in a house of clay."

He suffered much pain, followed by prostration, when he

could speak but little, and, indeed, was forbidden by the medical attendant to speak much. At such times he would break out in short ejaculatory sentences, or would appear to be engaged in prayer.

Once when I visited him, a few days before his death, he afterwards said how he enjoyed the remarks and the prayer, saying that they were like the choice fruit from a tree—all appeared “to have been picked for him.” I remember how he got hold of my hand, and kept squeezing it as I spoke.

Two days previous to his death I called to see him. The doctor had forbidden him seeing any but those attending him, but being told that I was there, he would have me up to his bedside, and then he was the chief speaker, and earnestly and solemnly he gave me his last blessing. He held my hand so that I could not release it from his grasp without force, and with each word he gave a press, as he said, “The Lord bless you, and make you a blessing. The Lord spare you many years to win many souls. The Lord spare you to build up His people in the truth of the Gospel.” On my previous visit, he said, “We are agreed—we are one.” I replied, “Yes, agreed—one now, in death, and for ever.”

The day preceding his decease, he asked whether they could see a decided change in him. On being answered in the affirmative, he said, “Glorious end! Praise God!” Asked whether the Lord was precious, he said, “A calm has come over me, but not as I could wish. He has been a Tower to my soul, and so He remains. *The Lord is the same.* Oh, Lord of love, I commit my soul to Thee! Oh, blessed be His name! Receive my soul! receive my spirit! I can say, with David, ‘Into Thy hand I commit my spirit!’” He asked that the doctor might not touch him (alluding to an operation), and then rapturously exclaimed, “Oh, blessed! Oh, blessed! He is precious! Blessed be His name!”

When the doctor came, he asked his candid opinion. On being told that probably he would die that evening, he received the opinion with joy, exclaiming with all his energy, “Oh, blessed, blessed be His name!” In the night he, with evident feelings of joy, said, “It is light at even-tide; all light, glorious light! My blessed God, the Author and Finisher of my faith, ‘All and in all.’ He has helped me in all my need. Have you not heard me say so on my knees many times?” Then he raised his hand and said, “Oh, blessed, blessed! I can see the bright side—bright spots of God’s everlasting love!” Beckoning with both hands, he said, “Come, come—Christ—Christ—my Father!” These were the last words heard, but he kept waving his hand, as a sign to those around that he was perfectly happy.

Thus, on the morning of March 31st, he fell asleep in Jesus, having very nearly completed his eighty-first year. Devout men followed him to his burial. "The memory of the just is blessed."
Clifton, Beds. FREDK. MARSHALL.

OBITUARY OF MR. DANIEL SMART,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL, CRANBROOK.

ANOTHER servant of Christ is taken from the scene of conflict to the enjoyment of victory. The wave of death has wafted into life an old weather-worn mariner. The sojourn on earth is over, and Daniel Smart is now manifestly a citizen of heaven, and beholds "the Lamb in the midst of the throne." We cannot but bless God for His goodness, both in providence and in grace, to His dear aged servant, so many years in the wilderness, and for his peaceful end. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace" (Psa. xxxvii. 37).

We shall not refer to his early days. His book, *Life and Sermons of Daniel Smart*, which we reviewed in 1881 (Vol. III., p. 363), is still in print, and therein "he, being dead, yet speaketh."

Mr. Smart's personal experience of divine things was of a good, old-fashioned type. He tells us in his book that, in his early days, he heard a minister quote, "Real saving faith was the venture of a perishing soul alone upon Christ." He says, "It was the very state my soul was then in, and I was enabled to

" Venture on Him, venture wholly ;
 Let no other trust intrude.
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good."

How this should teach us, like our Lord, to be careful not to "break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax."

In his latter days, when laid aside from preaching, he said, "Satan never tempts me upon my interest in the blood of Christ. That he dares not do. I am settled there."

Thus his own standing was clear, but he felt much of the power of temptation, the evil of corruption, and cares from affliction, which kept him in exercise, and made his ministry encouraging and establishing to many who were truly sensible sinners and tried saints. His discourses were often like a dissecting knife, to lay bare the evils of the human heart ; but he was enabled sweetly to exalt the Lord Jesus Christ as the only Refuge for the guilty. We give a short extract from one of his sermons—
 "' For Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.' Sinner, here is a Law-Fulfiller who abolished

death, made an end of sin, and brought in everlasting righteousness. Lord, increase our faith—that faith which works by love, that will lean upon no staff but Christ, that will know no righteousness but His, and that never robs Him of His crown !”

His relatives, friends, and townsmen could not say that the doctrines he preached led *him* to any inconsistency in life. We quote a paragraph from the *Kent Examiner*, May 4th, 1888, which is a testimony from the world :—

“The late Daniel Smart was a minister strikingly original in his lines of thought and speech, and one who sought to bring home to the minds of his hearers the truths of the Gospel in a way which few modern preachers of our day would care to follow. But the fruit of his work was evidenced by the crowded congregations which his impassioned extempore discourses and teachings brought together. In his daily life he was ever on the outlook for the needy and the distressed, whom, to the last penny of his income, he was ready to assist ; and, when lying on a bed of sickness, his inquiries were still for those who were struggling and in need of help. Of humble mind, as became a worker for the Great Master, his earnest, simple piety and gentle nature touched many hearts.”

May the good Lord compassionate the bereaved daughters and the destitute congregation.

Being anxious to know some things respecting the departed one, we wrote to our friend, Mr. Jonathan Wilmshurst, and obtained the following, with which insertion we close our present notice :—

In reply to your inquiry for a few particulars of the last days of our dear Pastor, Mr. Daniel Smart, I gladly comply as far as I am able.

When preaching, he often said, “When I come to die, I want to be alone, and pull the sheet over my head, and cry, ‘God be merciful to me a sinner !’” The last few weeks of his life, his wish was not to see any one but those attending on him, and but very few utterances fell from his lips.

I was privileged to see much of him the last seven years of his life, and from time to time heard many blessed things from him, and received good counsel. During the few closing years of his ministry, owing to great feebleness, he often could not preach more than once a day, but to the end his voice continued clear and powerful. He preached his last sermon in October, 1885, from “The barrel of meal shall not waste, nor the cruse of oil fail, till the Lord God send rain on the earth” (1 Kings xvii. 14), a few slight notes of which sermon have been preserved. He spoke much of the faithfulness of God to His promise.

Well do I recollect, a few Sundays previous to his final sermon,

after announcing his text, he in an unusual manner began, "How many in my long life have I known, the bent of whose life has seemed to be, to want to know their full interest in the Lord Jesus Christ, and yet, as far as we have known, they have passed away into eternity, and never attained to it, though so longing to know it. Sinner, He has not promised the full assurance of faith to His children, but has said, in the Psalms, 'He will give grace and glory'—grace while here to seek Him, and glory hereafter."

The last eighteen months, Mr. Smart kept his bed. At the commencement of this time he said, "I can join with Hart, and say—

"My time with patience I would wait,
Since all my sin's forgiven."

He suffered from no disease, but a gradual decay of strength. Sometimes I have said, "I am thankful you are spared pain." He would reply, "If I did suffer, I should have nothing to say, knowing what a sinner I am, and what I deserve."

Many times he has said, "How thankful I am that the Lord has kept me honest—that I have no guilt on my conscience! I can say, with good John Bunyan, 'I have made arrangements with one, Good Conscience, to meet me at the river.'" Often would he say, "I want to feel more love. I know it will be all right in the end. I know I have a good home to go to, but oh, how the enemy gets at me! How he fills my poor mind with thoughts I would be rid of! But he never tempts me upon my interest in the blood of Christ. That he dares not do. I am settled there."

How often he would express gratitude for God's temporal mercies to him, and the kindness of those about him.

A short time before his death, I told him I was going to see a friend that was unwell. He said, "Give my love to him. Tell him it will be all right with him at the end. Tell him I have no guilt, no despondency, but I want more love. I know all will be well with me at the end."

At another time, after that, he said, "If it was His will, I should like to have one more visit to my soul. He has given me many blessed visits. If it was His will, I should like another; but if not granted, it will alter nothing; but He can come in a moment." When I said how glad I was he was kept so firmly on the Rock, and how many would be thankful to be as fully satisfied, he put out his hand, and with great energy said, "I believe, with many of God's dear children, what Hart says is true—

"Scarce enough for the proof
Of our proper title."

On the Friday previous to his death, while standing beside his bed, I said, "This is a great trial for patience." He replied, "It is. It is." He did not seem inclined to converse at all, only asking me to remove the extra pillow, and turn him over on his side.

On the Tuesday night, about ten o'clock, he seemed about the same. When a friend came to assist during the night, who asked how he was, he replied, "Very weak." The friend said, "You are getting nearer home," to which Mr. Smart replied, "Yes, I am," but he soon made the friend feel he did not wish to talk.

Towards one o'clock, he called to his attendant, and asked when Miss Anna's birthday was, and was told, the next day. He laid quiet a little while, and then asked for a custard, which was given him. After laying still a little while, an attack of sickness came on. His attendant, seeing a change come over him, rang for his daughters, who were at his bed-side directly. His strength failed him. His breath became very laboured for a few minutes, then gradually quieter, till he ceased to breathe, and passed away without a movement, within about ten minutes from the time of the attack, at about a quarter to two o'clock, April 25th, 1888, to be "for ever with the Lord," whose mercy to the vilest of sinners he so loved to proclaim, and has now joined the throng who sing to the praise of the Lamb of God.

He often said, "When I get to heaven, if any poor sinner can sing louder than I, they may and welcome. I mean to do my best."

On April 30th, the day of the funeral, I believe there were eight hundred persons present in the church, and I am told that four hundred and twenty followed his remains. At the service, held at Providence Chapel afterwards, there was a crowded audience, and Mr. Wakeley, who conducted the service, spoke from the words, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord" (Rev. xiv. 13).

Mr. Page preached the following Sunday morning from Isaiah lvii. 1, 2. J. W.

A PROUD heart and a lofty mountain are never fruitful.—*Gurnall.*

A PRAYERLESS spirit is not the spirit of Christ; but prayer, to a Christian, is as necessary and as natural as food to a natural man.—*Hart.*

SIN may rebel, but it shall never reign in a saint. It fareth with sin in the regenerate as with those beasts that Daniel speaks of, that "had their dominion taken away, yet their lives were prolonged for a season, and for a time" (Dan. vii. 12).—*Brooks.*

THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

To commend the love of God towards me, He took me at my worst. "For God, who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved me, even when I was dead in sins, did quicken me together with Christ," influentially, upon the score of His having done it mystically. I was cast out in the open field, to the loathing of my person, but the God of all grace passed by me, and saw me polluted in mine own blood, covered all over with nature's defilement; and lo! He said unto me, when I was in my blood, "Live"; yea, He said unto me when I was in my blood, "Live"; for "my time was the time of love"—of love's manifestation, not of love's beginning.

And this brings me to give some hints of the work of divine grace upon my heart, in a saving conversion to Christ; and through rich grace I had the honour and happiness of an early acquaintance with God. It pleased the Lord to work savingly upon my heart when I was about thirteen years of age, though I cannot fix the precise time of its beginning, which I judge was the less discernible to me, by reason of my being so frequently under concern of soul before. But, however, this I can say, that my concern at this time was much greater and more lasting than ever before, nor could I find peace where I was wont to find it.

There was a mighty impression made upon my heart of the reality and consequence of a future state, either of misery or glory, of unspeakable happiness or inconceivable torment, together with the nearness of its approach. Oh, eternity, eternity, was ever before mine eyes, and the worth of my own soul, as an immortal spirit, capable of the highest glory in the eternal enjoyment of God, or of the utmost misery in an everlasting separation from Him, was strongly impressed upon my mind. Again, the misery of my natural state was set before me, as a transgressor of the holy law. I thought all the curses in God's Book belonged to me. And, further, the law of God was now opened to me in its spirituality, as extending to thoughts, the most inward motions of my soul, as well as to my words and actions, and I was as particularly laid under its condemning sentence in these respects, as when Nathan said to David, "Thou art the man." Before, I could hear the minister speak of the misery of lost sinners, and not think myself concerned therein, and still turn it over to others, which my thoughts suggested to be the persons he described. But now I needed none to tell me that I was the person that was undone by sin, and that, if I died in a state of unbelief and alienation from God, I must be damned for ever.

This raised a cry in my soul, though I kept it as close as I

could from others, "What must I do to be saved?" Now I set about religion in good earnest. I prayed, read, and heard in a very different manner than I had ever done before. But my wound was too deep to be healed with my own doings now. My soul was removed far off from peace; a dreadful sound was heard in my ears. The law of God pursued me with its curses, notwithstanding all my religious duties; yea, even for the sins that attended them, which till now I was an utter stranger to. Before, I was a beautiful creature in my own eyes, as wrapped round with my fine doings; but now I saw myself to be a most deformed object, a loathsome spectacle, in the eyes of God, and was so in my own sight. My best righteousness now appeared to be but filthy rags, which were so far from justifying me before God, that they really increased my guilt and condemnation, by reason of the sin that clave to them. I saw sin now in another light than before. I saw the exceeding sinfulness and hatefulness thereof, in its contrariety to God, the chief good. The guilt which before attended my conscience, on account of sin, respected only the outward actions thereof in my life; but now I saw myself guilty by reason of heart-sins. Yea, mine eyes were now opened to see the filthy fountain whence all the defiled streams, both in heart and life, did proceed. I saw that I was "shapen in iniquity," and that in sin my mother did conceive me. Yea, I saw myself a sinner in Adam, my public head—guilty and filthy in his first sin. Oh, here I viewed my mortal wound, and that it was from hence that I was brought into the world a sinner, with a guilty, filthy nature, all over defiled from head to foot, as a descendant from fallen Adam. Here I saw that it would have been a righteous thing with God to have cut me off in His wrath, from the first moment of my birth, and sent me down into eternal perdition. Again, I was convinced that I had been doing nothing else but sinning against God ever since I had a being, and I wondered at infinite patience, that had borne with me, and suffered me to live so long out of hell. I now no longer thought myself to be better than others, but one of the vilest creatures the earth bore. Yea, I thought myself to be the very chief of sinners, for, though restraining grace had kept me from outward enormities, yet I could look upon those of the most flagitious lives, and think myself a worse sinner than they. The plague of my heart was now opened; and oh, what a complication of sins, what filth and abominations, did I there see! These made me loathe myself in my own sight, so that from the very inmost of my soul I have bemoaned myself in these lines of one of Mr. Shepherd's hymns—

"Sure I'm more vile than any one
Of wretched Adam's race."

Again, I was convinced of my own weakness and real inability to do anything that was spiritually good, or in the leastwise to help myself out of that miserable, distressed condition I was in. I saw myself to be carnal—sold under sin—and that I was so far from being able to help myself out of that horrible pit I was plunged into, that the more I struggled to get out, the deeper I sunk into it. And this inability to help myself respected, not only the guilt and filth, but also the power of sin. I saw that I was held as in chains under the dominion of sin, and the power and being, as well as the guilt and filth, of sin were now a great burden to my soul. I saw that nothing less than an omnipotent arm could pluck me out of those amazing deeps. And now I was undone indeed, just ready to perish, in my own apprehension, being filled at times with terrible fears of approaching wrath, so that I have been in dread in the evening, when I went to bed, lest I should lift up my eyes in hell before morning.

Again, it pleased the Lord to convince me that salvation was alone by God's free grace, through what Christ had done, as the Redeemer of sinners; and that it was impossible for me to be saved without faith in Christ, of the special operation of God. Further, I was fully convinced of the sufficiency of Christ to save even the worst of sinners; and that there was salvation in Him, which the chosen of God should assuredly obtain. Again, there was a soul-ravishing, heart-attracting revelation of Christ made to me, in His infinite suitableness as a Saviour to my present case as an undone sinner, and also of His infinite ability to save me to the uttermost, from the depths of misery to the heights of glory.

(To be continued.)

LIVING BY FAITH.

LIVING by faith begets in the heart a son-like boldness and confidence to Godward in all our Gospel duties, under all our weaknesses and under all our temptations. It is a blessed thing to be privileged with a holy boldness and confidence Godward, that He is on our side, that He taketh part with us, and that He will plead our cause "with them that rise up against us" (2 Cor. ii. 14; iv. 17, 18; Gal. ii. 27; Phil. iii. 2, 3; Rom. v. 11). But this boldness faith helpeth us to do, and also manageth in our heart. This is that which made Paul always triumph and rejoice in God and the Lord Jesus. He lived the life of faith, for faith sets a man in the favour of God by Christ, and makes a man see that, whatever befalls him in this life, it shall, through the wisdom and mercy of God, prove for his forwarding to heaven. This man now stands on high; he

lives; he is rid of slavish fears and carking cares, and in all his straits he hath a God to go to. Thus David, when all things looked awry upon him, "encouraged himself in the Lord his God" (1 Sam. xxx. 6). Daniel also believed in his God, and knew that all his trouble, losses, and crosses would be abundantly made up in his God (Dan. vi. 23). And David said, "I had fainted unless I had believed." Believing, therefore, is a great preservative against all such impediments, and makes us confident in our God, and with boldness to come into His presence, claiming privilege in what He is and hath (Psa. xxvii. 13; Jonah iii. 4, 5; Heb. x. 22, 23; Eph. i. 4—7); for by faith, I say, he seeth his acceptance through the Beloved, and himself interested in the mercy of God, and riches of Christ, and glory in the world to come. This man can look upon all the dangers in hell and earth without paleness of countenance. He shall meditate terror with comfort, because he "beholds the King in His beauty" (Isa. xxxiii. 17, 18).—*Bunyan*.

THE BACKSLIDER HEALED.

AND is there hope, dear Lord, for me,
Though I have wandered far from Thee?
And do my Saviour's bowels yearn?
Is this His voice—"Return, return"?

Then hear a poor backslider's cry,
Who feels that he deserves to die;
Whose heart is broken with concern;
Oh, turn Thou me, and I'll return!

Conscience, the Church, the world, upbraid;
Oh, tell me that my sins were laid
On Him who suffered on the tree,
And that He groaned and bled for me!

Thou saidst, with Ephraim's sins in view,
"I've seen his ways; I'll heal him too";
And David's grief did but begin
When Thou didst put away his sin.

Lord, heal me, and I shall be healed;
Let pardon to my heart be sealed;
My wandering, wounded soul restore,
And let me stray from Thee no more.—*Irons*.

OUR relationship to God does not begin in time. What a soul-humbling truth this is!

LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR E——,—I am glad you are not disappointed in the step you have taken, and that your prospects are pleasing, &c. But we must remember, a day of adversity is set over against the day of prosperity, *i.e.*, we must expect trials—a time when there will be enemies to combat, both from without and within. But how much depends upon who the captain is whose banner we are fighting under ! There are multitudes under the banner of the god of this world, and they have their troubles and sorrows ; and we have seen them at times beaten down, and, having no refuge to go to in their troubles, they cannot bear them, therefore they sink under them, like Judas and Ahithophel. And what a sinking it is ! Who can say where they sink to, when the pit wherein they sink has no bottom ? They are like those who build their houses upon the sand. When the storms beat upon them they fall, and “great is the fall.” Not so with those who are fighting under the Captain of salvation, who by grace are brought to build their house upon the Rock Christ Jesus. They too have their troubles and sorrows—yes, great troubles—“much tribulation.” How often, by “force or fraud,” are they taken captive into the hands of the enemy, and there they feel their weakness ! How often for a long time are they held in bondage by Satan, and fear they are lawful captives, and consequently, that there can be no release for them ! But the Lord says, “Even the lawful captive shall be delivered.” Little can these poor warriors conceive how closely the Lord, their Captain, is watching over them, both while in their ranks and when they are carried captives, to encourage when fearing, and pour balm into their wounds ; to raise up when cast down ; to “strengthen feeble knees” ; to speak a word of comfort to them that are weary.

And if He sees it good to leave some to walk in darkness, He says, “I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice.” He never leaves them to fall finally, however He may try them.

According to the measure of hope we have in these words of promise, so is our courage to oppose the sin that works within us, and crave holiness ; and all must come from the Captain of our salvation, who sends His Spirit into the hearts of His people, to infuse into them courage, love to holiness, hatred to sin, and conformity to Himself. This conformity is produced by means of the furnace, where “He sits as the Refiner and Purifier of silver.” “No affliction is for the present joyous, but grievous ; nevertheless,” &c.

It is not necessary that it must be an outwardly active person that is fighting under the banner of this glorious Captain. It may be a poor, afflicted creature, suffering on a bed of languish-

ing. But what can such a poor creature do there? All the will of God. What is their employment? To be continually casting their burdens on the Lord, telling Him their fears, confessing their sins to Him, and making their requests for grace and strength to be able to say, "Thy will be done." There is another sweet employment which is a comfort to them in their affliction, that is, not to reckon up their troubles, but to recount the mercies of the Lord to them, which brings another sweet exercise—a pouring out their hearts in thanksgivings, &c.

Much more might be said of the employment of these afflicted ones, and the benefit of afflictions. By them, Elihu says, in Job xxxvi. 9, God "showeth them their work, and their transgressions, that they have exceeded," and this humbles them, and brings them into the position of the poor woman, in the Gospel, who loved much, because much was forgiven her. Oh, it is sweet to lie thus at the feet of Jesus, feeling to be nothing in ourselves but poor, vile sinners, and Jesus to be the only desirable and worthy Saviour and Lover of our souls. This is what I desire to know more of, and for my friends also.

Now, with our united love,

I remain, yours affectionately,

Leicester, 1878.

E. MORGAN.

THE CALVINISTIC PROTESTANT UNION.

THE first Annual Meeting of this Society was held on Friday evening, May 11th, at the Lecture Hall, 186, Aldersgate Street, London. There was a very large gathering of friends, the hall being crowded, and the addresses of the various speakers were listened to with great attention and warm interest.

The Chairman (C. Stirling, M.A., Vicar of New Malden), who proved to be the right man in the right place, after reading the forty-sixth Psalm, called upon Mr. Adams, the Pastor of Rehoboth Chapel, Riding House Street, to open the meeting with prayer, and then proceeded to address the meeting, and in a few telling words contended for the doctrines of grace, and said that Calvinism, so-called, really meant true Christianity, which was the only ground upon which the Papacy could be faithfully fought. He then called upon the Secretary to read the report.

This showed that, during the year, two good working auxiliaries had been formed—one at Eastbourne, in connection with Mr. Baxter's and Mr. Bradford's chapel, and the other at Skayne's Hill, Sussex. Receipts for the year, £49 8s. 11d.; expenditure, £47 5s. 3½d. Collection at the meeting realized the goodly sum of £10 17s. 8½d.

The first resolution was moved in a very effective address by Mr. J. P. Wiles, of Cambridge, and seconded by Mr. Shepherd, minister of Mount Zion Chapel, Dorset Square :—

“This meeting desires to acknowledge the hand of God in the measure of success which has attended the operations of this society during the brief period of its existence, and that the report now read be adopted, printed, and circulated, and that the following be the officers for the ensuing year, with power to add to their number.”

The second resolution was moved by Mr. A. J. Baxter, Eastbourne, whose address was to the point, full of interest, and was well received, and was seconded by Mr. Boorne, of Greenwich :—

“This meeting views with considerable anxiety the increasing influence of Jesuits, the advance of the power and principles of the Papacy in the land, and the yielding of our rulers to the God-dishonouring demands of atheists, and pledges itself to support the work of The Calvinistic Protestant Union.”

The third resolution was moved by Mr. Thos. Hull, of Hastings, and seconded by Mr. J. Vaughan, of Hackney, in brief but pointed addresses :—

“This meeting is of opinion that the present position and ministry of the Ritualists in the English Church is illegal, and that the Reformation Settlement contained in the Thirty-nine Articles should be enforced, together with all laws regulating the ornamentation of churches, and the removal of symbols, of idolatry.”

These resolutions were all unanimously and heartily adopted by the meeting, which was brought to a close by the Chairman pronouncing the benediction. The universal feeling was, that it was an excellent movement, and we trust it will bring forth good fruit.

A full report of the meeting, and of the Society's work, will be published, free to subscribers, price twopence to non-subscribers.

At the close of the meeting a petition against Mr. Bradlaugh's Oaths Bill was signed by a great number of friends.

CONFRONTING THE ARCHBISHOP.—The people of Marden, in Kent, having restored their parish church, the dedicatory services were attended by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The morning service was fully choral, and lasted from eleven a.m. till a quarter past one p.m. At the luncheon which followed, Mr. Bray, one of the churchwardens, alluded to this service, saying he was sorry to hear it called a beautiful one. In the parish of Marden they were Low Church down to the ground, and that morning's service was to him almost a mockery. He had an opportunity that was rarely given to churchwardens, and as an honest man he felt it his duty to utter that protest. The Archbishop did not reply.—*Sussex Daily News*. [Poor Archbishop !]

The Bower, July, 1888.



"AMONG THE DREARY MOUNTAINS." (See page 171.)

MUCKLE KATE.

THE name of Mr. Lauchlan M'Kenzie, the eminent minister of Lochcarron, though little known in the south, is pregnant with spiritual interest among the Highlanders of Ross. Throughout the four northern counties, indeed, there are very few of the Gaelic-speaking population to whom "the great Mr. Lauchlan" is not more or less known as a godly, though eccentric divine; but it is within the district of Wester Ross—among the hills where he was born, and lived, and laboured, and died—that the savour of his name is sweetest, and that the recollection of his weighty words and deeds is most vividly preserved. I have no doubt that, were a properly qualified person to devote himself for a few weeks to the task, during a personal residence in Ross-shire, he might easily expiscate from the Gaelic people anecdotes sufficient for the compilation of a most interesting volume.

From the numerous traditions which I have heard respecting "Mr. Lauchlan," I give the following, on the authority of a late eminently godly minister in Ross, who was an eye-witness of the principal scenes, but has since been taken to join his brother, to rejoice in his glory, and to share his reward.

Not far from the manse of Lochcarron, there lived a wicked old sinner, who was supposed to have been guilty of every crime forbidden in the decalogue, except murder. Owing to her masculine dimensions, this woman was commonly known by the name of "Muckle Kate." "She was an ill-looking woman," Mr. Lauchlan used to say, "without any beauty in the sight of God or man." It is not surprising to hear that such a character never entered a church, and that every effort on the part of the minister failed in inducing her to give even an occasional attendance at the house of God. Plan after plan was tried, but in vain. Entreaties, tears, innumerable visits, and appeals to her conscience almost without end, all failed to move the heart of one who seemed to have reached that fearful point spoken of by the Apostle, when he declares, respecting those who have been wholly given over by the Spirit, that they "*cannot* cease from sin."

At length, Mr. Lauchlan adopted a plan which could have occurred only to an original and eccentric mind, but which sets before us in the strongest light the intense desire of the devoted minister for the salvation of an immortal soul.

It was customary among the Highlanders, during the last century, to assemble at nightfall in each other's houses, and spend the long winter evenings in singing the wild old Gaelic melodies, and relating to each other the legendary stories of the district. This practice is not yet extinct in some parts of the

country, though, like most of the other old Highland customs, it is gradually wearing away. The women brought along with them each her distaff and spindle, while the men were sometimes employed in mending their brogues, or weaving baskets and creels. This is called "*going on kailie*,"* and Kate used to devote herself to the practice with all the eagerness of an old gossip.

Well acquainted with Kate's evening habits, Mr. Lauchlan, who had a great turn for poetry—or rather, rhyming—composed a Gaelic song, in which all Kate's known sins were enumerated, and lashed with all the severity of which the composer was capable. This song Mr. Lauchlan set to music, and privately sending for some of the young persons who were known to "*go on kailie*" with Kate, he took great pains to teach them the song, instructing them to sing it in her hearing on the first opportunity.

It was a strange, and, as some may perhaps think, an unwarrantable way of attempting to win a soul; nevertheless, it was successful. The appeal went home to the old woman's conscience, backed with all the force of astonishment. The suddenness of the stroke, coming as it did from so perfectly unexpected a quarter, gave both point and poignancy to the blow. The shaft had found the joint in the harness, and, driven hard home by the Spirit's own hand, it sank deep, deep down into that old and withered soul, which had hitherto resisted every impression.

Kate's conviction was now as extreme as her careless hardihood had once been. Her agony of mind was perfectly fearful. The bleak scenery of Lochcarron was in strange unison with her feelings. Among the dreary mountains of that lonesome western wilderness runs up the small estuary from which the parish derives its name; and as the long Atlantic billows break upon its shores, and the brown hills stretch on behind, in one interminable sea of heath, the traveller scarcely knows whither to turn that he may relieve his painful sense of solitude—to the waste of waters that stretch before him, till shut in by the frowning heights of Skye, or to the lonely moors that undulate behind him, dark, and desolate, and bare.

It was among these dreary wilds that Kate now spent the greater portion of her time. And why did she seek these wilderness retreats? She sought, like Joseph, "where to weep." The solitudes of Lochcarron were heard to resound for hours together with the voice of wailing, and well did the inmates of the lone bothies amid the hills know from whose lips those cries of agony

* The word is given as an English reader would pronounce it. The true spelling, however, is *cheill*.

were wrung. They were uttered by the solitary mourner of the moors—the once hardened “Muckle Kate.” She had “looked on Him whom she had pierced,” and now she “mourned for Him as one mourneth for his only son, and was in bitterness for Him as one that is in bitterness for his first-born.”

A long and fiery ordeal was appointed to the reclaimed prodigal. Deep as her conviction was, it never seemed to subside. Weeks, months, and even years passed away, and still the distress of the convicted sinner was as poignant and fresh as ever. “Never breathed a wretch like her. There might be hope for others, but oh, there was none for Muckle Kate!” This was wonderful indeed, in one whose age was between eighty and ninety at the time of her conviction—one who had grown old in sin, whose conscience had apparently become impervious to the truth, and whose whole soul seemed unimpressible by either the Gospel or the law. To bring forth spiritual feelings in a heart that has been thus dried up by age and sin requires a miracle in the world of grace. Kate’s was indeed a special case. She was a wonder to many—a wonder to her neighbours, a wonder to unbelievers, a wonder to the Church, a wonder to her astonished minister, and most of all, a wonder to herself.

But all has not yet been told. Are my readers prepared to hear that she wept herself stone blind? Yet this was actually the case, without exaggerating by a hair-breadth. She wept away her eyesight! Poor Kate! Those sightless eyeballs weep no more—the wail of thine agony no longer rings amid the solitudes of thy native hills—for God Himself hath wiped away all tears from thine eyes; and when the green graves of Lochcarron shall have disgorged thy blessed dust, thou shalt tune with ecstasy thy voice to the harp of God, as thou standest on that crystal sea in the place where “there shall be no more pain, neither sorrow nor crying; for the former things shall have passed away.”

The excellent minister on whose authority I relate this story, stated that he was called on to assist in dispensing the Lord’s Supper at Lochcarron on one occasion during Kate’s long period of darkness. While walking with Mr. Lauchlan among the moors, he heard at a distance the moanings of a female in great distress. “Hush!” said the stranger minister; “do you hear that cry? What is it?” Mr. Lauchlan knew it well. “Never mind,” replied he. “That woman has cost me many a tear; let her weep for herself now.” He kept his eye on her ever afterwards, however, and was exceedingly kind to her, watching like a father over every interest of the old woman, for time as well as for eternity.

During one of her visits to the manse kitchen, while waiting to converse with the minister, it is said that her attention was

attracted by the noise of a flock of ducklings which drew near the place where she sat. Not aware of the presence of any other person, the poor blind woman was heard to exclaim, "Oh, my poor things, ye're happy, happy creatures! Ye haena crucified a Saviour, like me! It would be well for Muckle Kate to be a duck like you; for oh, then she would have no sin to answer for—no sin, no sin!"

The anecdote may appear frivolous, if not ridiculous. Not so the feeling which it expresses, for many is the awakened sinner that has shared in blind Kate's desire, and would gladly have exchanged being with a dog or a stone, for then he would have had "no sin to answer for—no sin, no sin!"

In the third year of her anguish, Mr. Lauchlan was exceedingly anxious that she might be brought to sit down at the Lord's table, and accordingly urged every argument to induce her to commemorate the dying love of Christ.* But nothing could prevail upon her to comply. "*She* go forward to that holy table! *she*, who had had her arms up to the shoulders in a Saviour's blood! Her presence would profane the blessed ordinance, and would be enough to pollute the whole congregation! Never, never would she sit down at the table. The Communion was not for her!" The minister's hopes, however, were to be realized in a way that he never anticipated.

The Sabbath had arrived. The hour of meeting drew nigh, but Kate's determination still remained unchanged. I am not acquainted with the exact spot where the Gaelic congregation assembled on that Communion Sabbath. The tables were, however, spread, as is usual on such occasions, in the open air among the wild hills of Lochcarron. Did any of my readers ever witness the serving of a Sacramental table at which there sat but one solitary communicant? Yet such a sight was witnessed on that long-remembered day, and poor Kate and Mr. Lauchlan were the only actors in the scene.

The tables had all been served, the elements had been removed, the minister had returned to "the tent," and was about to begin the concluding address, and all were listening for the first words of the speaker, when suddenly a cry of despair was heard in a distant part of the congregation—a shriek of female agony that rose loud and clear amid the multitude, and was returned, as if in sympathy, by the echoes of the surrounding hills. It was the voice of "Muckle Kate." The congregation was amazed. Hundreds started to their feet, and looked anxiously towards the

* In thus giving the narrative as it is recorded, our readers will understand that we do not commit ourselves to the order observed in these Churches.—ED.

spot whence the scream had proceeded. Not so the minister. Mr. Lauchlan knew that voice, and well did he understand the cause of the sufferer's distress. Without a word of inquiry he came down from the tent, and stepped over among the people till he had reached the spot; and taking Kate kindly by the hand, led her through the astonished crowd to the communion table, and seated her alone at its head. He next ordered the elements to be brought forward, and replaced upon the table; and *there* sat that one solitary blind being, alone in the midst of thousands, every eye of the vast multitude turned in wonder upon the lonely communicant—she herself all unconscious of their gaze. Oh, for the pen of Bunyan or of Boston, to trace the tumult of feelings that chased each other through that swelling, bursting breast! The secrets of that heart have never been revealed; but right confident am I that, if there be one text of Scripture which more than another embodies the uppermost emotion in her mind during that hour of intense and thrilling spiritual excitement, it must have been the sentiment of one who knew well what it was to have been humbled in the dust like Kate—"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom *I am chief.*"

The words which Mr. Lauchlan chose as the subject of his address were well-nigh as extraordinary as any part of the occurrence. They were the words of Moses to Pharaoh (Exod. x. 26)—"There shall not an hoof be left behind"—a manifest accommodation of that blessed declaration of Jesus, "Those that Thou gavest Me I have kept, and none of them is lost." I regret that I cannot furnish the reader with any notes of that wonderful address, in which, however, the speaker obtained most singular liberty. But the leading idea was, that all who had been given in covenant by the Eternal Father to the Son were as safe as if they were already in heaven, and that not one soul should be forsaken or left to perish—"no, not so much as Muckle Kate!" This extraordinary service was ever afterwards known as "Muckle Kate's Table," and it is said that, by that single address, no fewer than two hundred souls were awakened to spiritual concern, which ripened in many instances into deep and genuine spiritual life. The minister to whom allusion has been made was himself acquainted with nine of these inquirers, who traced their earliest convictions to that table service, and all of whom were, at the time of his acquaintance with them, eminently godly characters. "Muckle Kate" herself lived about three years after her first Communion, possessed of that "peace which passeth all understanding," and manifesting all the marks of a close and humble walk with God.

Her death is described as having been peculiarly happy. The

departure of the wicked is often peaceful. He may "have no bands in his death," and sympathizing friends and neighbours may buoy up the bereaved family with that most fatally delusive of all consolations, that he "died like a lamb," when the horrors of a dreadful eternity have flashed with lightning-suddenness upon the now undeceived soul, whose fatal slumbers had continued so fearfully complete until broken only by the shock of its final plunge into the unfathomable gulf of woe. The established Christian again, like his Pilgrim type, may lose his long-possessed assurance in that hour of solemn change, and the gloom that broods upon his spirit may still enshroud him to the last; yet the darkness of a dying moment will serve but to enhance the joyousness of that bright contrast which awaits him when the redeemed and ransomed spirit exchanges the overwhelming doubts and horror of a well-nigh exhausted faith for the thrill of ecstasy that absorbs the enraptured soul as it passes into the unexpected "joy of its Lord." In regard to both these cases error may exist. The calm quiescence of the sinner may be taken as a comfortable evidence of his safety, while the cloud under which the real believer has died may unsettle the hopes of surviving mourners, and give rise to that most poignant of all sorrow—a sorrow without hope. But, while I have heard of a false peace and an undue despondency, I have never yet heard of a mistaken *triumph* in the hour of death. So entirely opposite is the testimony of all my information upon this point, that I think we may reckon a triumphant death well-nigh an absolutely certain experimental evidence of a glorious eternity. Such was the death of "Muckle Kate." Not only was she satisfied in regard to her eternal safety, but she had attained that enviable point at which assurance had become so sure that she ceased to think of self; and so wholly was she absorbed in the glory of her Redeemer, that even to herself she was nothing—Christ was All in all. The glory of Christ was her all-engrossing motive. The inexpressible joy that was vouchsafed her served but to quicken her departing soul to more rapturous commendations to others of that Saviour whom she had found; and when at length the welcome summons came, and she stood upon the threshold of eternal glory, ere yet the gate had fully closed upon her ransomed spirit, the faltering tongue was heard to exclaim, as its farewell effort in Christ's behalf, "Tell, tell to others that *I* have found Him!" Lay the emphasis upon the "*I*," and behold the world of meaning condensed into those dying words. Compress into that "*I*" those ninety years of sin, and you catch its full force. "Tell them that the worst of sinners—the drunkard, the profligate, the Sabbath-breaker, the thief, the blasphemer, the liar, the scoffer, the infidel—tell them that *I*, a living embodiment of every sin, even *I*, have found a Saviour's

Person—even I have known a Saviour's love." "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save *sinners, of whom I am the chief.*"

Before venturing to publish the extraordinary facts which the above narrative embodies, the writer submitted the original proof-sheet to the inspection of "Mr. Lauchlan's" sister and nephew, the former of whom, though far advanced in years, distinctly remembered the circumstances which have been recorded, and was actually present in the congregation of Lochcarron at the serving of "Muckle Kate's" table. Mrs. M—— still retained a vivid recollection of the intensely solemn appearance of the congregation during the delivery of Mr. Lauchlan's impressive address. Mr. Lauchlan's nephew likewise corroborates the facts of the story, which he heard from his uncle's lips very shortly before he died.

Having these vouchers for the correctness of facts, which some might otherwise regard as possessing an air of religious romance, the writer unhesitatingly agreed to the numerous requests that a more popular and enduring form should be given to his little narrative. And in an age so pregnant with loose views upon the great subject of conversion, when a system of "salvation made easy" is so popular among the masses, it is the writer's earnest hope that the facts which he has thus briefly related may tend to glorify the work of that blessed Spirit whose sovereign power alone can arouse the conscience, enlighten the understanding, change the heart, and renew the will. T. M. F.

If the golden chains of love to God do not bind you to duty, the iron chain of darkness will bind you eternally.

DISCRIMINATION is the life and soul of preaching. "If thou take forth the precious from the vile, thou shalt be as My mouth"; and walking with God, thinking with Him, growth in experimental knowledge of ourselves and His Word, are involved in this.

As Jesus Christ is the Fountain of all excellency to which all must come, so He is the Pattern of excellency to which all must conform. As He is the root on which a saint grows, so He is the rule by which a saint walks. God has made *one* Son in the image of us all, that He might make all His sons in the image of that One. Jesus Christ lived to teach us how to live, and died to teach us how to die. If the life of Christ be not your pattern, the death of Christ will never be your pardon.—*Secker.*

ENTERTAINING STRANGERS.

A FEW years ago, a Mr. H——, whom I knew for many years, was visiting a friend of his in London. This friend, not having convenience for him to sleep, procured lodgings for him at another house, where, during the night, Mr. H—— was taken seriously ill. The person in whose house he was, hearing his groans, went to his room, and seeing him so ill, inquired what he could do for him. Mr. H—— wished him to get a plaister, and apply it to his chest. This he did, and it gave Mr. H—— a little relief. The person said, "You are very ill. Shall I pray with you? Are you afraid to die?" to which Mr. H—— said, "Oh, no, no! I am not afraid to die. All fear of death is taken away. 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?'"

Being favoured at the time with the presence of the Lord, he kept on talking so sweetly of the goodness and mercy of a covenant God, as manifested to him, a poor, vile sinner, that the person said, "Now I can see the meaning of those words I was reading and pondering over this morning, and wondering whatever they could mean, namely, 'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares' (Heb. xiii. 2). You are a stranger to me, and it turns out that you are as an angel."

Thus they rejoiced together, and the Lord being pleased to bless the means used to the restoration of Mr. H——'s health, though heretofore they were strangers, such a spiritual union was formed between them that they felt to be brothers indeed.

What a mercy it is when we are enabled to act according to the precepts and exhortations of the Word of God! How pained and grieved have we sometimes been when, at a strange place, on entering the house of God, no one has been sufficiently courteous to show us a seat, and, not knowing where to sit, we have taken a vacant one, and then some one has stepped forward and told us we must not sit there, as some one else might perhaps require it; and we have seen these persons come, perhaps, after the minister has been some time in his sermon. How hurtful to a minister's mind it must be, when he enters the pulpit, to see so many vacant seats, and, if strangers enter, no one to show them where to sit! How needful, in such cases, is the exhortation of the Apostle, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers," &c. Many of the timid and fearful family of God have been sorely hurt in their minds by the neglect of such, as appears to some, simple means. Satan will often take advantage of that neglect, and magnify molehills into mountains, until it results in their walking and acting towards one another in a spirit of shyness. Ah! let

us think how sometimes a look or a kind word has been quite a help to a dear child of God. Oh, may the Lord bless us with more of the spirit of Christ, and with an increased concern for the welfare of Zion !

ELIJAH COE.

FORETASTES.

WHEN Jesus shines within my breast,
And by His Spirit cheers,
It doth such love and joy impart,
It conquers all my fears.

My soul is then in sweet repose,
Leaning upon His arm ;
Although among ten thousand foes,
His grace preserves from harm.

And, while these blessed moments last,
My soul's constrained to sing—
" Eternal mercy holds me fast ;
My all's in Christ, my King."

These blessed seasons, Lord, I love
More than can be expressed ;
I hope with Thee to dwell above,
And on Thy bosom rest.

These blessed drops of love are sweet
To me while travelling here ;
What will it be when we all meet
In regions bright and fair ?

No sin nor sorrow to perplex ;
No foes to make us fear ;
No vile temptations there to vex ;
No cause to shed a tear.

No aches nor pains will there be felt ;
No cloud to hide our Sun ;
No trouble, then, our hearts to break ;
These things will be unknown.

There every power will be employed
In love and adoration
To Him who all our foes destroyed,
And gave us full salvation.

B. W.

THE more God empties your hands of other works, the more you may know He has special work to give them.

HEARD AND ANSWERED.

TRUE Spirit-taught prayer is a covenant privilege imparted to the heirs of salvation when they are made alive by sovereign grace. "Behold, he prayeth," is true of every sinner born again of the Spirit, and made to feel his need of Christ.

Prayer is God's method of keeping up communication between Himself and His children ; and the blessings obtained through prayer flow from God's eternal purpose, as is well expressed by that eminent divine, Mr. Hart—

" Prayer was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give."

To illustrate my meaning, I will relate a circumstance that fell under my notice some time ago.

I was directed to one of the poorest localities of our city, to inquire for an artizan who was represented to me as a skilful workman. With some difficulty I found him out. He was a fine-looking, intelligent young man, with a very saddened cast of countenance. In a foreign accent he returned my salutation ; and glancing his eyes round the miserable room, which contained but two chairs, one of which was occupied with a washing-pan, he placed his own seat for me. I declined taking it.

After a minute's silence, he said, " Our Lord Jesus Christ was poor. Why should I care ? "

" No," I replied, " you need not if, through His poverty, you have been made rich ; and if He feeds the fowls of the air, surely He will take care of His own."

" Aye," said Graaffe, " that is what I want to feel. I want to give up work."

I answered, " God has appointed us to labour."

" I don't mean *there*," said he, pointing to his lathe, " but I mean *here*," and struck his breast as he spoke. " It is here I want to give up work—to be quiet—to rest. I want to lay my head in my Father's lap, and go to sleep, and leave all to His care."

" And can you not ? " I asked.

" No," said he, " only for a little minute, and it is gone, and I go to work again, and work harder *here* than *there* ; but God has said, ' What you build I will break down, and what you plant I will pluck up.' "

" Well," I said, " He is still ' the just God.' He does ' no iniquity.' "

" I know it—I know it," said the poor man, with affectionate eagerness. " But sometimes our Lord and I have great fights which shall be master."

" Well," said I, " how do the battles end ? "

"God reigns," he answered; "and when He makes me feel this, I lie like a child at His feet, and tell Him I will never try to be master again."

On further inquiry, I drew from Graaffe his little history, the latter part of which will serve to illustrate my opening remarks. His father was a respectable mechanic, a native of Dresden. He brought up a family of five children creditably, and gave them an education suited to their circumstances. The eldest son, the subject of this brief account, married a poor, low girl, which so greatly displeased the father that he would never see his son again. After a few years the father died, and left his property and business to the younger brother. This so greatly disgusted Graaffe with his relatives and country, that he determined to start for England. With very little money, two children, a mis-managing wife, and scarcely a word of our language, he found himself in Plymouth. He soon set to his trade; but times were bad and employment scarce. Day after day rolled on, and things waxed worse, till Graaffe was nearly at his wits' end.

One night, when he was meditating upon the aspect of affairs, it came into his mind to try the Lord in prayer. He did so, and Providence seemed to smile upon his petitions. This encouraged him to ask again. After some weeks of pleading for providential mercy, with no little success, the Lord laid it upon his heart that he was a sinner, and then the Lord directed his cries and prayers for pardon. But *how* was he to be pardoned? Through Christ he knew; but how could God pardon *him*? Then the thought sprang up in his mind—"If I had but a Bible, *that* would tell me all, and I should see if there were any pardoned in the Bible who were as bad as I." "Well," thought Graaffe, "the Lord has lately listened to many a prayer, and given me many a meal, when I asked it; surely He will hear when I ask for spiritual food. Perhaps He will send me a German Bible."

Month after month passed away, Graaffe prayed daily for a Bible, but no Bible came.

One evening, as he was preparing some wood for his work, at the door of his dwelling, two way-worn travellers passed, who addressed each other in German. Graaffe hailed them, and mutual inquiries were exchanged. The travellers were brothers, on their way to London. They had neither food nor money, and were purposing to walk as far as they could, and rest for the night in the first shed they came to. Graaffe told them that he was poor, but he would share his supper with them, and give them the shelter of his roof, for the sake of their fatherland. The travellers were grateful for his offer, and gladly accepted it. Next day, they spoke of starting, but Graaffe persuaded them to stay till his return in the afternoon. He was successful in selling

some of his ingenious works during the day, and was enabled to provide for the wants of the travellers, by giving them a good meal.

"I wish," said the elder traveller, "I had it in my power to repay your kindness, but I am poor."

"I know what it is to be a stranger in a strange land myself," replied Graaffe; "but I wish you knew how to pray to God, and He would provide for your wants."

"My mother taught me some little prayers," answered the traveller, "when I was a child, and in times of deep want I have repeated them; but I got nothing for it, so I gave up saying them."

"Oh," answered Graaffe, "*that* is not what I mean. My prayers were put in my heart by God. Like you, I have often repeated prayers; but it is only that which comes *from* God can go *to* God."

"Well," said the traveller, "if God has not given me prayer, I cannot have it, by your account, so it is not my fault."

Graaffe, assuring him that his sin had caused this loss, said, "I find it very sweet to get what I want from God by prayer."

"You don't get much," retorted the traveller, drily, "for you seem poorer than you deserve to be."

"No," replied Graaffe, "I deserve nothing but damnation. My poverty does not trouble me. I only want to get rid of this load, and feel my sins pardoned."

"Well, why don't you pray for it?" asked the traveller.

"I do," answered Graaffe; "but God will not be hurried. My prayers do not alter God's mind, or hasten His acts. I believe all things are fixed by Him; but He teaches His children to talk to Him, and ask for what He means to give, and wait His time for the answer."

"Well," said the traveller, "I do not understand you; but I deeply feel your kindness, and if I could repay you I would. I have nothing worth your acceptance, I know; but I have with me an old German Bible. That perhaps may serve to teach your little ones from."

Graaffe was almost stunned by this offer. The traveller unfastened his small bundle, and drew forth the Bible. Graaffe snatched it with a spasmodic grasp, and, clasping it to his breast, exclaimed, "He *does* hear my prayer! Oh, what a God is my God!" The travellers were amazed at his emotion; and still more so, when Graaffe declared this Bible had been the matter of his prayer for eight months. "It would have been kind of God to give it me without prayer," said Graaffe; "but it was far kinder to teach me to pray for it."

This precious gift was greedily read, and the Lord graciously blessed the reading to Graaffe. Light broke in upon his soul, liberty followed, and peace by the blood of the cross was richly

enjoyed. He had been four years in Zion's way when I met with him, and I soon found that his soul was cast upon the Rock of eternal truth. God's sovereignty, in the everlasting salvation of His chosen Church, by the blood of the cross, was the foundation of his hope; and an experimental acquaintance of his deep depravity, by divine teaching, drove him to "embrace the Rock for want of a shelter," and to live upon a free grace God.

I had many a pleasing interview with him, from time to time; and it was not without regret, when we had mutually served each other, we parted, I believe, to meet no more in this world.—*From a Tract*, printed by the late C. Brider, Salisbury.

NIGHT THOUGHTS BY A WATCHMAN.

GOD UNCHANGING.

THE constant and rapid changes which are taking place, both in and around us, on every hand, and in all matters, are bearing testimony that nothing is real and lasting apart from God and His Word. We may look back over ages, dispensations, and histories, and find marvellous changes in each and all; and then look up to the Maker and Ruler of all, and joyfully exclaim, "But *Thou* art the same." We may review the writings of men in the several centuries and in the various nations, and be amazed at the frequent alterations and contradictions in their thoughts; and then lay our hand on the Word of God, and thankfully say, "But this is the same."

We may look on all around, all beneath, and all above us, as far as these poor mortal eyes can behold, and be assured that all will pass away; but Christ will abide the same for ever. We may leave our relatives and friends, or they may leave us; we may be left poor and lonely in the world; but Jesus will never leave the soul in which His love has ever been felt and enjoyed. He will dwell and abide with the contrite spirit. The humble and prayerful heart is His mansion. All that which we may, or do, value and love here, as the gifts of God in His providence to us, be they persons or things, may be removed or estranged from us, but Christ never! He will remain. The ever active mind may be often making forecasts, and drawing pictures of the future—pictures with dark backgrounds, and filled with distressing figures in threatening attitudes, and seeing change, decay, departure, and dismay, as the result. Evil days may be many, and days of gladness few; evil men may abound, and the righteous become few; evil teachers may increase, and faithful leaders become fewer than now; but while God and His Word, Christ and His work, the Holy Ghost and His power, remain,

what have the people of God to fear? Nay, rather, let them say, "I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me."

However, we do well to think soberly and act wisely in regard to the future, knowing, after all, that the Lord's purposes will stand fast for ever. What He has appointed He will bring to pass. His purposes and His promises are for our comfort and confidence. These should be matters both for prayer and expectation. We cannot too earnestly plead His promises, nor too confidently expect their fulfilment. We cannot too quietly bow to His will, nor too assuredly look for its accomplishment. If those who are thus trusting in the Lord, and waiting for Him, are not safe for the future, then there are none safe. But these are—and, come what may, ever will be—in safety. "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass" (Psa. xxxvii. 5). "Commit thy works unto the Lord, and thy thoughts shall be established" (Prov. xvi. 3). Here is absolute certainty. Here is rest for the soul in regard to our ways and works.

God truly moves in most mysterious ways in performing His designs and executing His will, but He always does according to His Word. His mind is revealed in His Word, and His ways will therefore be according to it. He is as His Word and with His Word. If the Word of God be with you, and for you, nothing can be against you. How very needful is faith and patience respecting the ways of God! He often gives a promise, and then, to all appearance, for a time, lets all things work against the fulfilment of it. But be it ever remembered, it is in appearance only, and not in reality. He cannot act against His Word, nor contrary to the real advantage of His people. If He has given you a promise—if He has caused you to hope in His Word—you shall not be disappointed in the end. The time will come—and it will be the best time—when He will make you prove that "He is faithful that promised," for whatever delays and changes may fall to your lot, He is the same.

Has He written deeply in your heart a living desire, and enabled you to plead it before Him with a lively hope, when your spirit has been most humble and your will most resigned? If you have once been privileged thus to tell Him your real want and wish, then be still, and hope to the end. His purpose is with you still. "Delight thyself also in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart."

Monica, the mother of Augustine, was a woman of much faith, prayer, and patience. She often found the Word of God so suited to her needs that it became her delight to plead His promises at the throne of grace. The following is transcribed as a sample—"Lord, these promises were made to be made good to

some, and why not to me? I hunger; I need; I thirst; I wait. Here is Thy handwriting in Thy Word. I am resolved to be as importunate till I have obtained, and as thankful afterwards, as by Thy grace I shall be enabled, being convinced that I am utterly lost and undone, if Thou hearest not the desires of the humble; and if Thou dost hear and grant, I am so well acquainted with myself and with my own heart, that I have nothing to glory in, but I shall wholly glory in the Lord; and I do resolve and believe that I shall to all eternity celebrate and magnify the riches of Thy grace. Thy promises are the discoveries of Thy purposes, and vouchsafed as materials for our prayers, and in my supplications I am resolved every day to present and tender them back to Thee; and if Thou wilt have regard to them, and appear to be a 'God of truth' to my soul, a poor creature that hath long feared to burn in hell for hypocrisy will be secured and made happy for ever. I am resolved to wait upon Thee, and to cast down my soul upon Thee in this way; and Thou hast assured me Thou *art* a 'God of judgment.' Thou didst promise in judgment. Thou knewest what Thou didst in making such promises, and Thou *wilt be* a 'God of judgment.' Thou knowest when and where to make them good; and Thou hast pronounced, 'Blessed are all they that wait for Thee.' On Thee I will wait, and for this blessing I will hope and look."

Many of the Lord's chosen ones have had to wait long for the realization of the promise given them by God. Joseph and David, each having received clear indications of their coming greatness, waited about twenty years for the position they looked for, by the word of God, and each came to the place appointed him after suffering contempt, and being greatly opposed. Changing times and changing men cannot make a change in God and His plans. Saul may one day honour, and the next day seek to slay David; yet by both he helps forward the purpose of God. Whether David be honoured or hated of Saul—whether he sits at the king's table or is driven into the wilderness—it is all the same to Him who holds the hearts of all in His hands. Whether Joseph be an imprisoned slave, or the lord of all Egypt, in each place God is fulfilling His purposes and performing His promises to him. He changeth not.

" Leave God to order all thy ways,
And trust in Him whate'er betide;
In Him, amidst the evil days,
Thou hast an all-sufficient Guide:
Build on His faithfulness and love;
He is a Rock which cannot move."

W. B.

WEE NOTES SENT TO A FRIEND NOW AND THEN.

FROM THE EDITOR.

[The dear friend to whom these notes were sent, with other of his friends, wishing to see them inserted in the *SOWER*, we give them, not because of any special feature in them, but hoping the Lord may make them a "word in season" to some who may read them.—ED.]

THE Lord be near thee day by day,
To help and strengthen in the way ;
Rejoice thy heart, and make thee sing
The praises of thy God and King.

"He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength." May this be thy portion.

Hope you are still gaining strength, and that the Lord is favouring you with some sweet tastes of redeeming grace and dying love to cheer you in your trials by the way. "Be patient," brother, "unto the coming of the Lord," who has said, "I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice." "The time of love will come." The Lord help thee to the end, and then may we meet at last before His face in glory.

The Lord revive thee, shine upon thee,
Cheer thy heart, fresh strength impart,
And land thee safe in heaven.

I am poorly ; just able to get about. Not in hell. What a mercy ! My only hope is in the Lamb and His blood. We meet there.

I trust you are still feeling stronger. The Lord bless you in body and soul, and give you many a song of praise. I am tolerably well for me, but feel low.

The Lord uphold thee with His hand,
Refresh thee with His smile,
And till He come, help thee to stand ;
'Twill be but for a while.

LORD, REMEMBER DAVID.

In mercy refresh him,
Increasingly bless him,
And graciously banish his fears ;
With favour draw near him,
And constantly cheer him
With tokens to dry up his tears.

I have only just come in from a long journey, after hard work, with a bad cold, and am very tired, therefore hope you will excuse brevity.

“The Lord be with thee” is my prayer,
And make thy daily life His care.

Lord, bless my friend,
And on him send
Many a heavenly shower ;
Daily him guide ;
For him provide ;
Be Thou his Strength and Tower.

I feel very unwell—fresh cold and symptoms of inflammation at my chest. I need the Good Physician. Pray tell Him so when you speak with Him. I hope you are favoured in soul and body. The Lord lift thee above thy fears and foes, and give thee many sweet foretastes of the rest remaining.

“Faint, yet pursuing.” Lord, revive
The work Thou hast begun ;
Oh, keep the “bruised reed” alive !
My hope is in Thy Son !

Dear Comforter, in me reveal
The Saviour’s love and smart,
And kindly set Thy loving seal
Upon my longing heart.

I and my friend make this request ;
Do not our prayer deny ;
Let us but lean on Jesus’ breast,
Then we can live or die.

Through mercy, I am feeling somewhat better, but am very prostrate. The cold continues so violent in my head.

“Oh, for grace, for faith and patience,
Under every trying load !”

Ah ! my dear friend, the Lord will have *His* way, and I am glad of it, to make us know this lesson—“To whom coming.”

“‘How can I come?’ some soul may say ;
‘I’m lame, and cannot walk.’”

“Even to hoar hairs will *I* carry you,” saith the Lord. “Do as Thou hast said,” is *my* cry, and *yours* too.

THE WISE AND FOOLISH VIRGINS.

(MATTHEW XXV.)

THE kingdom of heaven, generally speaking, means, the kingdom of Christ in this world—the dispensational kingdom of God—and it is here likened unto ten virgins waiting for the coming of the bridegroom.

The bridegroom's first and chief companion is the bride herself—the virgins, her companions, or bridesmaids (see Psa. xlv. 13—15).

By the bride of Christ we understand the one true Church, or assembly of the redeemed, who shall for ever shine in all the Redeemer's glory; and the "virgins" of Psalm xlv., and the "daughters of Jerusalem," in Solomon's Song, fifth and sixth chapters, we may describe as the timid, longing, doubtful ones who fear to say, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His," but who can with the utmost truthfulness declare, "I am a companion of all them that fear Thee, and of them that keep Thy precepts" (Psa. cxix. 63).

"What is thy Beloved more than another beloved?" we find them asking of the royal bride; and when they have received her loving and admiring answer, they follow up their question with another more definite in its purpose—"Whither is thy Beloved gone, O thou fairest among women, that we may seek Him with thee?" The *questioners* have become *seekers*, and in the forty-fifth Psalm they are finally described as the blessed *finders* of the hallowed joy of entering into the presence of the King.

By the "virgins" in Matthew xxv., however, we cannot understand the company of true, though weak, disciples who cleave to Christians, if they fear they do not belong to Christ, for a mixed assembly is brought before us. Some are wise and some foolish; some enter into the house and are welcomed to the feast, while the rest are shut out from all the honour and delight.

Here, then, we have the professing Church at large, composed of false and true. Is there an equal number of each, then? It does not appear that Jesus ever meant us to get any definite idea of numbers, but of important facts, in connection with His parables on this subject. The proportions vary in the different comparisons, but the lessons taught are the same.

The wise and foolish virgins are contrasted in one respect only—the *continuance of their light*. Jesus often made continuance the test of true discipleship—"If ye continue in My Word, then are ye My disciples indeed" (John viii. 31); and John follows this up in his Epistle by saying of some who had departed from the faith,

"They went out from us because they were not of us" (1 John ii. 19). "He that endureth to the end shall be saved."

"Lamp" is the description of a profession of religion (Rev. ii. 5), "candlestick" meaning "lamp"; and Jesus compared His disciples to an illuminated city built upon a hill, and each of them to a lamp set up indoors, and giving light to everything in the room.

The lamps of the foolish virgins went out, because they had no supply of oil to feed them with; while the wise, who had oil in their vessels, were able to replenish theirs. The parable only shows a difference in *quantity*, but we shall do no violence to the illustration by including the thought of *quality* in the spiritual application of it.

God's palace is a temple, and the lamps of the sanctuary were to be fed with pure olive oil, beaten out from the berries with a pestle in a mortar (Exod. xxvii. 20). And "ye," said the Apostle John, "have an unction from the Holy One," and "this anointing [this holy oil] *abideth in you*" (1 John ii. 20, 27). All other influences that for a while make people seem religious will lose their power—perhaps in this life, most surely at the last great day; but, as Kent sings—

"Your sacred unction ne'er decays,
But, kindled once, remains the same;
Burning to everlasting days,
For God Himself maintains the flame."

But how may we know if our religion will stand that final test? Let us try the matter by the three-fold clue which the following verses afford (see verses 8 to 12).

The wise virgins manifested *care, caution, and humility*.

Cure.—They had not "hoped" their light would last out, in the indifferent style of those who hope they shall get to heaven at last, though they know they have no inclination to seek that better country now. No; the wise virgins had gone to those that sold, and had bought for themselves. It is personal business, this buying, and the heavenly goods are only obtained at one place (see Rev. iii. 17, 18). Christ Himself is the Great Proprietor of the sacred treasures of grace, and to Him—that is to say, to God Himself—all applications must be made in Jesus' name. He sells "without money and without price."

But "buying" also represents exchange, barter; and thus believers buy of their Lord. Paul gave up for Christ all that which, as a Pharisee, he once held dear, and gave himself up to Him who gave Himself for His people's redemption. What an exchange is this! All we can offer is worthless and defiled, and yet, in return for this surrender, He gives Himself, in all His

riches of love and grace, to the seeking heart. The God with whom we do business makes liberal terms indeed!

But *caution* and *humility* mark the wise buyers in this divine market. They do not boast the sufficiency of their store. They cannot part with any, for they have none to spare—nay, rather, as long as this life endures, they are always seeking fresh supplies.

“Whoever says, ‘I want no more,’
Confesses he has none.”

Those who say they need nothing, have nothing. Those who realize that they have nothing of their own, possess all things in Christ.

But there is yet another evidence connected with the wise virgins. The parable fully implies that the Bridegroom “knows” them, contrasting them with the foolish whom He will not know. “Knowledge” in the Bible generally means what we ourselves understand by it. We do not “know” some people whose faces we recognize, whose names and addresses we could repeat, and about whom we have heard many things, for they are not our friends. No confidential intercourse goes on between us. Personally we are strangers to one another. Knowledge in this sense is friendship—the interchange of thought, desire, and feeling; and the Apostle says, “After that ye have known God, or rather, are known of God.” “The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and He will show them His covenant.”

And those who are known of God will surely know Him as their best and dearest Friend. Can we tell Him our secrets, our wants, our sins and fears? Do we find Him nearer to us than any earthly friend? These are true tokens of being made “wise unto salvation.” A sense of need, desires after grace, and a thirst after the living God, are marks of heavenly wisdom, and those who possess them shall enter with the Bridegroom into the palace of glory, to partake of the “marriage supper of the Lamb,” and sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of God. See the parallel passage in Luke xiii. 24—30. That plain statement sets forth the contrast between the wise and the foolish in a yet more solemn and striking light, but each plainly declares that only those who are “ready” will enter into joy.

May we examine ourselves concerning our spiritual state, remembering that all “who love His appearing” shall see His face with joy, and that where He is, there His servants, His friends, and His real followers shall also be. Led by His Spirit to “seek the Lord while He may be found,” we shall be ready for that glad, that awful day, when He shall come to receive His

loved ones to Himself, and make the final eternal separation between the wise and the foolish, the righteous and the wicked, the false and the true.

“ Gracious Saviour,
Own us in that day for Thine.”

H. S. L.

THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

(Concluded from page 164.)

THOUGH what I heard of salvation as yet was but, as it were, in general propositions, as that Christ died for the chief of sinners, and “He that believeth shall be saved,” &c., from whence a possibility of salvation for me was hinted, yet so powerful an influence had it on my soul that it kept me from despair, and held my heart at the throne of grace. And, indeed, some glimmerings of salvation by Christ, together with a possibility of its being for me, were so intermingled with my forementioned convictions, that kept me from sinking into desperation.

About this time I was put upon some doubt about election, whether there were any such thing, and received full satisfaction from Romans xi. 5—“There is a remnant according to the election of grace.” But then, to know whether I was elected, this was my chief concern, for the notions I before had of the doctrines of the Gospel were not sufficient to comfort me now. I could no longer rest satisfied with knowing that God had chosen a remnant in His Son unto eternal life, unless I knew my own interest in electing grace; nor that Christ had died for sinners, without knowing that “He loved me, and gave Himself for me,” &c. I saw it availed nothing as to salvation to know for others, unless I knew these things for my own soul. God’s election-grace stood forth before mine eyes in an amazing glory. But oh, to know whether I was one of God’s chosen! I saw the inexpressible blessedness of those who were interested in Christ’s Person, love, life, death, and glory. But oh, the tormenting fears which at times racked my heart, lest I should stand excluded from all this grace!

I was once, I remember, reading the seventeenth chapter of St. John, and when I came to those words, “I pray not for the world, but for them which Thou hast given Me, for they are Thine,” my heart was as if struck through with a dart, fearing that I was none of the Lord’s, but of the world, and, as such, stood excluded from Christ’s prayer. And those words also were weighty upon my mind (Psa. lxxiii. 1, 2), “Truly God is good to Israel, even to such as are of a clean heart.” But as for me (for I went no further), from the first verse I saw how infi-

nitely good God was to His own people, and how unspeakably blessed they were, as interested in all His goodness, so that from those clear and demonstrative views I had of it, I could with my whole soul join with the Psalmist, and say, "Truly God is good to Israel, even to such as are of a clean heart." But then, from the first clause of the second verse, "But as for me," I took in a vast sight of my own misery, and was filled with fears that my state was just the reverse to that of those happy souls which were interested in God and in all His goodness. Yea, I sometimes found despairing thoughts forcing themselves upon me, as if I was irrecoverably lost, when under a prevailing fear that I should be damned; and, at times, I was fit to bewail my misery in a verse of Mr. Mason's poem upon Dives and Lazarus, namely—

"God's gone—He's gone—and what a hell is this,
To be deprived of everlasting bliss!"

But, through rich grace, everlasting arms being underneath me, I was not left to sink into despair, nor was I long without hopes that I should find mercy. The greatness and sovereignty of Jehovah's mercy and grace, the fulness and freeness of Christ's salvation, together with the indefinite promises of the Gospel, were as so many cords which powerfully drew my soul to venture into the presence of God, and prostrate myself at the throne of grace as a lost, undone sinner, as it were, with a rope about my neck, or as under a full conviction, and an open confession, of my having deserved to die the death. I was, as it were, brought before the bar of God, and asked if I had anything to say why I might not be sent down to the pit? And lo, I stood guilty! My mouth was stopped before the Lord, and I wondered that He had spared me so long. I saw that I had destroyed myself; and, if I was the next moment sent down to hell, I could justify the righteousness and holiness of God therein. That word was much to me upon this account—"The Lord is righteous in all His ways, and holy in all His works" (Psa. cxlv. 17). "Aye," thought I, "He will be so in my condemnation. If I am punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power, His righteousness and holiness will shine forth therein"; so that I had nothing to plead upon the score of justice. But yet my soul was mightily engaged, with the greatest intenseness, to seek life upon the bottom of free mercy and rich grace, displayed in a crucified Jesus. Out of the depths of misery I cried unto the depths of mercy, as the poor publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" And God's design to exalt His mercy and glorify His grace, in saving lost souls, did furnish me with arguments to plead with Him for the display of these riches in my salvation, as the very chief of sinners. I thought,

if I was saved, there would be never another such an instance of grace in heaven. And thus I have pleaded with God that He would display the riches of His glory in saving me, to show what a God of grace He was, and what wonders the exceeding riches of sovereign grace and free mercy could work for the most miserable.

Thus, as a poor, perishing sinner, I waited at the throne of grace, with earnest longings and some hopes that mercy would bid me live. I saw that there was grace enough in God to save me, and oft the language of my soul was like the centurion's to Christ, concerning his servant, "Say in a word, and my servant shall be healed" (Luke vii. 7). So have I said, "Speak but the word, Lord, and my soul shall be saved. Bid me live, and I shall live in Thy sight." I had faith in Christ's ability to save me, but oh, my unbelief! I questioned His willingness. I was surrounded with a crowd of discouragements, which forbade my soul crying after Him. But so powerfully did the Father draw me to Christ, by revealing His infinite fulness and freeness to save, together with His exceeding suitableness to my case, and that there was yet hope for me, that, though attended with fears, I was enabled to press through all difficulties, and to cast myself at the foot of free grace in Christ, resolving that, if I did perish, it should be at mercy's feet.

But, before I proceed further, I would just sum up the effects of this work of the Holy Ghost upon my soul. And by this He took me off from old Adam's bottom, of self-dependence and doing for life. By this He laid all my hopes of eternal happiness upon a new foundation, even the free grace of God in Christ. By this He made me low and loathsome in my own eyes, and Christ exceeding high and precious in my esteem. By this He made me long for, and seek after, holiness as much as happiness—yea, to esteem it an essential part thereof—and, in a word, by this He made God in Christ all to me, and everything else nothing in comparison of Him, so that I could say, with the Psalmist, in respect of desire, though not of appropriation, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee" (Psa. lxxiii. 25).

ANNE DUTTON.

HOPE is like the wing of an angel soaring up to heaven, bearing our prayers to the throne of grace.

GOD'S servants have to unmask the wiles of Satan, the depths of sin and unbelief, and to portray the conflicts which arise out of them, to help others, and to this end have to pass through them themselves.

LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR CHILD,—You ask me to pray for you. This I can say I have done many times, though so cast down in my own soul—can scarcely tell if I have ever prayed aright for myself. But still, my dear child, what a mercy it is for you and me to be brought to feel our need of prayer, and that we cannot be satisfied with a form of prayer, but we want access to the Lord, to be sure that He hears us, and will grant us the desires of our hearts.

And consider also, my dear child, the Lord's love and goodness towards you, to quicken your poor soul into life ; for it is a proof that He has done so, by making you feel you are a sinner, and bringing you to cry to Him for mercy.

And now may the Lord direct my heart and pen to write words of encouragement to you, and to show you, from His own eternal Word of truth, that His eye of pity, His heart of love and compassion, are ever towards those who are seeking Him sorrowing ; and He loves the babes in grace, and has provided suitable food for them, and says they are to be fed with "the sincere milk of the Word, that they may grow thereby," and that is, His sweet and precious promises. One is, "Knock, and it shall be opened." "Seek, and ye shall find" ; "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" ; "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled"—these, and numbers more, are to be found throughout God's Word ; and remember that these "shall" are God's own Word, that can never be broken. He has said it "shall accomplish that which He pleases, and prosper in the thing whereunto He has sent it."

I know you will meet with many things to discourage you within, and ten thousand fears that you shall never attain the blessings that your soul is longing after ; "but God is faithful, and will not suffer you to be tempted above that He will enable you to bear," so that at times you will find your heart encouraged, perhaps by hearing the Word preached, perhaps in the verse of a hymn that seems just suitable to the state or desire of your soul, perhaps in reading God's holy Word, or some other good book, and perhaps without any of these outward means, for sometimes the Lord will breathe into the soul by His blessed Spirit, without any word, such softness and sweetness that the soul springs in a moment up to the blessed Source from whence the blessing comes, and it melts into love and contrition at His feet ; and so, like the spouse, or Church, spoken of in Solomon's Song, it says in feeling, if not in words, "It is the voice of my Beloved," and rises in loving, longing desires to open its heart to Him. But she says, "My Beloved had withdrawn Himself, and was gone," so that the visit was so short, it lasted but for a

moment. Still, it was so sweet while it did last that hope is encouraged. The little faith, being true, is strengthened, and the soul goes on again with fresh vigour, longing to know more of Him, and to have the sweet witness within that his sins are pardoned, and that he is a child of the living God.

Now, my dear child, look into your heart, and see if you cannot trace out some of these living desires within it, and God Almighty, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, seal it with divine power upon your heart, and bless you with living faith, that you may lay hold of Him who is the only Saviour of poor, lost, guilty sinners. Look at that sweet hymn sung on Sunday morning, 330, also 379; and may the God of all grace bless thee.

From thy loving mother,

June 15th, 1874.

ELIZA BRIGNELL.

PROTESTANT EXTRACTS.

“THE Word of God is the sole, sufficient, and supreme rule of faith.” What that means is, that it is the sole rule of faith, worship, and life, and it is supreme over every other consideration whatsoever. That is a doctrine of the Reformation. It is a denial of the authority of ecclesiastical tradition, which the Roman Catholics put above this Word of God. It is a denial of more than that. It is a denial of the dogma of infallibility. Now we come to the second principle of the Reformation—“Justification by faith alone.” We thereby deny the mediation of saints; and we deny the intercession of saints; and we deny that there is any such grand treasury of which the Pope keeps the key, and out of which he can dole indulgences; and we deny, therefore, that there can be any salvation by good works. It is “by faith alone.” The third principle of the Reformation is this—“The one offering of Christ was finished upon the cross.” And what is this principle? Why, it is a denial of that absurd doctrine of transubstantiation which was never even dreamed of until the year 858, and did not become a dogma of the Roman Catholic Church until the year 1215. It is a denial also of the other doctrine of the Roman Catholics—“the sacrifice of the Mass.” The fourth principle of the Reformation is—“All human pretensions to sacerdotal power and authority in the Church of Christ are to be entirely repudiated.” What is contrary to this principle of the Reformation? We deny all the sacerdotal powers of absolution. We deny that either the priest or the Pope can give a dispensation from the law of God. Their orders do not make them anything but men; their orders merely indicate their profession.

Now we come to the political part. The heads are not enumerated here, but it is not difficult to enumerate them. In the first place, there is the claim of the Pope, which has already been alluded to by our chairman, which was proclaimed by that Bull *Unam Sanctam* in 1297, and which was first proclaimed in the year 858, namely, the supremacy of the Pope. Now, do not mix this up with infallibility. The doctrine of infallibility touches faith and morals, but the doctrine of the supremacy of the Pope means that all sovereigns of the earth and all their subjects have to yield implicit obedience to the Pope, even in temporal matters. Secondly, there is the claim of the Pope to be able to dethrone sovereigns in the same way as the Pope claimed to dethrone Elizabeth; only, unfortunately for the Pope, the English people thought otherwise. The third political principle is, that the canon laws of Rome—that is to say, the Encyclical letters of the Pope—are part of the laws of all States throughout the world, so that the laws of every State, in so far as they are inconsistent with the canon law, are null and void. The fourth political principle is this. The Pope claims to be able to dispense with the laws of any State whatever. For instance, in England, as to any particular Act of Parliament, the Pope claims the power to say to any particular person, "You are free from that Act; you need not obey it." Again, the Pope claims the right, where a new law is passed which he thinks is not subservient to the interests of the Roman Catholic Church, to annul and abolish that law. That is the fifth political principle. The sixth political principle is the Inquisition. You talk of toleration! You are, perhaps, liberal, and you say, "Every one is free to think as he likes in religious matters. The Roman Catholics, if they think they are right, why should they not?" I will tell you why they should not. Because, if they are Roman Catholics, they have no liberty whatsoever. If you can ensure them liberty while they are Roman Catholics, I say, do enlighten them, but do not interfere with them. But what is this Inquisition? The Pope claims to enforce and to compel you to believe what he believes, and he enforces you by depriving you of all your property, and making you a pauper—by condemning you to languish for the rest of your life in some horrible dark dungeon. He condemns you to be put to torture with thumbscrews and racks, in order to make you believe as he believes. He condemns you to be tied to a stake and burnt alive, as he did poor Bishops Ridley and Cranmer and others. But he does worse. He does what he did to Sir John Oldcastle. He did not tie him to a stake to burn him—that would be too merciful—but he hung him up in a cage, a little way from the ground, and just a yard or two from a great fire, and there he was left to roast to death. Now, the

principles of the Reformation are the denials of these claims of the Pope.—*From a speech by Lord Robert Montague.*

Good friends have come from places so far away to attend this meeting. I feel that we are like a little band of Scotch Covenanters on a hill-side, in the days of the grievous persecutions of Cardinal Beaton—a small band of determined men who welcomed each fresh recruit who came to stand shoulder to shoulder with them and die, for there is no denying the fact that the Protestant party is in a minority. All the upper classes have accepted Lady Salisbury's dictum, and have repudiated the very name of "Protestant," saying that it is "vulgar and out of date." They bow the knee to Baal—or rather, as Lady Salisbury did, they go on their knees to Cardinal Newman and kiss his hand. The middle classes are attracted by the candles, and music, and theatrical show, and attend Romish places of worship. It is only the working men that can be depended upon.

On Saturday I was dining out, and the lady next me indulged in furious invectives against Queen Elizabeth, saying she was a most wicked woman, and had murdered that saintly person Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, and that the Armada had nothing to do with Protestantism! That was the word which had been passed among the ignorant upper classes of England. Perhaps it was Lady Salisbury's invention, for it is a very new invention.—*From a speech by Lord Robert Montague.*

Dr. Vaughan, who calls himself the Roman Catholic Bishop of Salford, says—"The Protestant Church of England has lent herself unwittingly, but thoroughly and efficiently, to the service of the Catholic Church. Even the great cathedral of St. Paul's in London is being turned to resemble more a Catholic church than anything else, and a magnificent altar and reredos have been erected which could not have been more effectively designed by an architect in Rome, so perfect are the outlines and the decorations. It is now only necessary to provide the relics of the saints, and to secure the blessing of the Catholic Church, in order to celebrate High Mass." And Canon Gregory, who, I believe, is Canon of St. Paul's, was the other day pluming himself upon the advance they had made towards Romanism, and he said—"The only danger is the danger of a Protestant reaction."—*Lord Robert Montague.*

GOD will consume all that He hates to save the being that He loves.



"SHE COULD JUST DISCERN THE LIGHT OF DAY."
(See page 198.)

BLIND BETSEY; OR, COMFORT FOR THE
AFFLICTED.

SOME readers of this little tract may have been visited with severe and long-continued affliction—may have suffered acute pain of body in addition to what are called the evils of poverty. Let them read here an account of greater trials than often fall to the lot of any one individual, yet cheerfully borne by a young girl from the age of thirteen to twenty-eight. Let afflicted readers ask themselves whether they have had the consolation that so remarkably sustained her, and if not, from whence the difference between them has arisen? Let them ask themselves whether anything but the grace of Christ could have supported her under such accumulated trials? And if they have not yet sought the same comfort in sorrow, oh, that they may call upon God for mercy and peace, through the Lord Jesus Christ!

The writer of these pages was for many years intimately acquainted with the poor girl to whom the narrative refers, and was in the habit of frequently visiting and conversing with her, often watching by her bed-side when, to all human appearance, she was on the verge of eternity. Every statement may, therefore, be relied upon as a matter of fact, and, as nearly as possible, will be narrated in her own simple words. God grant that the reading of this narrative may be blessed to some minds spiritually dark, and that the light of life may shine upon them as it did upon poor blind Betsey.

She was born of godly, but poor parents, in the west of England, had been early taught to read the Scriptures, and had committed to memory many of Dr. Watts' hymns and his catechisms. For this blessing she ever expressed the warmest gratitude to God after the affliction which deprived her of sight. At the age of thirteen she could just discern the light of day, and very faintly, at this period, the dim appearance of objects passing before her eyes.

For some time she contrived to write a journal with her own hand, but it is believed that this was without the least aid of her eyes. It was an amusement to her, and the writer has often found her in bed so employed. Her spelling was very incorrect, but the letters were better formed and the lines more uniform than those not observant of the ingenuity of the blind would suppose possible. A few extracts will convey the state of her mind:—

“The Lord has deprived me of sight to read His blessed Word, but I bless Him that I had that borrowed favour so long, and above all, that He has given me a glimmering of spiritual sight,

which is far better. When I had bodily sight, I was too apt to think it my own, but it was a borrowed favour. I suffer much pain, but if I have a minute's ease, I will ascribe it to the goodness of the Lord."

Betsey's loss of sight was attended with extreme pain. During the first year of blindness, she describes herself as "blind both in body and soul." She remarks, "I knew nothing of divine things. I was supported under my pain, but could not see from whence that support came, till it pleased God to send a seizure in my knee" (a white swelling of the most virulent kind). "The pain was very great, so that I had no rest by night or by day. Then the Lord began to work upon my mind with terror, and this terror was heightened by the sudden death of a near neighbour, who was found dead at the foot of the stairs. I thought I might be taken off as suddenly, and having no hope, I knew that I must then be for ever miserable. I had hell in my conscience."

The circumstance of a large fire in the city alarmed and terrified her also. She supposed the end of the world was come, and with it her eternal misery. At her early age, and with a frame so debilitated by disease, this fearful apprehension is not surprising, and we know that God often makes use of such means to accomplish His great purpose of salvation. This was further proved by a dream, in which she fancied herself delivered from apparent destruction; and while hardly conscious of having awoken, she said, "If the Lord has thus saved my body, will He not have mercy upon my poor soul?" "I prayed, 'Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!' Oh, 'what must I do to be saved?'"

She was still tempted to fear it was too late for her to seek pardon, till a few days afterwards, a friend read to her the seventeenth chapter of St. John. She says, "Every word came to my soul quick and powerful as a two-edged sword. My soul was then set at liberty, though my sins were numberless as the sands upon the sea-shore. Jesus has washed them all in His precious blood. Eternity was no longer dreadful. I saw that Jesus was my Saviour. Satan, that busy enemy, renewed his suggestions, but I was enabled to prostrate myself at the foot of the cross, and he fled from me. 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.' His name, and love, and gracious words, have fixed my roving heart."

Soon after this period she thus writes—"Though I cannot see to read a word in the Book, yet sometimes I have such sweet texts of Scripture come to my mind, as though they were spoken to me with power. It bears my burdened spirit up. Those Christians who are blessed with bodily sight cannot sufficiently prize the privilege. When they are burdened, they can go and

look to the blessed Word of God. Let them praise God for it, and I will praise God that He applies His own words to my soul, though He has taken my sight."

The writer often heard Betsey speak on this subject with great interest. She had the promises of the Bible applied with power to her heart; so true is it that the Spirit of God doth take of the things of Christ, and show them to the believer.

And here it may not be improper to mention the great value which she had for the Word of God, always requesting her friends who visited her to read some portion of that "golden treasury" to her, and uttering most earnestly her desire that they would not neglect to peruse it for themselves, adding, "Oh, I would give all I possess, or ever shall possess, in this world for one half-hour's sight, to read part of that blessed Book myself!"

She remarks also, in her diary, how delightful were her dreams, so that she felt disappointment, on waking, to find herself still upon earth, but adds, "The will of the Lord be done. The sting of death is taken from me. My pain is very great, but I can rejoice in my pain, and bless God for my affliction. If I had a thousand souls and a thousand bodies, I would give up all to the hands of my Lord, to do with them as He pleases."

When Betsey was about fifteen years old, she was again permitted to attend the worship of God, and to join His people in commemorating her Saviour's death. Her knee gave her great pain, and with much difficulty she walked to the house of God. The writer can scarcely refrain from expressing the feeling produced by the sight of this poor girl under her peculiar circumstances. Her lovely expression of countenance will never be forgotten. She looked like one whose heart, as well as eyes, were closed upon the world.

At a more distant period she writes in her diary, "In my first setting out on my heavenly journey, I was kept in the golden path. I little thought what hard conflicts I should have with my wicked heart and the temptations of Satan, that busy enemy of my soul. I fear lest I should grieve my dear Redeemer, but I will pray to the Lord for grace to withstand all his temptations."

Some parts of her diary are so full of encouragement to the afflicted believer, that the writer finds it difficult to refrain from transcribing them at length.

Betsey's sufferings were more severe than language can describe, but she says, "Though the Lord hath allotted me a thorny path, He gives me strength equal to my day, therefore will I rejoice in my affliction. Sometimes, when I have been in company with the people of God, I have longed to tell them what God has done for my soul, but Satan has silenced me. He suggests that I have been speaking peace to my soul, and tells me

that it is all a delusion, and in a low voice, as it seems, whispers horrid things. Had I an enemy seeking to put my body into prison, how should I strive against and pray to be kept from him ! Much more should I strive against the enemy of my soul, lest he should get my soul into prison, then all would be dark."

After three years' endurance of most acute pain in her knee, a suppuration took place, followed by mortification, which brought this poor girl to the brink of the grave. Caustics were applied daily, and it was thought that nature could not support the abundant discharge.

In speaking of this memorable period she says, "I then felt a little of the sting of death, and stood shivering on the brink ; yet I could rejoice under all my affliction, because the Lord Jesus was precious to my soul, and I was enabled to cast my burden upon Him."

About ten months after this period, she had a similar attack in the other knee, which threatened the same progress of disease, and of as long continuance. It was suggested by her medical attendant that amputation would be the most probable means of continuing her life. She listened with humble desire to know the will of God, and was able to look to the painful operation even with comfort, for she says, "The Lord strengthened me, and made me feel His strength in my weakness."

On the day she was removed to the hospital, she says, "I felt myself happy. It did not belong to me, since the Lord had laid it upon me. He said, 'Fear not, for I am with thee ; I will sustain thee.' I left all in my Lord's hands. The world was then nothing to me, and when carried into the surgical room, I felt no wish either to live or die. The Lord carried me through, and supported me under the operation in a wonderful manner."

On this painful occasion, not a groan escaped from Betsey's lips—scarcely a sigh—and when the operators whispered, "She does not feel," she calmly replied, "I feel, but I have supports which you know nothing of."

A young student in the hospital saw and was deeply affected by her great serenity. He afterwards took every opportunity of visiting her bed-side while she remained there. She felt great interest in him, and prayed earnestly that God would give him that light which he needed, to show him who made her to differ, and wherein that difference consisted. She said she never felt her heart so much engaged in prayer for another—and what encouragement is there to fervent prayer ! The young man left the hospital, and while studying in London, fell a prey to consumption, which soon ended his days ; but he left a testimony behind of the blessed effects of this blind girl's conversation and example, to which he owed, under the blessing of God, his salvation. His end was

peace. A short account of his death was given in one of the monthly publications.

The writer would desire to offer a word of admonition to those thoughtless young students who crowd our public institutions, for whom sin has no terror, though enveloped in the thick, dark cloud of suffering which is the awful consequence of sin, and which impregnates with death the air they breathe, but the statement of facts is the thing aimed at.

The following extract from Betsey's diary is almost the last written by herself. She afterwards, in consequence of losing the use of her right arm, after six years' painful illness, engaged some kind friend as her amanuensis :—

"I have not known what it is to be one day free from pain, but I can praise my blessed Lord for all my pain. He has afflicted me with one hand, and sustained me with the other. 'All things work together for good to them that love God.' I trust He has given me to love Him, therefore I trust that all things will work together for my good and His glory. I have lost my sight, lost one of my legs and the use of the other, and am in great pain by night and day; weak in body, and given over by the physicians, yet all is for my good. I wish to lie passive in the Lord's hands, and know no will but His. I want to lose my wicked heart, and to depart and be 'for ever with the Lord'; but His time is the best time. I find that the temptations of Satan and my own wicked heart sometimes threaten to overcome me. I have many doubts and fears. I am the vilest of the vile, and cry out, with the publican, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' Yet I hope, through the blood of Jesus, I shall at last breathe my soul into His bosom—

"And, dying, clasp Him in my arms,
The antidote of death."

She was, however, continued nine years longer in this world of suffering, in mercy to many souls, who dated the commencement of their religious course to her bright example of patient endurance—nay, even joyful reception—of her Father's rod; while many, very many, had their faith and love strengthened by communion with this afflicted child of God.

(*To be continued.*)

YOU were as passive in the reception of grace as your body was in the reception of your soul.

If you have read the tenth and seventeenth chapters of John without anxiety, you are greatly to be pitied.

A THORNY PATH, BUT THE "RIGHT WAY."

THORNS are the workmanship of God. Puny man, with all his boasted wisdom and science, cannot create one living thorn nor a single blade of grass. Looking at thorns is one thing; but one of them in my flesh is felt at once, causing immediate suffering, and an earnest desire and effort for its removal. No rest is felt until the painful intruder is extracted. And so, in the circumstances of God's poor people, thorns are acutely felt—some in one way, some in another. Paul earnestly prayed thrice for the removal of his "thorn in the flesh," but it was not removed; and many dear children of God are praying now for their thorns to be removed, but at present no notice seems to be taken of their plea.

"He'll cause thee to bring thy griefs to His throne,
And answers of peace to thee shall send none;
Then sorrow and sadness thy heart shall divide,
Because He's determined His grace shall be tried."

God's thorns never go to the wrong house, to the wrong person, or enter the wrong place. All is appointed by Him who cannot do but what is right, and who is "too good to be unkind."

Though the thorn was not removed at his request, yet the Apostle Paul found, through divine teaching and experience, that "grace" was given—"sufficient" (however little it might have appeared to human reason) to bear his affliction and tribulation that had come upon him, or, as he says, was "given" him.

Does my dear reader know what it is to pray thrice for his thorn to be removed? If not, the writer does, and many times more than thrice; and many a time, too, has been heard and delivered. But, as dear Bunyan wrote, "When one trouble's o'er, another doth him seize," so is, and will be, the lot of all God's people, more or less, of whom it is written that it is "through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom."

And I have generally noticed the last trouble seems always the worst. "Oh, if Thou wilt only deliver me this once! Do, Lord, help me out of this trouble, that seems the worst of all! Thou saidst, 'Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee.'"

Oh, how many of God's poor people are in trouble in these days—brought low through adversity, caused by depression in trade, for, through the wickedness and Popish idolatry of the land, we see the judgments of God fall upon the commerce of this country, and the righteous suffer with the wicked in the solemn dispensation. How many cries go up to the God of heaven from the hearts of those in trade who "fear His name." Their hearts have been made tender, through grace, to "owe no man anything,"

and to beg of the Lord to bring them honourably through this life, to the glory of His name, which they hope they bear and love. On the bed, behind the counter, to and fro, in the field, through the streets, and in other places, the cry is wrung from many a heart—"Lord, help me!"

Now, poor tried sinner, I could not write this unless I had gone through it ; and, further, am still in this place. But I will tell you how I got a little help by the way last week. The burden of adversity, of depression and loss of trade, and the very gloomy prospect, as it seems to me, of getting worse and worse, lay with a heavy weight upon my soul. Many cries had gone up that things might change for the better, if it should be the Lord's will. But no ; things seemed to get worse. I wanted to pray about it, and went into my little room, but I had so often been disturbed there upon my knees, I did not stay, but went up into a top room, where I knew I could be quiet for a few minutes, and kneeling down by an old sack, I tried to call upon His name who "seeth in secret." I said, "Lord, for many years past Thou hast been my Friend, my Helper, and Deliverer. This encourages me still to hope in Thee. O Lord, do help me, for none but Thou canst. Thus far Thou hast brought me, and I thank Thee for all Thy mercies, though unworthy of the least of them. But do, O Lord, appear for me in what seems the worst trial yet," &c. I got up, and went to the window. It was getting dusk, my burden still upon my soul, when, upon the house-top close by, there alighted a sparrow—unusual for that time of the evening—and in that moment came the words and the remembrance that "one of them shall not fall on the ground" without the permission and ordering of its Creator.

Say, now, poor tried one, did that sparrow come there by what is called "chance"? Nay, it was as much obliged to flit before my face there—yes, just as much—as the ravens were commanded of God to feed His servant Elijah with the food He gave them to take him, and I went out of that room rightly reasoning that He who ordered the falling of that sparrow, how much more did He notice and care for me and mine ; and, though the deliverance has not yet come, and perhaps will not come at all in the way I want, yet that circumstance did, and does, give me more submission to His will and way, in His dealings with me, than did all the trying to lay hold of promises found in the Word of God in my own creature strength. Did not the Lord hear my poor prayer in that room, in giving "grace sufficient" to bear what it was not His will to remove, namely, the thorn?

The temptation was in my mind that the above was too trivial to write about, but the Lord uses such "base things," and His greatness is seen in such little things, and His power is seen in

using such "weak things," that I think—"Who can tell? He may make it 'a word in season' to some weary one who finds it a hard struggle to get through the 'thorns and thistles' of this wilderness." To such I would say, Be of good cheer, my brother—my sister.

"Though troubles assail, and dangers affright;
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide—
The Scripture assures us 'the Lord will provide.'"

"Fear ye not, therefore," said Jesus to His disciples; "ye are of more value than many sparrows"; and "Consider the ravens: for they neither sow nor reap; which neither have storehouse nor barn; and God feedeth them" (Luke xii. 7, 24); and "this same Jesus" is able to bless us with the same spirit and grace which He gave His servant Habakkuk when, in a time of trouble, he said, "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, and there be neither fruit, nor olives, nor meat, nor flocks, nor herd in the stall, yet," he testified, "I will rejoice in the Lord; I will joy in the God of my salvation."

So now, poor tried one, He is able to make "all grace abound towards us," and to "supply all our need"; and though we be "poor among men," He can cause us likewise to "rejoice in the Holy One of Israel" (Isa. xxix. 19).

July, 1888.

HOPEFUL.

"WHOSOEVER WILL, LET HIM TAKE THE WATER OF LIFE FREELY."

(REVELATION xxii. 17.)

THERE are many who believe that the invitations of the Gospel are addressed to the whole human race without distinction; but it is not so. All are addressed to character. As there has been controversy enough on this point, without my entering upon it, in a general way, I would fain come to close quarters, as far as in me lies, with those who take Father, Son, and Holy Ghost to be like unto themselves, because they have never been brought to know either themselves or God.

Here, then, are two words which may seem at first sight to have a universal meaning, but which run exactly parallel with such as this—"No man can come to Me, except the Father which hath sent Me draw him" (John vi. 44).

I was once among those who take these things in a universal sense, and, like hundreds more, I believed in Christ, fled to Him—in my own way—and was wrapped up in a false peace and a hope which was built upon the sand. I saw many draw back, and go from bad to worse; but in my case, "the law was laid to

the line, and righteousness to the plummet." I was brought to a stand, and became a fool (1 Cor. iii. 18), plunged into the ditch (Job ix. 31). Then, when Christ was revealed to me, He appeared a Saviour indeed.

Reader, how readest thou? Does "whosoever will" take thee in? Dost thou feel within thee a will to run away from all thy lusts, thy idols, thy pleasures, thy good name among men? Hast thou a will to trample under thy feet whatever stands between thy soul and Christ and heaven? Hast thou the mind that was in Paul, to "count all things but dross that thou mayst win Christ, and be found in Him"? Or do you say, like many more, "There is a medium in all things, and to make so much fuss is a fanatical delusion"? It is written, "He that hateth not his father, and his mother, and his own life also, cannot be My disciple." Is there any medium here? All this, and much more, is included in "whosoever will."

We read of a certain man who said to his son, "Son, go, work to-day in my vineyard." He answered, "I go, sir," but went not. In like manner, hundreds are now crying—

"I will believe, I do believe,
That Jesus died for me,"

who never really believe in Him. And why? Because they do not feel the need of Him. "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." They cry, "I go." Where do they go? Some go and confess to lying priests; some go to the "penitential form" at a worse Babel than that of old, and from there they go like the sow to her wallowing in the mire. These will say at the last, "Have we not prophesied in Thy name?" But the answer will be, "Depart! I never knew you!"

How is it, then, that any actually go to this Fountain of living water? What made Jeremiah "cry and shout"? What made the woman of Canaan so importunate? Why did the woman with the bloody issue press through the crowd to touch the hem of Christ's garment? The secret is this—"He that hath heard, and hath learned of the Father, cometh unto Me" (John vi. 45). Again, "Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power" (Psa. cx. 3).

Reader, hast thou felt this blessed drawing—that secret something which overcomes all the enmity of thy fallen nature? Hast thou heard a voice that has told thee all things that ever thou hast done? Perhaps even now thou art coming—a poor, weary, heavy-laden sinner; thy back turned on all thy carnal pleasures, thy vain hopes, thy fading joys, thy beloved idols, thy darling sins—trying to make thyself clean—to get rid of the heavy burden

of sin that is pressing thee down—divine justice crying after thee, “Pay me that thou owest!” If so, to thee belongs this word—“Whosoever will.” But, if you come with but one rag of your own righteousness hanging about you, or one penny towards discharging your debt, or one hankering desire after the things which must be left behind, then you are not included in this “whosoever will.”

There are two sorts of professors who start for heaven, but will never reach it—those who think to prevail by their own strength or righteousness, in whole or in part; and, on the other hand, those who presume that, because it is “not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth,” therefore God will save them while they sleep in carnal security; and both will be found at last among those who “seek to enter in, and shall not be able” (Luke xiii. 24).

J. J.

STRIVING TO ENTER IN.

JESUS, Lord, engage my heart;
Fix it on the better part;
Draw me now divinely near;
Fill me with Thy filial fear.

Weak, and poor, and blind, and vain,
Oft I at Thy feet complain
Of the various kinds of woe
Which afflict and wound me so.

Yet e'en at a throne of grace,
When I seek to see Thy face,
Busy crowds arise within,
Till my prayer seems nought but sin.

Anxious cares and trifles vain,
Creature comforts, toil and pain,
Hateful sloth and unbelief,
Hinder peace and cause me grief.

Satan often tries me sore;
Calls my past transgressions o'er;
Brings iniquities to view;
Tells of dark forebodings too.

Thus at my right hand he stands;
Mocks my groans, my plea withstands;
Fills me with reproach and grief;
Lord, arise for my relief!

Jesus, bring Thy blood to view;
Wash me, and my heart renew;
Help me to embrace Thy rod,
And exclaim, “My Lord, my God!”

THE EDITOR.

SAFETY IS OF THE LORD.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for Thou art with me ; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."—PSALM xxiii. 4.

DAVID'S confidence in the Great Shepherd supported him under his troubles, trials, afflictions, and distresses, which enabled him to say, "I shall not want," &c. ; "He restoreth my soul," &c. Now, in this verse the Psalmist seems to lose sight of all his trials, and is contemplating the passing of the "valley of the shadow of death," or, in other words, death itself, though we can hardly think that David meant so literally ; but, as in Jeremiah ii. 6, "through a land of drought, and of the shadow of death," &c., implying everything gloomy, difficulties, and trials, and these are very varied. We cannot mention all, but may consider—

First, the temptations of Satan—the frequent assaults of the great adversary. How many and varied are these ! What thoughts he injects into the mind ! What allurements and baits he lays to trap the feet of the unwary traveller ! What fiery darts he hurls at God's children, when there is a cry put in their hearts for mercy, and he sees that they are flying to the city of refuge, or upon their knees supplicating for pardon ! He does not easily lose his prey, but

" Worries those he can't devour
With a malicious joy," &c.

Yet God's faithful promise is engaged on our behalf, that, "when the enemy cometh in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him."

Secondly, the various dispensations of divine providence. Jacob says, "All these things are against me" ; and David says, "I shall one day fall by the hand of this Saul." Affliction of body, trials in our circumstances and families, bereavements—having to part with those to whom our life seems bound—our earthly prospects, and sometimes possessions, swept away ; wave upon wave following in quick succession—are not these things gloomy and trying ? And how hard to believe at such times that "all things are working together for our good." Yet faith is enabled to look into the distant future, and, trusting in the Lord Jehovah, can say, "Though all now seems against me, though the cloud is very dark, yet it has a silver lining." As one says—

" Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face."

The end shall prove that all was right—all was in love.

Thirdly, darkness of mind. Sometimes, after sweet consolation, Jesus hides His face. You cannot see or realize the sweetness of the promises. Dark clouds hang over the mind; doubt and despondency take possession of the soul; every hill Mizar and Ebenezer is hidden from view; and then is the time for faith to work, and trust alone in Him who is invisible. This, though a trying path, is a safe one, because, not being able to see the way, we still pursue the road "looking unto Jesus."

But the last enemy is death; for, though the Psalmist does not immediately allude to it, yet it must not be excluded.

" Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my All."

Yet, "though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death," intimating that it is a conflict, it is a struggle, and one wherein heart and flesh shall fail. Not that we are not to feel, for if we do not feel our distresses, we do not want succour and support. We bring our ideas to this—that the presence of the Great Shepherd will enable us to confide in Him. As to the universal presence of God, it cannot be disputed; yet, as our Shepherd, He is always with His flock. The Lord is with His people to cheer them, to support them, to sustain them, and to feed and protect them. This was the case with Paul and Silas, though shut up in the prison. With the Lord's presence they could sing His praises even at midnight, so that the prisoners heard them. Some of you can look back to some sweet seasons, when you enjoyed the Lord's presence—when by His light you walked through darkness—when His presence made the crooked things straight, and the rough places plain, and your will was sweetly swallowed up in His, so that you could say, "It is the Lord: let Him do what seemeth Him good."

There is no state nor place but the Lord is with His people. When He is not with them as to His sensible presence, He is present by His sustaining grace. As the Psalmist says, "Unless the Lord had been my help, my soul had almost dwelt in silence" (Psa. xciv. 17); and again, "I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living."

The children of God will sometimes say, "Oh, that I could see my interest in Him! Oh, that I could 'read my title clear'!" These breathings prove that His presence is with them, though they cannot realize the sweetness and enjoyment of it.

Again, God will sanctify His people. He sits as "a Refiner and Purifier of silver," to purge the dross, but to preserve the

precious metal. For this the furnace is needed, yet Christ is with His people even while passing through the fire. When He is sensibly with us we "fear no evil." This is the confidence that David expressed, and every one whom the Lord has called and made manifest as His has the same ground for confidence. Some of you have not entered the flock long. How apt are you to anticipate an evil which perhaps will never come! Leave to-morrow's trouble until to-morrow comes, and then, when the trouble comes, the daily needed strength will be forthcoming. Perhaps some of you are looking with fear to the season of death, and wondering how it will be with you then. Jesus has conquered death. It is a vanquished foe, and you will be "more than conquerors through Him that hath loved you."

"Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." What are we to understand by the "rod"? Some say it means chastisement, but God does not support or comfort by chastisement, but by the shepherd's crook, or rod, as in Micah vii. 14—"Feed Thy people with Thy rod, the flock of Thine heritage," &c. It means to feed and take the entire management of the flock. His care for His flock can never cease. "Lest any hurt it, He keeps it night and day." The Shepherd watches over them. No one can take away a sheep because He was asleep, for "He that keepeth Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps." Thus we see the Psalmist's comfort was drawn from the Shepherd's care. The rod and staff are in the Shepherd's hand. He takes the whole government of the flock. He leaves them not to hirelings or strangers. Oh, what a safe hand and keeping, then, are we in! If we are the Lord's, we are safe under every circumstance, in every condition; but if not, we are exposed to all that is evil, hurtful, and injurious without the fold, to whom He will one day say, "Depart, ye cursed! I never knew you."

Now, brethren, I leave these few hints. It remains for the Holy Spirit to make the application. This is the work of God alone. I add no more. Amen.

J. D. PLAYER.

EPITAPH ON A TOMB IN ST. IVES' CHURCHYARD.

BOLD infidelity, turn pale and die!
 Beneath this stone three infant ashes lie—
 Say—are they lost or saved?
 If death's by sin, they sinned, because they're here;
 If heaven's by works, in heaven they can't appear.
 Reason—ah! how depraved!
 Review the Bible's sacred page—the knot's untied—
 They died, for Adam sinned; they live, for Jesus died.

A TASTE OF THE OLD WINE OF THE KINGDOM.

My dearly beloved and longed for, my joy, and the crown of my rejoicing in that day when the Lord shall make up His jewels, when the precious children of Zion that are in this world esteemed as earthen pitchers shall be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and their feathers with yellow gold. I believe thou art or will be my own child in the faith, and I hope that thou wilt not be ashamed of thy progenitor, knowing that my dark appearance will not alter thy fair skin, though I may be of some use in adorning thy soul, or be a fellow-helper of thy joy. I hope that all sight and sense of sin is not worn off, and that the dear Redeemer's name has not lost its sweet savour. His name is as ointment poured forth, and this thou wilt own and confess whenever the sweet beams of His blessed face and the propitious looks of His blessed eyes shine and dart their rays into thy heart. Healing and health will attend the glorious rising, and the secret manifestation. Thou knowest not yet what thou art born to see. The Saviour will manifest Himself to them that the Father hath given Him out of the world. Hitherto thou hast drunk of the bitter cup, and hast experienced the days of adversity; but there is a cup of salvation and days of the Son of Man before thee—days of prosperity. And you shall see the curtains of Solomon as well as the tents of Kedar, and sing of mercy as well as judgment. God will not contend for ever, nor be always wrath. His anger endureth but for a moment; in His favour is life. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." So I predict, and so thou shalt be brought to confess. Be diligent, be much in private prayer, and be thankful for what He hath done. If conscience or Satan accuse, confess; if grief overflow, pray; if any glimpse of life or favour, be thankful; and acknowledge every hint dropped, or every encouragement given. This pleases God in Christ Jesus; and by attending daily to these things do I keep my soul alive, while numbers, unobservant of these operations, neglect their books, omit taking stock, and are daily running back in the heavenly trade, though godliness with contentment be such great gain, yea, "better than gold, and the revenues of wisdom are better than choice silver." No mention must be made of coral or of pearl, for the price of wisdom is above rubies. I bless God He is still with me, and precious to my soul. I make up all my happiness in my Shield and in my exceeding great reward.

Let me encourage thee, my dear daughter, to seek after, to cherish and encourage righteousness, meekness, quietude, peace, faith, love, humility, tenderness, diligence, watchfulness upon the hand of God, gratitude for what He has done, knowing that we

have all sold ourselves, and are enemies and rebels. While thou art mourning after greater things, do not "despise the day of small things," but acknowledge with thankfulness what thou hast. This is the fault of not a few, which God resents by keeping them in bondage, and making their chains heavy. Read 2 Chronicles xxxii. 25.

Ever thine,
W. HUNTINGTON, S.S.

JOHN BERRIDGE.

IF he had large success, he encountered great opposition. The neighbouring gentry, the local clergy, and the bishop of the diocese all bestirred themselves to put him down, and at least to put a stop to his earnest labours. The bishop used various methods to induce him to desist, but without avail, and warned him that his proceedings would bring him either to a madhouse or a prison. His predictions were not verified, and, through the intervention of Pitt, the Prime Minister, who had been a college friend of Berridge, he was not disturbed from his vicarage, nor stopped from his itinerating as long as he was able. He was denounced, however, by many who knew not his true and sturdy, his humble and loving spirit—sometimes as a madman, sometimes as a villain, and sometimes as a fool.

One day he was on his way to a visitation, when he was joined by a strange clergyman, who inquired, "Do you know one Berridge in these parts? He is a very troublesome, good-for-nothing fellow, they tell me." "Yes, I know him," said Berridge, "and I assure you one-half of his wickedness has not been told." The stranger expressed his surprise, and begged to have the wicked fellow pointed out to him when they came to the church. The conversation was prolonged as they pursued their journey, and the strange clergyman became interested in his intelligent and witty companion. Arrived at the church, the request to point out the notorious Berridge was renewed. "My dear sir," said he, "I am John Berridge." "Is it possible?" cried the other; "and can you forgive me? Will you honour me with your acquaintance? Will you admit me to your house?" "Yes," said Berridge, "and to my heart too."

The simplicity and transparent sincerity of the good man's character may be traced in his hymns, a great number of which, out of the three hundred and forty comprised in "Zion's Songs," were written during a severe illness, when he was wholly laid aside from preaching.

You will not want sins of action to make you mourn before God.

THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

(Continued from page 192.)

IN the next place, I would hint something of the means which the Lord was pleased to make use of in this work upon my heart, and the ministry of His Word was blessed for increasing my concern and enlarging my desires, though I found not that soul-satisfying consolation in it which I thirsted after. I waited at wisdom's gate with earnest longings to find Christ, and every Lord's Day the breathings of my soul were wont to be, "Oh, that this might be the time wherein I might find Jesus, and the manifestations of His love to my poor soul!" And though I found not Him whom my soul loved, to the satisfaction of my desires, yet I did not give over seeking, and my longings were increased hereby.

Again, the reading of God's Word was another means which was greatly blessed to my soul, both for the discovery of my misery and revelation of the remedy. The Psalms of David and St. Paul's Epistles were very precious to me. I saw such a ravishing beauty and transcendent excellency in Christ, that my soul was ready to faint away with desires after Him, and I impatiently longed for the knowledge of interest in Him. Might I have had the whole world given me—aye, thousands of them, had there been so many—they would all have been to me but empty, unsatisfying trifles. I so longed for Christ that nothing but Himself could satisfy me; and if I had but Him, I thought I could freely bear all the miseries and distresses which His people can possibly be exposed to in this present time, esteeming it a far happier state to "suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season," or to be the greatest monarch in the world that was Christless. The Spirit of the Lord did so blow upon all created excellency, that made it wither as the grass, or a fading flower in my sight, while the glory of Christ was presented in its super-excellent beauty and permanency, which made Him to me "the Chiefest of ten thousand." I saw such an inexpressible glory in His Person, as well as in His salvation, that He was to me all my desire; and the thoughts of an everlasting separation from Him, as the sum of all perfection and Fountain of blessedness, wounded me to the quick. Oh, that word, "Depart from Me, ye cursed!" How did it pierce my heart! Oh, what abundance did I see in that little word, "Me"—"Depart from Me!" "Oh," thought I, "if the Lord would bid me depart from everything else, I could bear it; but how shall I endure it, if I am bidden to depart from Him?"

I saw so much in Christ, that I judged none happy but those who were interested in Him, and none miserable but those separated from Him. Yea, I saw that an interest in Him, the Fountain of blessedness, was enough to make His people unspeakably blessed in the most afflicted condition that could possibly befall them. This shone forth gloriously to me in these words—"Happy is that people that is in such a case : yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord," with Hebrews xi. 37, 38—"They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword : they wandered about in sheep-skins and in goat-skins ; being destitute, afflicted, tormented (of whom the world was not worthy)," &c. The 119th Psalm was also very precious to me. Oh, how has my soul breathed out its desires to God for life and holiness in that Psalm ! I saw such a hateful-ness in sin, that made me loathe it ; and such an excellency in holiness, that made it extremely desirable to me ; insomuch that I once thought, "Well, if I must go to hell at last, I desire I may be holy here." This, though I can hardly account for it, I well remember. A sense of the wonderful goodness and forbearance of God did at that time mightily overpower my heart, which, together with the suitableness of holiness to the new nature wrought in my soul, I judge to be the reason thereof. And I cannot but think there must have been some hopes that I should find mercy at the bottom of it also, which wound up my heart to that pitch of love to God and holiness, although I was so far from the assurance of it that I put it as a question, as, "Suppose I should not ?" or, "If I should not find mercy at last, I desire I may be holy here."

And I may just mention a temptation with which I was assaulted. When the Lord had shown me the plague of my own heart, the filthiness of all my best performances, and wrought up my soul into hatred of sin and love to holiness, Satan set upon me thus—"You would not sin against God for a world. Your prayers are sin, therefore you should not pray," and he backed his temptation with this word—"The sacrifice [or prayer] of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord," by which I was struck down as with a thunderbolt, and filled with deep distress. I had but this one way of venting the bitterness of my soul, and if this was shut up, I knew not what to do. But it pleased the Lord to deliver me from the power of this temptation in a little time, by showing me that it was my duty to pray, and a great sin to neglect it ; and that, though I could not pray without sin, yet it was a greater sin not to pray.

As for converse with Christian friends, I had not that advantage, by reason of a temptation which I mostly lay under—"that I should prove but a hypocrite ; that my concern would wear off

as my former convictions had done, and that I should return again to folly ; and therefore it was better to say nothing." I accordingly endeavoured to conceal my trouble, but it was too great to be hidden from my dear parents. I could never read in the family, but my deep concern was very visible, although I strove to refrain tears ; and I remember that one time in particular, my dear father, observing the same, took occasion to speak to me about my soul, and would fain have known how it was with me ; and, though I longed to tell him of my misery, and bewail my undone estate, yet, lying under the above-mentioned temptation, I could say nothing, but only broke out into a flood of tears.

The concern of my soul now was exceeding great to what I had ever before been acquainted with, and was attended with this difference—in all my former convictions I was glad to get my trouble off, and ease of conscience as soon as possible ; but now I dreaded nothing more than that my concern should wear off without a saving conversion to Christ, and the Lord Himself speaking life and comfort to my soul. I knew that if I was left in a state of unbelief, to find ease and rest anywhere else than in the bosom of Christ, I must perish for ever, and therefore had a great dread of carnal security. I was desirous to be wounded to the quick, to be searched to the bottom, and to endure the pain of my wounds, until Christ's own hand should heal me ; and the knowledge I had that it was God's usual way, first to kill and then to make alive, was of great use to me, and afforded me some hopes that the present death and distress I was under might be but in order to my joy and life for evermore ; and, therefore, I feared the least interval of distress, if not upon a right foundation. That word was very terrible to me at such seasons, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." "Oh," thought I, "now I am going to be given up to a hard heart, and left to perish in a state of alienation from Christ"—not that I thought the Holy Spirit would ever forsake that soul where He had begun His saving work, but I feared that what I felt should rise no higher than His common operations, which, how great soever, do always leave the soul short of saving faith in Christ, and it was His special operations herein which I longed for. There was, I remember, an expression dropped in company where I was that did very much affect me. It was this—"The least drachm of saving grace will land a soul safely in glory, when they which have abundance of common grace may go to hell with it"; and oh, how I longed for one drachm of this saving grace !

Another means the Lord was pleased to make use of was a book that was cast into my hands, which treated of the happiness and glory of the saints in heaven, as it consists in a perfect enjoyment of God and conformity to Him. Its author I know

not, the title-page being wanting. This book was greatly blessed to my soul, to give me to see more of, and long more earnestly for, the transcendent happiness of God's people.

Mr. Shepherd's "Penitential Cries" were also of great use to me. Oh, how has my soul breathed out its desires to God in some of these hymns, and particularly that for communion with God ; * and, though I could not say, "My God" and "My Christ," yet I saw such a ravishing glory in Him as made me thirst after the knowledge of interest in Him ; and oh, how blessed did I see those to be who could use that appropriating word, "*My Christ!*"

ANNE DUTTON.

ETERNITY.

COME, O my soul, thy future glory trace ;
 If thou on Jesus dost believe, through grace,
 Infinite years of pleasure thou shalt spend,
 Which never, never, never, have an end !
 Yes, thou shalt dwell where saints in glory are,
 As many years as atoms in the air ;
 When those are past, as many to ensue
 As blades of grass and drops of morning dew ;
 When those are past, as many yet behind
 As forest leaves when shaken by the wind ;
 When those are gone, as many thousands more
 As grains of sand upon the ocean's shore ;
 When those are spent, as many millions more
 As moments in the millions past before.
 When all those blissful years, exempt from pain,
 Are multiplied by myriads yet again,
 Till numbers drown the thought, could I suppose
 That then my bliss in heaven would have to close ?
 Thrice happy then my glorious lot would be ;
 But still that would not be eternity.
 Eternity would then be just begun,
 The day of bliss just dawning, rising heaven's bright sun ;
 The concert opening only, banquet just prepared,
 First greetings scarcely past, first welcomes only shared ;
 The jubilee just commenced, the golden harps just strung,
 Just tuned the lute, first timbrel struck, and anthem sung ;
 Just caught the strain by east, west, south, and north !
 Their joy is inconceivable ! their happiness henceforth !

RALPH ERSKINE.

THE love of Christ flows through streams of blood, Spirit-directed into broken hearts.

* See SOWER for 1882, page 26.

LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—I am satisfied that nothing in this world will lay our souls under such strong obligations to love and serve the Lord as a sweet sense of pardoning love. When favoured with this, we may truly say that His service is perfect freedom. Oh, my dear friend, what a change does this produce in the soul of a poor sinner ! Here bondage, wrath, guilt, terror, distraction, hardness of heart, rebellion, and unbelief, with all the doubts and fears that we are the subjects of, all vanish in a moment ; and love, joy, peace, humility, contrition, godly sorrow, and repentance, are the blessed effects. This is being “filled with all joy and peace in believing.” Here the soul gets above the world and its vanities, and all its entangling circumstances ; above itself and all its corruptions, and seems lost in wonder and astonishment. The goodness of God has such an overpowering influence upon the souls of His people, at times, that is better felt than described. Nothing will kill the love of sin and crucify the flesh, with its affections and lusts, like this. Here our comeliness is all turned into corruption, and we abhor ourselves and repent in dust and ashes, renouncing all our works, both good and bad, as filthy rags, dung, and dross. Jesus Christ, and His free, full, finished salvation, are all our theme and all our desire. Oh, what love and sympathy the soul feels for Him in His sufferings and death, and mourns for Him as one mourns for an only son ; and we are made heartily willing to be nothing, and less than nothing, if possible, that Christ may be “All and in all,” and that His holy name may be glorified. These blessings are the fruit and effects of God’s everlasting love, flowing through the blood and righteousness of His only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ, into our souls, by the power of God the Holy Ghost.

It is now more than twenty years since I first knew something of these blessings, and many are the trials, troubles, and temptations I have been called to pass through since then ; but, through the Lord’s mercy, I continue to this day. Notwithstanding all the unbelieving fits, dark dispensations, and desertions that have fallen to my lot, I am constrained to acknowledge the truth of His faithful Word of promise, and also of my unfaithfulness to Him. Oh, my soul, in how many instances have I dishonoured Him, and my adulterous heart has gone after its idols ! And the Lord only knows where I should have gone, had He not stopped me by the powerful voice of conscience. Sometimes, when this has been the case, I have expected and feared that some sore judgment or affliction would come upon me, and that He would visit me in His wrath and hot displeasure, which I knew I justly deserved ; and then my sins and base ingratitude for past mercies

would stare me in the face, till I have called myself a thousand fools for my folly. But, contrary to my expectations, instead of judgment, He has again revealed Himself to me as a God pardoning iniquity, transgression, and sin; and then my heart has been ready to burst with love and gratitude to Him. This is heart-breaking work, which no language can fully express. You will find something of this experience beautifully set forth in the 107th Psalm, which has been very sweet and precious to me at times—"Fools, because of their transgression, and because of their iniquities, are afflicted. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He saveth them out of their distresses. He sent His Word and healed them, and delivered them from their destructions. Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!"

Oh, my dear friend, "many are the trials of the righteous," but the Lord has promised to deliver them out of them all, for "He knoweth them that are His," and He knows how to deliver the godly out of temptation. What an unspeakable mercy it is for such poor, guilty mortals as you and I, that salvation is absolutely free! For my own part, I am free to acknowledge that if it were conditional, I should be without any hope or expectation of ever being saved, but must sink into utter despair; therefore, I must say—

" Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
May that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee!"

Now I must conclude by wishing you every blessing that the Lord may see fit for you, that will be for your real good and His honour and glory; that you may be kept from the world and its delusive charms, and also from the many errors that abound in this day of profession; that you may be kept poor in spirit, and a beggar at the throne; and may the Lord grant that you may never be satisfied nor suffered to rest in anything short of His blessed Self, manifested to the heart by the power of the Holy Ghost.

That His blessing and influence may rest upon you from day to day, is the prayer and desire of your soul's well-wisher in the bonds of the everlasting covenant, the chief of sinners, and the least of all saints,

THERE can be no true appreciation of God in providence, but through grace.

If you have had a call from God, the weapons of hostility will be knocked out of your hands.

INFIDEL MAKERS AMONG NONCONFORMISTS.

MR. SPURGEON writes as follows in the *Sword and Trowel* :—

A venerable Baptist brother says—"Dry rot is more extended than any of us thought. People and priest are infected by the disease. Yet the Ruler over all can overrule it for good. 'The battle is the Lord's.'" This witness is true. Time was when for a hundredth part of the foul evils now tolerated in religious unions, servants of God would have lifted up the cry, "To your tents, O Israel!"

Complaints as to sermons ridiculing answers to prayer, speaking coarsely of the precious blood of Jesus, and denying the universal need of conversion, are common enough. We cannot spare space for instances, which would only give pain to faithful hearts. These are indeed very sorrowful matters, for they betoken not so much doctrinal error as utter ungodliness. Certain preachers seem to have taken out a licence to speak contemptuously of holy things, and they do this under cover of decrying the worn-out ideas of old-fashioned orthodoxy. One of our correspondents, by no means a bigot, says that, after hearing a sermon by a person of this school, he almost instinctively stood up to see what sort of people they were who would accept such talk as a part of public worship.

In one of our Churches, the dogmas of Purgatory and Future Restitution have, since the Baptist Union meeting, been so distinctly preached that many of the members have taken alarm, and are looking about them to know what is to be done. It is said that the famous compromise condemned these notions, but it appears that the holders of them do not think so, for they remain where they were, and are even more bold than before to teach their delusions. How godly brethren can remain in fellowship with them is a question which rises continually to our lips. There must be some few brethren left who have sad times when they come to think that their fellowship keeps the enemies of the Gospel in countenance, and that the blood of innumerable souls will lie at their door.

A working man, who is an intelligent deacon and preacher, giving us his name, and the name of the minister referred to, speaks of the old-fashioned orthodox teaching being held up to contempt from the pulpit—"The substitutionary Sacrifice and the Trinity were quickly disposed of, and the penknife was set to work. Whole chapters were cut out of the Bible. We were told that certain Books of it ought never to have been written. Verbal inspiration was utter rubbish, and ought never to be tolerated." As a consequence, the number of empty pews is appalling, and the people are told to console themselves with the

fact that mere numbers are no test of prosperity. The prospect of the chapel being closed is by no means remote.

It is with the utmost pain that we mention such instances, but there are still some who are bold enough to deny that there are any departures from the faith, or so very few that they are not worth mentioning. Of course, in that case, all that we have said is either wilful falsehood, or else the dark dream of a morbid mind. We assert that we are neither morbid nor untrue, but that around us there are influences at work which are directly antagonistic to Christianity, and that any one may see them who chooses to do so. The babyish game of shutting your eyes, and then crying, "Cannot see you," has been played at long enough. It is time that the most prejudiced should acknowledge that which everybody sees except themselves.

A week or two ago, a minister had been to hear a Congregational divine, on a great occasion; and, as he came out of the chapel, he said to a brother minister, "There is truth, after all, in what Spurgeon says. Ministers do make infidels, and this sermon will make a great many; and yet there are ministers here who will be delighted with the sermon." The subject had been, the infallibility of the Scriptures, especially the historical portions of them. The whole foundation of inspired teaching was abandoned. It cannot always be so that the Bible shall be degraded from its pre-eminence as the revelation of God, and yet those who are guilty of the crime be had in esteem as Christian teachers, seeing that God lives to vindicate His own Word.

[What a rotten state of things is here brought to light! Surely any who are the Lord's will ultimately be glad to come out from such unholy and blasphemous teaching. May the Lord bring about good results by Mr. Spurgeon's protest and action.—ED.]

LAW-BREAKERS IN THE CHURCH.—The Bishop of London has refused to sanction the prosecution of those who erected the reredos in St. Paul's Cathedral, and the Archbishop of Canterbury has refused to sanction the prosecution of the Bishop of Lincoln, for Ritualistic practices, unless compelled to do so by a court of law. The Church Association talk of trying to obtain a mandamus for the purpose.

THE most delicate, the most sensible, of all pleasures, consists in promoting the pleasures of others.

It is a blessed token of covenant love when the providential dealings of God are sanctified to bring sinners to repentance.—*Borrows.*

THE TENDER MERCIES OF ROMANISM.

ANTONIO MONGITORE was of honour in his own country. Born at Palermo, 1663 ; died 1743 ; was a canon of the cathedral of his native town, one of the judges of the diocese, and *Counsellor of the Holy Office* : and yet he gloried in the death of two martyrs, condemned to death by the tribunal of the Holy Office, who *called them mad*.

He, in the year of these martyrs' deaths, wrote and published a large illustrated volume, containing all the minute particulars of their condemnation, and the state ceremony of their martyrdom, which was declared to be "for the good discipline of the Catholic Church."

The following is a condensation of Mongitore's published record of this iniquity, taken from Colletta's "History of Naples" :—

"Brother Roumaldo, a lay brother of the Augustine Order, and Sister Gertrude, attached to the Order of St. Benedict, were arraigned before the tribunal of the Ufizzi, or Holy Office, in the year 1699. The former was accused of Quietism, *a doctrine which taught man's first duty was, the contemplation of the love of God* ; Molinism—the same views as taught by a Spanish priest, Michael Molinos, who died in 1696—and heresy. The latter, of pride, vanity, temerity, and hypocrisy. *Both were insane*.

"The friar uttered many things contrary to the dogmas and practices of Christianity, declaring he was taught by angels, the messengers of God, with whom he had spoken, and that he was himself a prophet and infallible. Gertrude also maintained that she held intercourse in the spirit and in the body with God ; that she was pure and holy ; *and made other declarations indicative of disturbed reason*.

"The inquisitors and theologians attached to the Holy Office had frequent disputes with these unhappy beings, who, *like all insane persons*, obstinately adhered to their opinions, and repeated their ravings and heresies.

"Shut up in prison—the woman for twenty-five years, and the friar for eighteen (he passed the remaining seven in penance in the monastery of San Domenico)—they endured the severest torments—torture, the scourge, hunger and thirst—until at last the longed-for hour of execution arrived. The inquisitors had condemned both to death by sentences confirmed by the Bishop of Albarucin, resident at Vienna, and by the Grand Inquisitor of Spain, obedient to whom the devout Emperor, Charles VI., ordered the act to be executed with the solemnity of an *auto-da-fé*. In the sentence of condemnation, the virtues, gentleness, and clemency of the Holy Tribunal were set forth, and their humanity

and mercy held up in contrast with the malignant spirit, impiety, and contumacy of the two culprits. The necessity of maintaining the discipline of the most sacred Catholic religion was further insisted on, in order to efface the scandal and vindicate the indignation of Christendom.

"On the 6th of April of that year, 1724, in the Square of San Erasmo, the largest in the city of Palermo, preparations were made for the execution. A high cross was elevated in the centre, painted white, and enclosed on either side by a pile, each about ten braccia (twenty feet) in height, covered by a wooden scaffolding like a stage, which was reached by steps. A stake was driven into the floor above each pile; altars were erected in different parts of the square; and richly decorated galleries were arranged in the form of an amphitheatre, facing the cross. In the midst of them rose a more elevated building of larger dimensions, very elaborately ornamented with velvet, gilt ribbons, and the emblems of religion. This was intended for the inquisitors; the remaining galleries were for the viceroy, the archbishop, and the senate; for the nobles, clergy, magistrates, and ladies, while the people stood below.

"At the first dawn of day, the bells sounded to penance. The processions then commenced, composed of friars, priests, and confraternities, who, passing through all the streets of the city, walked round the cross, and ranged themselves in the places assigned to them. The square was crowded from day-break, and the galleries were filled with spectators, who arrived in parties, or singly, and all attired in gala dresses, to witness the sacrifice. The space below was likewise filled with people, waiting the arrival of the victims.

"It was already past two in the afternoon, and tables laden with provisions filled the galleries, changing the scene prepared for gloom into one of festivity. In the midst of this gaiety, the first who arrived was the unhappy Gertrude, bound upon a car, in a dark dress, her hair dishevelled, and a tall paper cap on her head, on which her name was inscribed, with paintings representing the flames of hell. The car, drawn by black oxen, and preceded by a long procession of friars, was escorted by a convoy of princes and dukes, mounted on superb horses, and followed by the three father inquisitors, riding white mules. On the arrival of the cortége, the prisoner was consigned to other Dominican friars and theologians, for the last pretended forms of conversion. Another cortége then appeared, resembling the first, conveying Brother Roumaldo; and the inquisitors took their seats in the magnificent tribune prepared for them. These formalities being ended, the obstinacy of the culprits was proclaimed in a loud voice, and their sentences read in Latin. The woman was the

first to ascend the scaffold; and the two friars who acted as executioners bound her to the stake, and set fire to her hair, which had been previously anointed with resinous ointments, that the flames might continue burning round her head. After setting fire to her clothes, which were also impregnated with resin, they left her. The unhappy woman, now alone upon the scaffold, whilst groaning with pain, and the flames burning around and beneath her, fell along with the cover of the pile on which she was standing; and, having disappeared bodily, the spectators were still made aware of her existence by her shrieks, while flames and smoke concealed the insulted cross of Christ.

"Brother Roumaldo perished on the other pile in the same manner, after having witnessed the torments of his companion. Among the spectators might be remarked a dingy, melancholy group of twenty-six prisoners of the Holy Office, who had been forced to witness the ceremony. They alone among the crowd wept over the scene; for the remainder, either from cowardice, ignorance, or a false idea of religion, or abject superstition, applauded the infamous sacrifice."

"The three inquisitors were Spanish monks. I refrain from naming those who volunteered their assistance, that I may not disgrace their descendants," says Colletta, who gathered the materials for his history on the spot, about sixty years after the event. "They have, I hope, improved since the days of their fathers," is his commentary on the proceeding.

"*Both were insane*," says Mongitore, and yet they were sacrificed for "the necessity of maintaining the discipline of the most sacred Catholic religion."

These things were not done in a corner. Mongitore has made that plain with his pictures of the gorgeous procession, and the names and dignities of those who attended. And yet what a poor thing that Roman Catholic religion must be, if it requires the martyrdom of two unhappy beings whom they call "insane," "to maintain the discipline of their sacred Catholic religion"! How different from this "faith" is the Gospel "faith" as put forth by St. Paul—"Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." Ah! yes, even now we only "see through a glass darkly." There is too much self-righteousness in all our beliefs—too much of the Pharisee—too little of what abideth—"faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."—*Gospel Magazine*.

A MAN may hide God from himself, but he cannot hide himself from God.

THE TIMES WE LIVE IN.

THE erection of the Roman Catholic "St. Macartin's Cathedral" has been going on for the last twenty-five years, but money does not come in fast enough. Accordingly, it has been decided by the Popish "Bishop of Clogher" to try what the gambling business will do for the completion of the cathedral, so a great illegal lottery has been decided on, to be held next September, and tickets are being sent out wholesale. A correspondent sends us a bundle of these tickets, which she has received unsolicited, through the post, together with a long list of prizes, of the first and second classes, which the lucky gamblers will receive. The following items from the lists will be read with thirsty interest by all drunkards to whom the Bishop may send his lottery tickets:—"89—Barrel of Ale." "104—Case of Sherry." "108—Case of Sherry." "122—Case of Old Port Wine." "150—Case of Sherry." "178—Case of Champagne." "251—Case of Sherry." In the second class of prizes we observe the following items:—"105—Case of Old Port." "125—Case of Cognac Brandy." "175—Case of Hennessy's Best Brandy." The whole thing is a disgrace to the name of Christianity.—*English Churchman*.

MR. GLADSTONE has shown his sympathy with the cause of the Church of Rome in Ireland by contributing a special prize to a lottery held in Dublin, at the end of June, in aid of the restoration of White Abbey, Kildare. If Mr. Gladstone has no regard to his own consistency as a member of the Reformed Church of England, he shows, in this his latest act, still less regard for the law of the land, under which lotteries of this kind are clearly illegal.—*English Churchman*.

[The above extract, taken with those given last month, proves how utterly false our leaders have proved themselves to be.—ED.]

A CORRESPONDENT writes us with regard to the following advertisement, cut from the *Faringdon Advertiser*, and contents himself by inquiring, "What next? Is it a joke?"—"Publicans and others can have their sign-boards repainted at a charge of ten shillings each, on application to Colonel Edwards, Wicklesham, Faringdon. The money will be devoted to the Baulking Church Bazaar Fund." Our correspondent is amazed, and apparently amused. We can imagine some newspaper readers undergoing similar sensations when they read of the opening of bazaars by irreligious men. But there—is it not all for the glory of God?—*Baptist*.



"WITHOUT GOD IN THE WORLD."

I WAS blessed with the advantages of a religious education. My parents endeavoured to "bring me up in the admonition of the Lord." At nine years of age I lost my invaluable mother, and in my fourteenth year commenced my apprenticeship.

Hitherto I had regularly attended the public worship of God, and in seasons of distress, was wont to pray to God for deliverance, promising that, if He would bring me through the present trouble, I would forsake my evil ways, and serve Him alone. But no sooner was deliverance granted than I forgot my promise, and my Deliverer too.

Living now away from home, freed from the control of my father, and surrounded by persons who made no pretensions to anything like seriousness, I became indifferent; and before I was eighteen, I began to wear the profession of religion very loosely indeed. I ventured to despise the idea of being led by the nose on this subject, either by my parent or by any other person.

My companions often urged me to go to the theatre, but for a while I refused. At length, however, I dismissed my fears, and thrust myself into that place of wicked resort, and neither the warnings which I had often received, nor the chidings of a disturbed conscience, could reclaim me. Before this my conduct had been very bad, but now I became openly profane.

I had long felt it disagreeable to attend public worship, but now much more so. I never appeared there except when compelled, and then irreverence, or profane and impious scoffing, marked my face. As the service ended, I generally seized my hat with one hand, and the pew-door with the other, and, after waiting with contemptuous impatience for the concluding blessing, I rushed from the house of God into the world, as my only proper element.

Soon after this I shook off the slender remains of parental authority, and absented myself entirely from public worship. Having not received the Word of truth, I was given up to strong delusions, so that I believed a lie. I openly denied the existence of sin, of Satan, of a divine revelation, of Jesus Christ.

Was I happy in this course? No. I cried for mercy, yet went to the next amusement, and found nothing but disappointment. My Sabbaths were miserable, my life often hateful, and death, when I reflected upon it, was terrible. I sought for a true friend in vain, but at last I got married. Great were my expectations, and as great my disappointment. The want of work increased my poverty. I became abandoned, miserable, and almost hopeless.

In these circumstances a child was born to me, but the hardships which I had to undergo increased its father's wretchedness. In less than two years we were obliged to leave our dwellings not

less than ten times. At length we were favoured with three months' full employment, but the necessities which we thereby scraped together were entirely scattered again by a typhus fever, which seized on my wife, and confined her for thirteen weeks. During a part of this time my child was also ill.

At length my wife slowly recovered, and my slight fears—for they were slight indeed compared with our danger—very soon subsided. My affairs, however, being very crippled, produced great anxiety.

I was prevailed upon one evening to go to a public house, where I met with two strangers—free-thinkers, like myself. I denied the Holy Scriptures in so hot-headed a manner that they seized my hand, and passed guilty praises upon me. After a deal of talk of a very foul nature, they invited me to a tavern the next Sunday night, where a whole gang of such like wretches met for the purpose of discussing deistical and other matters. I was shocked, and I hastily said to my fellow, "Ah! a man may go too far." I soon parted from their company, and thank God that He delivered me from their snare.

From this time, though my principles remained the same, yet my presumption received a check. To add to my distress, I was involved in debt. Another source of misery arose from the seeds of discord sown in my little family. We were often jarring, and thus increasing our woes. I began to be greatly troubled. My eyes were in a measure opened. I believed that I was cursed "in my basket and in my store; in my going out and my coming in; in my lying down and my rising up."

Under the fearful displeasure of an offended God, I went out one night to pray for mercy. I earnestly begged God that He would enlighten my mind, teaching me what to believe, and how to serve Him. Though I knew that I had lived in wickedness, yet I had not properly felt "the exceeding sinfulness of sin," but on that night Jehovah made me "drink of the wine of astonishment."

The next day was the Sabbath, but I could not, on account of my very poor clothing, presume to appear at any place of worship. I therefore took Cowper's Poems, which, having no Bible, I then regarded as the best book I had. In reading the preface, written by the late John Newton, I met with a remark concerning the natural or carnal man, that "he would be glad to exchange his own life for that of a dog." This arrested my attention, for it is an exchange which I had often wished myself. But I was still more deeply impressed by another remark—that "he and his friend had often wondered why it was that they were so unhappy, till they discovered that they had lived 'without God in the world.'" These words, "*without God in the world,*" were applied with a

divine power. They entered my very soul. Every feeling within me bore testimony to the fact, and obliged me to confess it in reference to myself. I knew not till afterwards that these words were quoted from the Bible (Eph. ii. 12).

On this memorable day, the sacred name of Jesus Christ kept passing through my mind for several hours together. "Ah!" I exclaimed, "why should I think of that name which I have so long despised?" I had not remembered it for five years past, except for the purpose of deriding it. Still it dwelt upon my mind and melted my soul. "Jesus Christ! Jesus Christ!" I became earnestly desirous of a Bible; but, unable to purchase, I knew not how to obtain one. On the following Tuesday evening, this blessed Book was sent to me; and, as it came from a very unexpected quarter, I received it with eagerness and gratitude, as the gift of divine providence. Being now reduced to the simplicity of a little child, I thought, as I held the Book in my hand, "Whatever God may be pleased to teach me by this Book, I will obediently embrace. To what part of the instructive pages shall I first attend? I will apply to Jesus Christ."

I proceeded through the Evangelists, and then read the other books of the New Testament, every part of which served to enlighten, to strengthen, and to comfort my mind. I was astonished to think that I could ever have been an unbeliever.

The circumstances which had brought me for the first time back to the house of God were remarkable. Much more so was the text which the minister gave out. It was, "Will ye also be His disciples?" My feelings were beyond description whilst I uttered within myself, "Oh, blessed Lord, fain would I be Thy disciple!" I retired to prayer and thanksgiving for being restored to the means of grace.

Soon after this, my little son had measles. I expected his death, and this awakened within me a most earnest concern for his soul. I offered strong cries with tears unto God for mercy on us both. I besought God almost day and night to grant us an interest in the precious blood of Christ, for then it was precious. I burned all my wicked books and papers. The next evening I witnessed the solemn scene of his death.

I now began to attend public worship constantly. For several Lord's Days I was astonished to find that what I had heard preached so exactly agreed with what God had taught me in private by His holy Word.

I was much impressed under a sermon from "Neither is there salvation in any other," and still more so under one which showed the opposite characters of the Pharisee and the publican. Whilst the minister uttered the words of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" I felt a powerful ray of light darting upon my mind.

Could it be aught but a beam from the Sun of Righteousness? It burst upon my soul (then I felt I *had* a soul). It glowed upon my very countenance. It displayed the majesty of God. It showed me my extreme sinfulness and guilt, and it produced the lively hope that God had mercy even for me.

But the most delightful sermon that I heard was one which described the character and experience of a soul under the influence of the Gospel: I had hitherto looked more to the threatenings of the broken law than to the gracious tidings of the Gospel. Hence I was in general distracted by doubts and fears, but now these were removed. My feet were established upon the Rock, even upon "Christ, who is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." I will not attempt to describe the joy which I felt in these first truly happy moments of my life.

Since I believed in Jesus, though my portion has been scanty, yet "my bread has been given to me, and my water has been sure." My mercies have been "new every morning," and have filled my heart with gratitude and thanksgiving. Trials I find, and trials I expect in the present state. But when my troubles are so sanctified as to excite me to prayer, I consider this as a token for good.

Besides, my past experience affords me encouragement under every distress, for my greatest sufferings have ever been the forerunners of some special mercy. When was it that I was enabled to believe my interest in the salvation of Jesus Christ? It was when I was trembling almost on the borders of despair. When was it that I was most humble and most blessed? It was when I lay upon a poor bed spread on the floor. I never found that I had a Friend in heaven till deprived of all earthly friends. May I but know more of myself and more of Christ. May I but love Him more and serve Him better. May I but "put off the old man with his deeds, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts, and be renewed in the spirit of my mind." May I but follow the Lord Jesus through evil report as well as good report, esteeming it my highest privilege and ambition to walk humbly, closely, and steadfastly with Him; and having saved my soul alive, may He do with me as seems good in His sight.—*From an old "Remembrancer."*

HE who is most slow in making a promise is the most faithful in the performance of it.

It is vain to reason on the origin of evil, which we cannot comprehend. Suffice it to say, that both natural and moral evil do exist—yea, more, that they have overspread the earth.

BLIND BETSEY ; OR, COMFORT FOR THE
AFFLICTED.*(Concluded from page 202.)*

IN the ninth year of her protracted illness she says, in a letter to the writer, who was removed to a great distance from her—"I have lately been brought through a very painful operation, in the taking out of my right eye, and the Lord is, in infinite loving-kindness, heating the furnace still hotter. My knee is in a very dangerous state, and I am again ordered to the hospital. What the Lord is about to do with me I know not, but 'my times are in His hands.' He is a present help in every time of need, and a stronghold in the day of trouble. Christ the Rock is my refuge in every storm of affliction ; my shield, my hiding-place in every temptation ; my strength, my stronghold, my high tower, my defence when the billows roll around. Jesus, the good Pilot, in His own time will conduct the little barque safely into the heavenly port, and not a wave of trouble shall again cross my peaceful breast. There I shall praise Jesus without interruption, and join with all the heavenly host to sing the wonders of His love. While I am in this body of sin and death, my treacherous heart and the great enemy of souls interrupt me in my best services, and I cast many a wishful eye and longing heart to the heavenly Canaan, to see my dear Redeemer, and drop this clog of clay."

At another time Betsey remarks—"I find the promises to be my meat and drink—my comfort in every trial. Upon them I can rest, and feel steady reliance upon the Lord Jesus, though I am the vilest of the vile.

"I thought to have joined the triumphant song before this time, but I am still called to experience wearisome nights and days. A few months ago, I expected I was just about to enter the heavenly harbour. In the nearest view of eternity, my soul was fixed upon Jesus, the Rock of Ages. I looked for death as for a chariot to convey me to glory, to occupy my heavenly mansion, to see my dear Saviour in His full beauty, and to have done with sin and every care ; but the Lord, in infinite wisdom, keeps me a little longer in this vale of tears. His ways are hidden in the deep, and past finding out ; but He governs the armies of heaven and of earth by the counsel of His own will. The Lord has taken the use of my limbs one after another. Let Him take what He pleases. I will praise His name."

Truly did she realize the fulfilment of the promise, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be," &c., which such passages as the following will prove—"I find daily fresh supplies of bodily pain,

but blessed be the name of the Lord, I find Him a present help, and I can leave myself in His hands, to do as seemeth Him good. I am still called to endure much pain, but my Father who afflicts me with one hand, upholds me with the other. I have for some time been kept in a humble, steady reliance upon the Lord Jesus. I find the prospect of heaven, a heaven worth suffering for; and surely the possession of heaven is a heaven worth waiting for. Yet a little time, and He will come, and will not tarry. I shall see my soul's delight in His full beauty; yet I trust that I can say, 'All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come.'

"I am daily waiting till the Lord shall please to stretch out His almighty hand, and break the vital string, which I believe shall be my unspeakable gain. 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.' I trust He will make the waters of Jordan shallow, and give me an abundant entrance into the joy of my Lord.

"Though my bodily pain daily increases, yet I find my Jesus is strength in weakness, light in darkness, and His smiles sweeten every cross. My life is as a stormy winter. One tempest following another makes the cottage shake. The winter of my life will pass away, and my eternal summer soon dawn. The breaches cheerfully foretell that this tabernacle must soon fall. I rejoice to feel it dissolving, for I have 'a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' My Heavenly Father entwines the string of love around the rod with which He afflicts me. The heavier the rod falls, the more stripes of joy come with it. I know that all will work 'the peaceable fruits of righteousness.'"

In the midst of this delightful assurance, she was kept humbled, and often mourned over the corruption of her treacherous heart. She said, "Sin is more and more my burden. I abhor myself in dust and ashes, and admire the rich, free grace that plucked me from the jaws of hell. It is all of grace. I must sing the highest notes of praise to Him who hath washed me in His own blood. I am lost in wonder at the love of God to wretched me."

Betsey was alive to the best interests of her friends, and would most affectionately express that interest, always directing them to the inexhaustible fulness treasured up in Jesus Christ, as the following remarks will show:—

"I hope that you enjoy many of the sweet smiles of Jesus, and that you live near to heaven, and often look through the lattices, and take a view of

"Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where your possession lies.

"It is sweet to have Christ in the heart, heaven in the eye, and the world beneath our feet. It is sweet to be as a weaned child, and die daily unto sin. How sweet must it be to live with Christ, and behold His beauty !

"My dear friend, I hope you may have a daily acquaintance with the Person of Jesus, and that you may know more and more of the height, and depth, and length, and breadth of His riches. I hope you are hourly living upon His fulness, and out of His fulness receive grace to answer grace. I hope you and yours will have double portions of grace to go forward hand and heart in the way to heaven, where your durable riches lie—that you will keep the prize in view, that your souls may be animated with the prospect of glory, and that you may magnify the riches of divine grace. I long to meet you, to tell you of the Lord's gracious dealings towards me ; but if I should not meet you on earth, I hope, through grace, we shall meet in our Father's kingdom, to part no more. May the blessed Jesus shelter you under the shadow of His wings, and keep you as the apple of His eye."

Very many such effusions of Christian confidence were received during nine years that Betsey survived the removal of the writer from the same town, and many were the fluctuations she witnessed in the circle of friends, during a period of fifteen years ; yet the providence of God was remarkably displayed in the continual supply of her wants, by means of benevolent friends, and the wants occasioned by such a disease were not small. Continued exhaustion of her constitution required unusual support, and the power and mercy of God were manifest in providing for those wants, as they were to the Israelites in sending manna from heaven and water from the rock. In reference to this subject, she says, "The favours of friends are of great service to my poor, afflicted body, which stands in need of many refreshments, but I trust 'the Lord will provide.' He has said, 'Thy bread shall be given, and thy water shall be sure.'" Nor was her faith in this respect disappointed.

A Christian who frequently visited her remarks that, on inquiring after her health, Betsey would often reply, "I am on the brink of the river, waiting to possess my glorious inheritance. I am like a castle built upon a rock. The waves may beat against it, but cannot reach its top. I neither fear men nor devils. I shall soon be 'where the wicked cease from troubling.'"

To the same friend, in her last illness, she said, "I feel so serene in my soul—such confidence in the God of my salvation—that I think this will be the last conflict. It is as though I walked not by faith now, but by sight. That promise I can more fully comprehend than I ever did—'They that trust in the

Lord shall be as Mount Zion, that standeth fast for ever, and cannot be moved."

At another time, she said, "I am quite resigned to my Father's will. I would willingly stay, if I might be made useful only to one soul."

After expressing to this friend the great increase of pain which she endured, she said, "But I cannot tell you what I have felt in my soul, or what glorious views I have had, by faith, of a crucified Redeemer. I have viewed Him in the garden of Gethsemane, sweating great drops of blood.

"By faith I viewed Him on the cross,
His open side, His crown of thorns."

When in the agonies of death, and expecting that she was entering the valley, she exclaimed, with good old Simeon, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace." "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" Towards morning she said, "The Master calleth. My lamp is trimmed. I am quite ready."

On the Sabbath morning before her death, when her friend entered the room, she exclaimed with a loud voice, "Happy! happy! happy! Precious Jesus! I see Him face to face! I have glory in my soul! Can you hear? My Jesus is precious. I have seen thousands of angels around the throne. Glory! glory!" This was her repeated theme from Saturday night, at eleven o'clock, till Monday morning at one. She then took a little rest, and the last words she was heard to say were those which she had so often sounded in the ears of her friends—"Jesus is precious!"

A letter was found underneath Betsey's pillow after her death, not finished, and was no doubt received as a legacy by her surviving family. A few extracts will be interesting to those who have read the preceding statements:—

"My dear friends in the Lord Jesus, wishing you every blessing,—I send to inform you that I feel my earthly tabernacle fast dissolving, but I am rejoicing that I shall soon occupy 'a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' I have been in the furnace of affliction fifteen years and a half, but I have found my dear Jesus a precious help in time of need. Under my severest pains I have enjoyed the greatest comforts. I know it is the cup which my Father hath given me. It is a wholesome portion. My sufferings have been inexpressible, but streams of heavenly bliss have been mixed with every pain.

"I praise my Lord for all the way He has led me through life. It has been the way of righteousness, though amidst the paths of judgment. His will be done. I have long lived upon the interest

of my substance. I am now going to take full possession of it. I feel every storm blows me nearer to the port of endless rest.

"I have had sweet glimpses of my glorious Jesus, which have appeared like the fervent sun to dazzle the beholder, and have filled my soul with light and life—such joys as I cannot express with mortal language. I have had a glimpse of my dear Redeemer approaching the celestial gates, with a crown of glory in one hand, and a robe of righteousness in the other. I beheld Him foremost in the throng, followed by glorified spirits and angels, waiting to welcome my spirit to glory, where my dear Jesus will receive me to His bosom, clothe me with His spotless robe, and crown me with glory. He will present me to His Father before the throne, spotless through His atoning blood, brought through much tribulation to heighten the triumphs of glory, to exchange a state of warfare for a state of victory, to be 'more than conqueror, through Him that loved me, and washed me from my sins in His own blood.' I shall shout, 'Victory, victory to the Lamb!'

"I now feel as a person fatigued with the toils of the day, wishing to lie down to rest; so I am looking for the evening of death to undress from these rags of flesh, and lie down and sleep with Jesus, and 'then shall I be satisfied when I awake with His likeness.' Then prayer shall be exchanged for praise, faith for perfect sight, and the cross for the crown.

"Blessed be God, I am kept fixed upon the Rock of Ages. All is serene; all is peace within. I am as a weaned child. I am dying to everything here, and cleaving to, and leaning upon, the Lord Jesus, who has long been the Foundation of my hope, and is now increasingly precious. He is my Refuge in every storm—my Stronghold in the day of trouble. I am an unworthy sinner, saved by free grace to inherit everlasting glory. The day of my death will be better than the day of my birth, for Jesus is my Portion, heaven is my home, and angels and glorified spirits will be my companions, and I shall join them in the song of praise to the Lamb that was slain.

"While in this prison of clay, I rejoice to have such sweet glimpses of heaven through the key-hole of my prison. It gives me joy to feel that the bolts of my prison door are taking down, and that soon my soul will fly to the bosom of my Saviour.

" When shall my disimprisoned soul
View Jesus at the door?
Be with His likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more?

"A person who had a long journey to go home, and who was much weather-beaten with the storm, would find it good to have a lift by the way; so every storm of affliction has carried me

nearer to the desired haven, and this last storm has been a great lift to bring me in prospect of my eternal home. I am waiting at the edge of the river to hear Jesus say, 'Come up hither.' Then shall I commit my spirit to His bosom, knowing in whom I have believed. 'Father, I will that those whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory.'

"I shall shout 'Victory! Victory!' as I land upon the heavenly shores, a monument of the Redeemer's love. The prospect of heaven is brighter and brighter to my view. The sound of the praises of glorified spirits has filled my soul with inexpressible joy. I am rejoicing that I shall soon join them, to sing the praises of the Redeemer to all eternity."

A SINNER'S PLEA.

PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at Thy feet
A guilty rebel lies;
And upward to the mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

Oh, let not justice frown me hence!
Stay, stay the vengeful storm!
Forbid it that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm.

If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears but those which Thou hast shed;
No blood but Thou hast spilt.

Think of Thy sorrows, dearest Lord,
And all my sins forgive;
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

S. TURNER.

IF Satan were permitted, he would delight in destroying the faith, rooting out the love, and overcoming the patience of the elect of God; but this he shall never be able to do.

WHY are we to preach that sinners should repent? For the same reason that Ezekiel preached to the dry bones, though they were very dry. We are equally powerless to raise the spiritually dead, or to comfort and edify believers in Christ.

OBITUARY OF ABRAHAM BRISTOW.

OUR dear friend, the subject of the present notice, entered his eternal rest on Monday, June 25th, 1888, in the fiftieth year of his age.

He was called by grace in very early years, and passed through soul-trouble of a severe nature, which distressed him, and indeed affected him in bodily health; but the Lord, who is rich in mercy, revealed Himself to him, which restored him and gave him hope, so that he rejoiced in covenant love and mercy, flowing through Christ Jesus the Lord.

As he now felt a love to the Lord, His people, and His ways, he desired to join the Church, and was baptized at the age of seventeen by Mr. Sharp, at Mount Zion Chapel, Ramsgate, where he continued to be a member until, in the order of Providence, he was removed to Deptford in the year 1871, and attended the ministry of Mr. Boorne at Devonshire Road Chapel, Greenwich, and profited much under the preaching of the Word, and would often express how much he felt the power of the truths he spake, the affection he felt towards him, and the desire to converse upon the blessed truths he loved.

Such was his attachment to the Lord's people that he was always glad to have an opportunity to converse upon the things of God, his delight being in the ways of God and in the company of His people.

Being of a weakly constitution, he suffered much in various ways, and thus knew and felt the meaning of the Scripture, "In the world ye shall have tribulation." He also knew and enjoyed at various times the sweetness of that "peace which passeth understanding," which sustained him amid his tribulated path and many infirmities, and whereby a cheerfulness rested upon his spirit with gladness and simplicity without levity.

His daily labour being mostly among men of the world, he did not find congenial companionship. On the contrary, some few, chiefly coal-whippers, with whom he had often much to do, grieved him by their ungodliness, to whom he would, at suitable opportunities, speak a warning word, showing them the error of their ways, the solemnity of death, and the consequences of living and dying in sin. They, however, listened to his cautions and counsel, and upon the whole he gained respect among them and other of his fellow-workmen; and thus, by the grace of God, his lot was maintained for many years.

In his last illness, which ended his days, we visited him many times, and found it good to do so. The Scripture was his companion, and it was his pleasure to talk of the Word as opportunity

offered ; and during his illness many parts were opened up to him with sweet and solemn interest. We felt that he was under the blessing of all blessings—the Word of God abiding in his heart—and thus, when laid aside by affliction, he found it a well-spring of life, a living fountain.

On one occasion, during a visit to him, he spoke of his sufferings of body and the weak state he was in, and said that, but for the inward support he felt of peace, he must have sunk under his affliction. This was but one out of many such seasons when he sweetly enjoyed the favour of Heaven. Many profitable conversations have we had together in the years that are past, both in days of health and affliction ; and, like the two dear disciples who went to Emmaus sad and cast down, we have compared notes together under various circumstances of trial, affliction, and sorrow ; and we trust we could say that we had the sweet light of heaven to shine upon our pathway.

Thus we lived in the affection of each other, and communed as we journeyed along of the goodness and love of God, and the blessedness of the reality of divine truths ; and, though his lot was a poor one in this world, yet he oftentimes felt that he would not change places with others who seemed to have a worldling's portion only. He, like Moses, "chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."

Our desire in writing the foregoing is to exalt the grace of God, and show the wonders of His love to His poor and afflicted people in this wilderness world. The Lord's supporting power, under circumstances so adverse to the natural man, sustains the weak believer, and confirms to His dear people His precious Word and promise. Thus our dear friend found it to be a treasure in affliction, and realized its worth in a measure which he esteemed as sweet, blessed, and instructive.

May it be our mercy so to live upon the Bread of Life sent down from heaven, and thus find the simplicity of the way, the delights of the sweet and blessed provision of the Lord's own providing, the supporting and sustaining power of the work of grace upon the heart, revealing Christ Jesus the Lord to our soul as the hope of glory, our portion, and our all ; and may we bless the Lord that He thus condescends to men of low estate, and to put the treasure into the earthen vessel, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of the creature.

The mortal remains of the dear departed one were interred at Brockley Cemetery on Saturday, June 30th, 1888, by Mr. Boorne, who delivered a suitable address to a goodly number of friends assembled, who loved and respected the deceased.

Thus we may bless the Lord for His goodness in the removal of our friend, and join with the poet when he says—

“ We give Thee thanks, we sing Thy praise,
For calling thus Thy children home,
And shortening tribulation's days,
To hide them in the peaceful tomb.”

July 28th, 1888.

AN OUTCAST.

THE LATE REV. JOHN NEWTON'S FAMILY BIBLE.

[The following is in Newton's handwriting, upon the fly-leaf of a Bible in the possession of Mr. W. H. Collingridge.]

JOHN NEWTON, the son of John and Elizabeth Newton, born 24th July, 1723, at London; and married Mary, the daughter of George and Elizabeth Catlett, of Chatham, the 1st of February, 1750.

*Ex illo mihi posteri
Flerent Sole Dies.*

My dearest, much-beloved wife, the partner of my joys, sorrows, and cares, the hinge upon which all the principal events of my life turned, was, by the Lord's undeserved goodness, continued to me more than forty years. A lingering and trying illness of two years terminated in her removal from this state of sin and sorrow, on Wednesday, the 15th December, 1790, at a quarter past ten in the evening. I was hanging over her, with a candle in my hand, when she breathed her last without a struggle. The Sunday before, not having freedom to speak, at my request she held up her hand, and waved it several times, in token that her heart was in peace. She knew herself to be a sinner, and all her hopes were founded on Jesus, the sinner's Friend. In Him, I trust, she fell asleep, and is now before the throne. I hope shortly to join her there. Too long she was the idol of my heart; and I fear there was too much idolatry in my affection, to the last day of her life. The closing dispensation was well suited to convince me of my folly, and to humble me for it. I humbly hoped the Lord pardoned us both. Though He caused grief, He had compassion. He supported her; endowed her with wonderful patience under great sufferings. He supported me. I preached not one sermon the less, either for her illness or her death; and I was enabled to preach her funeral sermon myself, from Habak. iii. 17, 18, on the 23rd December. “Praise the Lord, O my soul.”

My dear Betsy will take care of this Bible, to which the brief records of her family are prefixed.—JOHN NEWTON, the 10th May, 1791.

THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

To walk with God doth necessarily suppose *a way* in which both God and the soul walk, which may be considered either comprehensively or distributively.

1. *Comprehensively.* And so Christ is the Way (John xiv. 6)—God's Way to us, and our Way to God, and also the Way in which our mutual fellowship is maintained. I before considered Christ as the great *meeting-place*, where God and the soul are agreed; and now I would hint something of His being the great *walking-place*, where every step of their delightful solace in and with each other is taken. And He is so—

First, in His Person *as Mediator*. Hence His name is called Emmanuel—"God with us" (Matt. i. 23); and the same Person who is called "a Child born" is likewise styled "the Mighty God" (Isa. ix. 6), with many other places of the like import. And "in Him dwells all the fulness of the Godhead bodily," or substantially (Col. ii. 9). All the infinite perfections and Persons of the Divine Being dwell in Him. The Father, Son, and Spirit dwell in Christ. Thus the Apostle says (John i. 7), "If we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another." By "light," or holiness, in this text, as I conceive, we are first to understand Christ Himself, the true Light, as he elsewhere calls Him (John i. 9). God, says he, is in Christ, dwells in Him, walks in Him; and if we walk where He walks, "we have fellowship one with another."

Secondly, we may take light *derivatively*, for all that holiness the saints receive out of Christ's fulness. But both comes much to one for my purpose, for none can walk in true holiness but such as walk in Christ. And in Ephesians i. 3, we are said to be blessed in Him, according as we were chosen in Him (ver. 4); and to be made "accepted in the Beloved" (ver. 6)—in the Person of the Beloved, antecedent to our being made accepted in the righteousness of the Beloved, which follows (ver. 7).

And oh, how gloriously is infinite wisdom displayed in the constitution of the Person of Christ! Well may He be called "Wisdom" (Prov. viii. 12), and His name "Wonderful" (Isa. ix. 6), because His Person is a wonder. "Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness; God was manifest in the flesh" (1 Tim. iii. 16).

Here now, in Christ the Way, as the Man, God's Fellow (Zech. xiii. 7)—the high and lofty One that inhabits eternity (Isa. lvii. 15)—God can maintain the freest converse with man, a creature of yesterday (Job viii. 9), the work of His hands, without debasing His infinite majesty; yea, to the honour of all His divine perfections, for in Christ "all the promises of God are

yea and amen, to the glory of God by us" (2 Cor. i. 20); and this promise among the rest, of His dwelling in us and walking in us (2 Cor. vi. 16). And when the Psalmist would meditate on all God's wondrous works and talk of His doings, he takes a view of Him as marching on with His people in this way. And that this is to the glory of His divine Being is manifest by the following words—"Who is so great a God as our God?" as if he should say, "Thou hast by this Thy walk with us in Christ, glorified Thyself as God, according to Thine infinite greatness." And when the Lord promised to place His tabernacle among His people of old (Lev. xxvi. 11), His next words are, "And My soul shall not abhor you, but I will walk among you, and will be your God, and ye shall be My people." God walked among His people of old by the visible tokens of His presence in the tabernacle, as a type of His walking with us in New Testament times in His Son, the body of whose flesh is a greater and more perfect tabernacle, which all the train of the Godhead's glory fills (Heb. ix. 11; Isa. vi. 1). And as the Person of Christ, as Mediator, is the way in which God walks with us, to the glory of all His divine perfections, so also His Person, as such, is the way in which we walk with God, to the full and unspeakable joy of our souls (1 John i. 4).

Were we to approach an absolute God, we should be but like dry stubble to consuming fire (Job xiii. 25; Heb. xii. 29). But oh, here it is we converse with Infinite Majesty dwelling in our clay, clothed with our flesh; and so the displays of His glory are delightful, and not destructive to us. Thus (John i. 14), "the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." It was His glory who was the brightness of His Father's, the express character of His Person (Heb. i. 3), and the undivided glory of the essence, being equally the same in all the Three Persons in God. Hence it is that our Lord says, "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father" (John xiv. 9), because in the Person of Christ we behold the same essential glory that is in the Person of the Father, and also in the Person of the Holy Ghost, He being God equal with Both; and we behold the Personal glory of all the Three radiantly displayed in the face of Jesus, as 2 Corinthians iv. 6—"For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ," which is so far from destroying us that it becomes the ministration of life, "while we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory." Oh, amazing, that the bush should be on fire, and yet not consumed (Exod. iii. 2); that the Godhead

should dwell in the Man Christ, Personally, in all its flaming glories, and yet the nature not be consumed, but preserved; and through Him in all *His* relatively. Well might Moses say, "I will now turn aside and see this great sight." Thus Christ is the Way in His Person as Mediator—the great Medium of converse between God and creatures. But—

Secondly, He is also the Way as our Kinsman-Redeemer, that has obtained eternal redemption for us (Heb. ix. 12); and as such He is the great Medium of converse between God and sinners, in which is comprised both His suretyship *undertakings* in the everlasting covenant, and also His suretyship *performances* in the fulness of time. He not only voluntarily undertook to pay the vast sums we owed, from whence it became a righteous thing with God to demand satisfaction at His hands, but He also, in the fulness of time, assumed our nature (Heb. ii. 16), sustained our persons (Col. i. 18), fulfilled the law for us, bare our sins (1 Peter ii. 24), was made a curse (Gal. iii. 13), conflicted with the powers of darkness (Luke xxii. 53), endured His Father's wrath (Matt. xxvii. 46), and at last died in our room (Rom. v. 6), descended into the grave (Eph. iv. 9), and rose again for our justification (Rom. iv. 25); and having finished His work below, He ascended to glory in the triumphs of His conquest (Eph. iv. 10), attended with the chariots of God and the shouts of thousands of angels, as "the Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle" (Psa. lxxviii. 17, 18, with xlvii. 5 and xxiv. 8); and, as our great representing Head, He entered into the holiest of all, and sat down at the right hand of the Majesty on high (Heb. ix. 24; i. 3). And by this discharge of His suretyship engagements He has answered all the law's demands (Rom. x. 4), satisfied justice (Isa. xlii. 21), made an end of sin (Dan. ix. 24), spoiled principalities and powers (Col. ii. 15), made reconciliation for iniquity, and brought in an everlasting righteousness; yea, has brought us in it, in His own Person, into the presence of His and our Father (John xx. 17), presenting us "in the body of His flesh, through death, holy and unblameable and unproveable in His sight" (Col. i. 22). Thus Christ is the Way in what He is to us, and has done for us, in which God walks with His poor sinful children.

Here all the divine perfections harmonize. "Mercy and truth meet together, righteousness and peace kiss each other" (Psa. lxxxv. 10). Here it is that "God can be just, and yet the Justifier of him that believeth in Jesus" (Rom. iii. 26)—just to "forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John i. 9); just in abundant pardon, multiplying to pardon the multiplied sins of our daily provocations (Isa. lv. 7); and it was the glorious display of this grace that made the Prophet

break forth, as being filled with astonishing wonder (Micah vii. 18)—“Who is a God like unto Thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of His heritage? He retaineth not His anger for ever, because He delighteth in mercy.”

Here is room for God to walk with us in His everlasting kindness (Isa. liv. 8); covenant faithfulness (Psa. lxxx. 33); abundant goodness (Jer. xxxi. 14); infinite wisdom, ordering all things for our good (Eph. i. 8; Rom. viii. 28); and in His almighty power sustaining us under our weakness, defending us from our enemies, by which we are kept as in a garrison, through faith, unto salvation (1 Peter i. 5).

Again, here is room also for *us* to walk with God in all relations, with suitable dispositions. With God as a Father (Eph. v. 1); Christ as a Husband, Brother, Friend (Heb. ii. 11; John xv. 14); with the Holy Ghost as an Indweller, Sanctifier, and Comforter, and who gives us boldness in the presence of God (Heb. x. 19). Christ's righteousness clothes us (Isa. lxi. 10); His fulness supplies us (John i. 16); His merits present us and all our services acceptable to God (1 Peter ii. 5).

But oh, how doth infinite wisdom shine in the *contrivance* of this living way, and infinite grace also in the provision of it for us! Aye, for us, while thousands perish in their own ways—that this way of holiness should be for *us*, and that we, as the redeemed of the Lord, should walk here, when the unclean shall not pass over it (Isa. xxxv. 8, 9); and that this “path, which the vulture's eye hath not seen” (Job xxviii. 7), should not only be provided for us, but also revealed in us (Gal. i. 16), and made so plain that such fools as we should not err therein, while in our wayfaring state passing from earth to heaven, is distinguishing grace to a wonder! We were as blind as others by nature, and not only ignorant of it, but opposed to it; and yet the redeemed of the Lord shall walk here. Aye, shall, notwithstanding their natural averseness, great unworthiness, heinous provocations, and repeated backslidings; for it is a *shall* not only of free, absolute, but also of reigning, *omnipotent* grace, that secures our walking here, notwithstanding all the opposition of hell against it, by subduing our rebellion, and sweetly alluring us into the most complacent willingness in the day of His power (Psa. cx. 3). The everlasting salvation we have in this way (Isa. xlv. 17) makes us sing of eternal mercy now (Psa. lxxxix. 7); but oh, when we shall see it in all its full glories, with what raised notes shall we shout forth hallelujahs in the presence of God and the Lamb for ever (Rev. vii. 9, 10; xix. 1). Thus much as to the way in which both God and the soul walk, as taken comprehensively.

(To be continued.)

DANGERS IN THE WAY OF THE YOUNG.

THE following extracts from an address to teachers, by W. Guest, are given with the hope that the warning note may be heeded by our Churches and Schools, and that many of the evils may be avoided:—

An earnest clergyman said lately, in London, that he had been speaking with a police-court magistrate. The Metropolitan magistrate said to him—"I have been on the bench for years, and I never thought the young people would have degenerated in the way they have. What we are coming to I cannot say." Such a testimony may not be treated lightly; and what is true of London is true of country towns.

A forceful distinction has been made between opinions and customs. Opinions progress from the people upward, as, in the movements of a fish, the tail moves the head. But customs and fashions go downward from the head to the tail. Consider what is the present state of three-fourths of the upper classes in London, and of the topmost stratum of the middle class. I mention London because the metropolis of a nation always sets its fashions, and the ruin of ancient empires always began with their capitals. In the reign of Charles II. there came a reaction against what was thought Puritanism. England's greatness was arrested, and, but for the Revolution, which we this year commemorate, Great Britain would doubtless have become insignificant among the nations—a mere appendage to a European power. Another reaction against a supposed Puritanism menaces us, and it descends from those nearest the throne. England has deprecated a Parisian Sabbath. A Parisian Sabbath is upon us. Piccadilly is fully of coaches for pleasure early on Sundays. The river, all down to Pangbourne, is full of boats. A club is opened for Sunday plays; another for Sunday boxing. Sunday dances are now common; Sunday garden-parties are the fashion; Sunday dinners, with actors and actresses to recite and sing, are the mark of high life. With no Lord's Day, there will be no religion in these classes. As in the latter years of the reign of the Stuarts, when Puritanism goes, Protestantism will go likewise. History repeats itself. And more than English Puritanism and Protestantism will go. The old English self-sacrifice will go. The old disposition of Englishmen to deny themselves for the sake of others will go. Pleasure will become the *summum bonum* of life; and true is it, as great moralists have always pointed out, "frivolity undermines all morality," so that nothing can arrest the selfishness and ruin of a people incessantly devoted to pleasure.

It may be said that it is present-day scepticism that is at the

bottom of all this. But scepticism is the outcome, not the origin, of a life of pleasure. Present scepticism is a mere fashion, and never takes the trouble to look at the other side, for let me say, after some acquaintance with the best literature on both sides, that a rationalistic interpretation of the Bible, and a materialistic science are coming into the inconsistencies of a bewildering chaos, and that our religion never rested on a more impregnable foundation than it does to-day. But when people love plays and operas that lead downward in morality, feasts that are frivolous, and races with feverish betting—love all things, in short, which help them to live without reflection—infidelity becomes a necessity to them. When men and women do not want a Master, they will thank the most contradictory cosmogony that bows God out of history, and welcome any arguments that keep the Bible from standing in their way.

Sunday School teachers, you may rely upon it that this contagion of lawless infidelity is oozing from the upper circles, and penetrating to those below them. It is reaching first those of us who live nearest the capital, and will go on to those more remote. Already we are told of young women who fall an easy prey to the sceptical literature which is widely diffused. Impure publications are alarmingly allowed to circulate among our youths. Boldness in sinning, boastings of unbelief, effrontery in irreligion, betting and gambling, are imitated, and are blighting the fairest promise of those who should be the hope of our country and of the Church.

To the objection that these things have always existed, we reply that they never existed with such facilities as this age brings. They have never existed with such attractiveness of temptations to concealed vice. They have never existed when a godless life had such captivation, and such numberless and dangerous examples. Vice does not lose its evil when it loses its grossness. It is the fascination around vice in our days that gives to it its subtlety and peril.

Observe this also. These dangers to the young have never before existed when the warnings and threatenings of the revelation of God were so mercilessly ignored. I am an advocate for an honest warning to men of the punishment that God has, in love to us, tied to evil-doing. But the danger of these days is, that the fear of the Lord is not enforced by its solemn sanctions. To conceal that which Christ has taught; to stifle His warnings; to soften down His words; to tell the wicked that, if they do not turn from their wickedness in this life, they will have another chance in the next, is fearfully to help on the irreligious indifference of the age, and to repeat the devil's first lie to man.

Not only so. A new and portentous evil arises from the notion that diversion is made first, and conversion second. Oh, deadly reversal of the divine order! Yea, modern arrangements foster the pernicious belief that for young people there is happiness in the secular, and dulness in the spiritual. Than this nothing can be more hurtful. Oh, what a fearful misery it is for our youth to come to think much of amusement and little of conversion!

Men abound who affirm that they want a "new theology." We have all heard that, on the battle-field, it is not new music that inspires soldiers, but that it is a nation's oldest martial strains which animate them in their march to conflict. I confess to you that I regard the notion now-a-days avowed that we may look for a fresh revelation in addition to that of Scripture as a Satanic form of the Popish doctrine of the Council of Trent, that Holy Scripture does not contain all that is necessary to salvation. Would to God that our youth might learn what the Scriptures *do* teach! Sceptical theologies would have little effect before such truths. Would that we freed ourselves from the modern passion to amuse and to provide secular entertainments for the young; or, at least, if there must be entertainments, that they may be such only as maintain the manifest ascendancy of pleasures of a supernatural order. Would that, in view of the formidable perils of the age, we could learn afresh of Him who taught that the tree must be good if we would have the fruit good, and who loves to impart more abundant grace. His philosophy will live when present negations have been scattered like chaff. Above all things, the desperate coming down, with great power, of temptations in our times should enforce this as the lesson of the hour—that nothing is such a summons to profound humiliation as that evil can be so strong, and we, servants of an almighty Christ, so weak.

Oh, that we may receive power from on high, and be "*filled with the Holy Ghost*"!

MUCH of the tribulation of a child of God is the crossing of the will.

THE true light is first discoverable by darkness. A man cannot learn what sin is without holiness.

THERE is a fear peculiar to awakened consciences, and this fear operates powerfully when the mind has been dwelling on the dangers and difficulties of the way, instead of looking to Jesus as all-sufficient.

LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR CHILD,—I received your sad and sorrowful letter this morning, and I thought I would sit down at once and try and write a few lines to you ; and may the Lord direct my heart and pen, that I may write a few lines to direct and encourage you in this time of trial.

In the first place, it is a blessing the great and mighty ocean is not between us—that two or three weeks must pass before a letter could reach us—but a few hours now, and we can entertain our thoughts and feelings with each other.

I am not at all surprised at the description you give of the loneliness you felt yesterday. I thought much about you, from the first thing in the morning till the last thing at night. Many inquiries were made for you. Mr. P——, in particular, said he felt for you, and I am sure I feel the parting very much.

But now, my dear boy, I must try and give a little advice and instruction. This is a world of changes and disappointments, and we sometimes think the ways of God are not equal, and that we are dealt unkindly with by Him who is “too wise to err, and too good to be unkind.” Though He cause trouble, it is for your good. He will turn again and have mercy. “The Lord is good ; a Stronghold in the day of trouble.” It is good of Him to turn your heart from the love and practise of sin, and make you to love His holy ways, and give you a desire to be found walking in them. If He had not, you would not so bitterly feel your loss of them. Thus He has done great things for you, wherein you have cause to be glad, and it is a love-token towards you, for it is what He has not done for tens of thousands ; therefore bless His holy name if you can, and take courage. It is not *because* you are out of the fold of God that you are banished to Llan-dilo. No. Bless His holy name, His eye of pity is upon every poor sheep or lamb wherever they may be, or however far off—even to the ends of the earth. He, the Good Shepherd, will see to them ; and He declares nothing shall harm you if “ye be followers of that which is good.” And now, as Jesus Christ is the one thing needful, and you are a follower after Him, do you think He will forsake you ? *Never, never !*

“ His honour is engaged to save
The meanest of His sheep ;
All that His Heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

“ Nor death nor hell shall e’er remove
His favourites from His breast ;
In the dear bosom of His love
They must for ever rest.”

So now, my dear child, may the Lord give you submission to His will, painful as it is, and contrary as it may appear to you.

“Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain ;
God is His own Interpreter,
And He will make it plain.”

And you know, my dear child, most of God's people are poor, and have to labour with their hands for the bread that perisheth, and this is the way you have to obtain yours. I do hope you will not be suffered to be overcome by the insinuations of the enemy of your soul to in any way neglect your duty to your employers, but may you be enabled to follow out the Apostle's instructions, “Be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.” It is for some wise purpose you are sent there, and all will be right in time ; but don't give way too much, or it may undermine your health. Strive to look at the bright side. It may not be for long ; but look at God's Word, and see from the beginning how His dear people had to leave their homes and all that was dear to them, and go into a strange land, not knowing whither they went. But did their God forsake them ? Never ! Look at Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and poor young Joseph, sold by his brethren into Egypt, among heathens who knew not the name of God ; and there he was cruelly treated, shut up in prison, his feet thrust into fetters ; but by-and-bye he is brought forth, and he tells his brethren God sent him there to preserve their lives by a great deliverance. And so I might go on to speak of many more of God's dear people. The prophet Elijah told the Lord he alone was left in Israel, but the Lord knew better than Elijah, for He told him He had reserved seven thousand that had not bowed the knee to Baal ; and who can tell but the Lord may have some hidden ones in Llandilo that you may yet meet with ? And if not, the Lord is there, and “when He has tried you, you will come forth as gold,” to bless Him for all that is past, and trust Him for all that is to come.

“Poor, fearful saint, fresh courage take ;
The clouds you so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.”

One more instance occurs to my mind to remind you about, and that is, the dear Lord Himself. He left the realms of bliss and blessedness and the bosom of His Father to come into this sinful, guilty world, to become “a Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief,” to suffer, bleed, and die to save such vile, polluted, sinful worms of the earth as you and I. Keep this in mind,

and it will silence your self-pity in thinking the Lord deals hardly with you.

“ His way was much rougher, much darker than mine ;
Did Christ my Lord suffer, and shall I repine ? ”

May this be the heartfelt language of your soul, and I am sure it will bring submission into your heart, and make you willing to “ tread the thorny road that leads you to the mount of God.” May it be so is the desire and prayer of

Your loving and sympathizing mother,
August 23rd, 1875.

ELIZA BRIGNELL

POPERY IN THE CHURCH.

THE notorious “ Church of England Working Men’s Society ” continues loyal to the Romanizing reputation which it has justly earned for itself. Its annual meeting was held on Saturday, when the bitterest abuse was heaped on those who wish to compel the Bishop of Lincoln to become loyal to the Church of England.

On Sunday last the annual “ High Celebration ” on behalf of the Society took place in St. Mary Magdalene’s, Munster Square, London. At this service, one of the daily papers reports, the performance commenced with “ a long procession—cross, incense, banners, acolytes in scarlet, choristers in purple cassocks, parochial clergy in surplices and stoles, and finally the Bishop of Dunedin in a white mitre and yellow cope. The service was conducted with all the pomp and circumstance of advanced Ritual.” It is a comfort to learn that this “ Church of England Working Men’s Society ” is in debt, as thereby its power for creating mischief in the Church is seriously crippled. Its chief delight is in playing at Mass.—*English Churchman.*

On Friday, August 3rd, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council heard the appeal against the Archbishop of Canterbury’s decision not to cite the Bishop of Lincoln to answer before him for his alleged offences against ecclesiastical law. The Archbishop was neither present nor represented. The Court, consisting of the Lord Chancellor, Lords Herschell, Hobhouse, Macnaghten, and Sir B. Peacock, assisted by the Bishops of London, Salisbury, Ely, Manchester, Sodor and Man, after argument by Sir H. Davey, gave judgment, through the Lord Chancellor, that the Archbishop had jurisdiction in this case, and that the Archbishop’s refusal to entertain the suit was matter of

appeal to Her Majesty ; that, without expressing any opinion as to discretion in the Archbishop to issue a citation or not, the Court would advise Her Majesty to remit the case to the Primate, to be dealt with according to law. Thus far the case goes satisfactorily.—*English Churchman*.

The Lord Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Manisty, sitting in the Queen's Bench Division as a Divisional Court, granted, on Friday, July 13th, the motion of Sir Henry James, Q.C., M.P., for a rule *nisi* calling on the Bishop of London to show cause why a mandamus should not issue against him, directing him either to forward a certain representation under the 9th section of the Public Worship Act, 1874, as to the erection of the now notorious reredos in St. Paul's Cathedral, or in the alternative, to direct him to proceed to consider the circumstances of the case, without relation to any circumstances outside the case itself.—*English Churchman*.

HUGUENOT COMMEMORATION.

MR. G. LEFEVRE, of the Huguenot Church at Canterbury Cathedral, writes :—

On Sunday a double—or rather, a treble—commemoration was held at the French Church, in the Crypt of Canterbury Cathedral, namely, that of the three hundred and thirty-eighth anniversary of this historic church, that of the three hundredth anniversary of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and that of the two hundredth anniversary of the English Revolution. The Mayor (Alderman Mount) and the Mayoress attended the service.

At the afternoon service, the special preacher was the Very Rev. the Dean of Peterborough (Dr. Perowne), who is of Huguenot descent, the ancient French name being "Peronne." He took for his text, Psalm cxviii. 24—"This is the day the Lord hath made : we will rejoice and be glad in it." Having alluded to the circumstances under which the words of the Psalmist were uttered, the Dean said they were assembled that day for the commemoration of two great events in English history, the one dating from three centuries ago. Both were events of the greatest political importance—events which touched the very springs of the religious life of the nation, and were scarcely less momentous to the Protestant refugees who found a shelter and a welcome here.

Canon Fremantle preached at the evening service, from Psalm lxxvii. 15—20, a passage in which the story of the Exodus is used to raise the courage of the Psalmist and his people, and showed that the deliverances, recalled by the year 1888, should

be put to a similar use. With what excitement must the Walloons, who had fled from the tyranny of Philip II. and the Duke of Alva, and had been received at Canterbury, have seen the beacon fires which flashed to all parts of England, on July 31st, 1588, the news that the Armada was on our shores. A few days later might have been seen from Dover the half-moon of towering galleons, and in the night the fire-ships, which scared them from their moorings at Calais, and the guns of the action off Gravelines might have been heard. As at the Exodus, the waves and storms played a great part in the deliverance, and it seemed as if God Himself had intervened: "Afflavit Deus et dissipati sunt." The immediate effect of the destruction of the Armada was the freedom of England from the Papacy, and the security of the Dutch Republic. The next year, Henry IV. became King of France, and ten years later the Edict of Nantes gave full liberty of worship to the Protestants.

With what sympathy, again, must the Church in the Crypt have watched the struggle in France, in which the English nation also felt a deep and practical interest, all through the next century, when Protestantism was gradually being crushed out. A similar struggle, with varied fortunes, was going on in England, and both English Protestants and the French Church at Canterbury felt the tyrannical hand of Laud, and afterwards the oppressive policy of the Restoration. This danger culminated in the reign of James II. Burnet marks the year 1685 as the most disastrous for Protestantism—the year in which an English king declared himself a Papist, in which the protection given by the Edict of Nantes to the French Protestants was withdrawn, and in which the Vaudois of Piedmont were driven away from their country. The Church of the Crypt received constantly fresh accessions of refugees from France, and their presence aided promptly in rousing the English nation to resist the attempts of James. The Revolution gave security both to this Church and the Church of England.

LORD SALISBURY AND THE WESLEYANS.

FOR forty years Lord Salisbury and his predecessors have (says the *Methodist Times*) succeeded in compelling us to worship at Hatfield, "in the fag end of a public-house stable," and we have been greatly injured and reduced in numbers by this heartless persecution. But God has given us a wondrous deliverance from wrong and injury. A splendid site is at last secured, in the midst of the people, largely through the energy and skill of Mr. Munt, of Holly Park. As two houses stand upon the site, £800 is not

an excessive price. The new sanctuary must be as beautiful and attractive as the old public-house was unsightly and repellent.

Anent Lord Salisbury's inhospitable treatment of the Wesleyans at Hatfield, it is said that his wife's grandfather, although not a Wesleyan, was for several years a Dissenting minister at Norwich, and that her great-grandmother, as the widow of the Rev. James Alderson, minister of Lowestoft, received relief from a society established in London in 1733 for the relief of the necessitous widows and children of Protestant Dissenting ministers deceased. Ecclesiastical degeneracy seems, in the later generations, to have set in.

THE LATE DEAN OF CARLISLE ON RITUAL.

THE late Dean of Carlisle preached a sermon in the cathedral of that city on Ritualism. The Dean said, if he had believed with some fond and foolish people that the divisions of the Church of England were only a slight squabble about a little decoration, about a little more music, a little more singing, a little more dress, he should consider it as "hay, straw, and stubble," not worthy of consideration, but he believed in the depths of his heart this thing meant much more. He believed the nature of it was deep-seated in the artifices of Satan, in the mysteries of iniquity and corruption. He would not say it was a work of the Church of Rome, but of the dark ages; and whether it be a part of a whole—every fragment of drapery, every unusual bowing or crossing of the hands, the taking of the Lord's Supper in the hollow of the hand, or bowing to the altar—it was downright idolatry. Why would a man going down the steps of the communion-table bow to the table? He must believe there was something there. What was it? It was because he believed the elements of bread and wine had been turned into the body and blood of Christ. It was because he thought a sacrifice had been offered there. He believed that in all these things, which appeared to some childish, there was a certain thrusting out of a bud, which would lead by-and-bye to a flower and fruit; and the seed of superstition and darkness must be the result. These men were "causing division among us." Avoid them. Do not go near them. Do not go out of curiosity to see their bedizened altars and their gorgeous vestments. It is all superstition and idolatry the whole of it. He condemned no man individually; but inasmuch as those who represented that system reviled Protestantism—told them that their Protestant martyrs were merely political offenders—laughed at the Protestantism by virtue of which Victoria sits upon the throne, and by virtue of which he occupied that pulpit—he solemnly declared he believed Ritualism to be a deep-seated heresy,

proving itself to be so by its stretching out its hands to its mother Rome, and to its sister the Grecian Church, while it turned away from Protestantism. Protestantism was a protest against the very thing that Ritualists wished to introduce. They asked for liberty—liberty to do what? Liberty to introduce Popery into the Church of England. They should have no such liberty so far as all honest ministers of Christ could oppose them, by fair argument in open court, and by every means which God had given them. He had been watching them for these forty years—he had never ceased to do so, and with his dying breath he should do so still.

A FRAGMENT.

IN 2 Timothy iii. 6, Paul speaks of such as “creep into houses.” House-sweepers do good, but such “house-creepers” do harm. Better be a house-sweeper or chimney-sweeper than a “house-creeper.” English Protestant house-keepers and sweepers, beware of Rome’s “house-creepers”!

According to the seventh verse, a person may be “ever learning,” and yet live and die in ignorance of “the truth as it is in Jesus.”

In 2 Timothy iv. 11, Paul puts a good mark upon Mark, saying, “He is profitable to me for the ministry.” How free grace made Paul from nasty jealousy! Mark did not say (so far as we know) that he was profitable to Paul. No; but Paul said it of him. It is right for the great Pauls to notice the little Marks—not only the big Marks.

To the Jews Jesus said, “Ye do dishonour Me” (John viii. 49). A dreadful character this—dishonourers of Jesus Christ!

It is better to be pelted for preaching truth than to be petted for preaching error. F.

A CONVERTED ATHEIST’S TESTIMONY.

MR. W. R. BRADLAUGH, editor of *The Anti-Infidel*, has received the following from one who has recently laid hold of the truth:—

“Just a line to thank you, and to say that, if my utter condemnation of atheism, with its hopelessness, its dreariness, and its cruelty, is worth anything to you, here is my verdict—Atheism degrades a man because it perverts his reason. Atheism takes all the meaning out of life, and throws a hopeless gloom over the grave. Atheism deprives a man of his power to do good. It narrows and corrupts his mind, and renders his life barren and fruitless. Atheism spells ruin.”



"HE ALWAYS REQUESTED SHE WOULD READ THE SCRIPTURES TO HIM."
(See page 257.)

SMITH OF THE WICK, AND "THE LIFE OF
COLONEL GARDINER."

OF all the gratifying recollections of a Christian's life, surely there is none that more warms the heart to gratitude and love than the remembrance of instances in which the Lord has graciously condescended to use us for the salvation of an immortal soul ; and while conscious that it is to the Spirit of God alone we must look for blessings on our efforts, we are encouraged to renew them by such evidences of His Divine transforming work on the new-born soul thus, through our feeble means, brought from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. Yet how large a portion, alas ! despise the message of mercy, and how often is it rejected by the amiable and moral, but received by the apparently most hardened and rebellious, of whom we should be naturally disposed to say, it is impossible : but "with God all things are possible." Therefore should we "sow beside all waters : " "Not by power, nor by might : but by My Spirit, saith the Lord." This is peculiarly illustrated in the following narrative. Many years have since passed away, yet is this interesting event still fresh in the memory of my heart.

It was, I think, in the summer of 1818, I visited for a few months the springs at Malvern Wells. The season was peculiarly fine and dry, enabling me to make many a stroll in the long evenings of June and July among the various villages and hamlets which are scattered at the foot of the Malvern Hills. I found them, for the most part, inhabited by a very degraded and untaught people ; many could not read, and few seemed to know anything about that holy name by which the saints are called. This made it very desirable that gospel tracts should be distributed to those who could read. Strolling one beautiful summer's evening for this purpose with a friend, I came to a little hamlet. Two groups of men and women with their children were seated at their cottage-doors, resting after their day's work. My attention was soon attracted by one whose appearance was superior to those around. He seemed about forty years of age ; his features were intelligent, but expressive of a harsh and determined character. As he rose on our approach, his tall erect form and military air showed that he had been a soldier. We spoke, hoping for an opportunity to give a tract. He mentioned that he had served in the Spanish peninsular war, and been in several battles ; that, a wound unfitting him for active service, he had been employed as clerk in the commissariat department ; had quitted that situation, returned to England, had married, and had settled with his wife and children in this little hamlet. In speaking of his campaigns and the commanders under whom he had served, he became very

animated and eloquent, but soon accompanied his narration with such oaths and profane expressions that we were glad to hasten away, and feared to give a tract.

We made some further inquiries elsewhere respecting him, and learned that he was generally known in the neighbourhood as a very violent character and a dreaded disturber of the little hamlet, particularly on Saturday, when he was accustomed to go to market for his weekly provisions; and returning home invariably intoxicated, would beat his wife and children, and behave violently to all who came near him. There were at that distant period very few resources at Malvern Wells. We often wished to hire a horse, in order to procure supplies, from a distance, but there was no horse in the immediate neighbourhood but that of "Smith of the Wick," as this man was called; but any further communication with him seemed quite out of the question.

I could not, however, but feel a deep interest for his immortal soul, and often thought what a blessing might result to those around him were that intelligent, energetic mind once spiritually enlightened. But on expressing a wish to send him some appropriate tract or book, my friends became alarmed, and strongly dissuaded me from it, saying I was not aware to what annoyance I might be exposed should he be offended. I yielded to their advice, though I now think I ought not to have done so. "Our times are in His hands," who says, "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." I ought to have taken the proper means, and left the results with God; but the Lord tenderly considered the weakness of His erring but willing servant.

On leaving Malvern and returning to my home, I hastened to convey to him (through a friend at Great Malvern) the "Life of Colonel Gardiner." She sent it through her washerwoman, whose little boy was desired to take it to his cottage and hastily disappear. Smith was outrageous; he traced the boy, and then the mother, and threatened her with great violence if she did not reveal the name and residence of the person who had sent the book; he added, that could he but know from whence it came he would be revenged by sending per coach a large heavy hamper of brickbats. The poor frightened woman assured him she did not know from whence or from whom it came: he left her, still vowing vengeance.

About a week after he again visited her; he came with the book in his hand, and his manner was quite changed. He expressed sorrow for his late conduct, and asked her pardon. He said it was an excellent book, offered to lend it to her, and urged her to read it.

The following Saturday he went as usual to market, and returned perfectly sober and quiet. On Sunday, to the astonish-

ment of every one, Smith appeared at church. From that time a complete transformation had taken place in his life and character, indicating that he had truly been "born again."

Encouraged by the letters of my friend at Great Malvern, I some time after sent him, in the same circuitous way, a set of "Sermons," which he so appreciated that he used to assemble the cottagers around him in the evening to hear them read, and this habit of reading to them these and the Book of Books he steadily pursued. He had become a good husband, father, and neighbour—a new creature in Jesus Christ.

The year following I paid a farewell visit to my friend at Great Malvern, previous to my departure for the Continent. I lost no time in visiting the little hamlet. Smith was not at home, but I was welcomed by his wife, whose placid countenance bespoke her happier lot. She hastened to tell me of the change in the character of her husband since some kind person had sent him a book; he longed, she said, much to know who it was, that he might express his thanks.

A few days after I again visited the hamlet. I found Smith working alone in the garden. He requested me to walk in and rest in his little humble cottage, and soon began to speak on the subject which now filled his heart. It was evident that he had indeed realized in his inmost soul the graciousness of Christ his Redeemer, and he "loved much, for he felt how much had been forgiven him." He spoke with much humility of his past life, and the circumstances of his conversion, and expressed an earnest wish to learn to whom he was indebted for the precious book which had been the means of so much blessing to his soul. As there was now no danger of the large heavy hamper of brickbats, and I truly desired an interest in the good feelings and prayers of this devoted Christian, I at length revealed to him the secret. His expressions of gratitude were quite affecting; and as I took my leave, my last leave of this dear brother in the Lord, he accompanied me to the gate, following me with blessings.

While on the Continent I did not lose sight of this interesting convert, of whose life and conduct my friend continued to write most satisfactory accounts.

About two years after, the widow of Mr. Venn came for her health to Malvern Wells. She was ordered to take daily rides on a pillion. "Smith of the Wick" and his horse were at once chosen as every way suited for this trusty service; and while seated in passive security behind her faithful guide, inhaling the refreshing breeze of the hills, often must her soul have been refreshed by spiritual converse with this humble brother, whose delight now was to speak of the preciousness of that Saviour who was soon to take him to his heavenly rest.

Not long after, he was attacked with a lingering illness, which, in a few months, terminated his earthly course. I was still on the Continent when my friend wrote to me of his death. When he was confined to his bed, she was enabled sometimes to visit him. He always requested she would read the Scriptures to him ; this was his great comfort. She spoke of his peaceful, happy state ; but having much else to relate, could not in her letters enter into details, which must have been both interesting and edifying. On my return, she, too, had passed away, but she had not witnessed his closing days and hours.

Perhaps some humble chronicler of the little hamlet may be able to tell of the happy departure of this devoted Christian ; of all he said, and all he did in faithful and grateful testimony to those around him : but the record is in heaven, treasured up in God's book of remembrance, with many a fruit multiplying until the harvest. Many, too, will then join the song of praise to Him who hath redeemed them by His blood, through precious seed sown by this single believer. They will be his crown of rejoicing in that day when we shall be for ever with the Lord, and know even as we are known.

Some years ago I met a godly lady, who had recently been at Malvern. On questioning her respecting the state of the poor around those hills, she said she had found but little life among those she had visited, with the exception of a little village called the Wick, where the cottagers were in the regular habit of assembling to read the Scriptures. Oh, how forcibly was I struck with the faithfulness of God ! My prayerful wish had been answered, not only in blessing to one individual, but to the little circle around him.

The book first chosen was perhaps the best calculated of human productions to arrest the attention of this strong, rebellious spirit. The precious evidence it contains of the transforming power of a true and living faith has been much blessed to many. But what are the best of books from the pen of the most enlightened Christians compared to the Word of God ? They are but messengers to rouse and to warn the sleeping or rebellious soul, and to conduct him to that fountain of living waters which, once received, becomes in him a well of waters, springing up into everlasting life. Of that fountain, this humble Christian seems to have peculiarly realized the strengthening and sanctifying power. He had, from his naturally impetuous and energetic character, much to contend with, and Satan fights hard to retain such votaries. But with the sword of the Spirit he fought the good fight of faith, and was more than conqueror through Him who loved him.

From all I could learn, consistency seems to have marked the

whole of his brief but important Christian course. Clad in the whole armour of God, he was able to repel all the fiery darts of the wicked one, and to still the voice of calumny, whose eagle eyes are ever ready to pounce upon every failure and weakness in the child of God. Solemnly important, indeed, is consistency in the Christian's walk; it is the most speaking evidence of "whose we are, and whom we serve." It is, indeed, most important for every Christian to bear in mind that we are not our own; we are bought with a price; therefore should we glorify the Lord in our bodies and in our spirits, which are His.

Two things especially deserve to be remarked in this little narrative, in which my endeavour has been strictly to keep to unadorned facts:—

1. The invincible power of grace.
2. The simplicity of the means God condescends to bless.

May this encourage any child of God who may peruse this narrative to seek, notwithstanding every hindrance, the salvation of souls. Every child of God must say, "I also was once travelling the broad road which leadeth to destruction, heedless of many a warning, many a gracious call, until at length compelled to listen to that heavenly voice saying, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life.'"

Should this account fall into the hands of any who are still thoughtless and unbelieving, may the strong evidence it contains of a new transforming heavenly work on a perishing sinner find its way to his or her soul! "He being dead yet speaketh" in this short record of his Christian life.

"The Way is Christ, the walk is love;
A rest below, the rest above."

S. A. H.

THE BELIEVER'S VIEW OF UNSEEN THINGS.

BY SAMUEL MEDLEY, THE SWEET HYMN WRITER, DELIVERED
AT THE TABERNACLE, LONDON, 1787.

"While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."—2 CORINTHIANS iv. 18.

It is plain that the Apostle introduces the words of the text as a ground or reason of the support and comfort of God's dear people in and under the heaviest and longest afflictions and trials they are called to pass through, and bear up under while here below. It is therefore only so far as what is contained in these words is the subject matter of their happy and heartfelt experience and practice that they are able to express themselves in

the language of the preceding verses of the chapter, are preserved from fainting, and account their afflictions to be light and momentary. God grant that these things may be mutually and reciprocally true in our experience, while as enabled by the Lord I shall, in speaking to you, attempt the following things :—

1. Show what those seen things are at which the believer does not look, and what is intended and meant by not looking at them.

2. Show what those unseen things are at which the believer does look, and what is meant by looking at them.

3. Consider and explain the reasons given in the text why the believer does not look on the one, and does look on the other.

4. Just mention some of the peculiar benefits arising herefrom to the believer, as plainly referred to in the words, and close with some reflections.

1. Show what those seen things are, &c. They are in general everything finite, mortal and perishing ; all may be considered as *seen things*. "Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth." For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away. These seen things are, this present world with all its enjoyments, riches, pleasures, honours, power, profit, &c., &c. Now, the believer does not look on these seen things, that is, he does not depend on or trust in them ; he does not derive his hope or expectation from them ; he does not take up his delight and pleasure in them ; he does not seek his rest or satisfaction in them ; he is not bewitched, deluded, or carried away by them. Or by *seen things* may be meant the many or various afflictions, trials, temptations, persecutions, sufferings, &c., either in mind or body which the believer meets with, and passes through while here below. Yea, death and the grave also are seen things, but the believer does not look at them, that is, not murmuringly or repiningly, not impatiently or unbelievingly, not as having his mind swallowed up in them or by them, but he looks above and beyond them.

2. Show what those things are at which the believer does look, and what is meant by looking at them. He looks at the display of the glories of Jehovah in heaven ; at the glory of Christ's Person in heaven ; at the glory of the heavenly hosts in heaven ; at the glories of departed saints in heaven ; at the glory of the promised and prepared mansion, and laid-up crown in heaven ; at the glory of the employment of the redeemed in heaven ; at the glory of the duration and enjoyment of all these things. Looking at them intends a look at them by faith as to their reality ; by hope and expectation ; by pleasure and delight ; by prayer and longing desire ; with joy and triumph, as assured of an interest in them.

3. Consider and explain the reasons given why he does not look on the one, and why he does look on the other. First reason : The things that are seen are temporal ; they are comparatively short in their duration ; they are light in their feeling ; they are rapidly passing away ; they will have a certain end, to the believer, a happy end. Second reason : The things that are not seen are eternal ; that is, they are eternally true, and no lie ; they are eternally fixed and immutable ; they are eternally bright, glorious, and undecaying ; they are eternally pleasant and delightful ; they are eternally suitable and satisfying ; they are eternally durable and lasting.

4. Just mention some of the peculiar benefits arising herefrom which are plainly referred to in the words themselves. See the preceding verse to my text, for it is to what is there said that the words primarily and peculiarly refer. " Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, while we look not," &c. Hereby believers are supported in and under all their afflictions in faith, patience, and resignation. Hereby their afflictions appear to be both light and short in respect to what is before them. These afflictions hereby appear to be truly sanctified to them. They hereby view all their afflictions as working out for them great and eternal good. They are hereby brought to contemplate, realize, and rejoice in what is in reversion for them, " even a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

5. Close with some reflections. Let us reflect what sweet, suitable, and ample soul-satisfying provision God has made for the support and comfort of His people, in and under the deepest, darkest, and sorest times and seasons of their afflictions and trials while here below. Reflect how these things should endear the Word of God to our souls ! In His sacred Word these things are revealed and secured. Let us pray that what we have now spoken and heard may be increasingly and constantly our employ and experience. Let us be deeply humbled under a sense of our remissness and ignorance herein. Consider how awful to live and die totally ignorant of, and estranged from, those things which are spiritual and eternal !

" Though the fierce tempest now is strong,
And though 'tis dark, it won't be long ;
I wait in hope for brighter days,
To speak, and sing, and live Thy praise.

" But oh, my Lord, how bright 'twill be
When I Thy face in glory see ;
Released from every painful care,
Nor sin nor trouble enter there."

"UNTO YOU THEREFORE WHICH BELIEVE HE IS
PRECIOUS."

(1 PETER ii. 7.)

Oh, He's a precious Saviour,
He's all in all to me ;
He bore my misbehaviour,
He died to set me free.

On Him I venture wholly,
And on His blood rely ;
His righteousness is solely
My hope beyond the sky.

'Tis true I'm all pollution,
My best with sin is dyed ;
But He, for my ablution,
Has shown His bleeding side.

And to His precious double
I bring my every grief ;
This, this removes my trouble,
And gives me sweet relief.

To Him I bring my sadness,
And tell Him all my woes,
He turns my grief to gladness,
And conquers all my foes.

When I'm with mist beclouded,
He kindly breaks the gloom ;
And when in death enshrouded,
He bursts the fearful tomb.

When darts from Satan wound me,
He comes and wipes the tear.
Pours in the balm to heal me,
And stills my every fear.

And when I cannot see Him,
He's close and hears the sigh ;
And if the eye of faith is dim,
He brings His presence nigh.

Oh, He's a precious Saviour,
He's all in all to me ;
He bore my misbehaviour,
And I'm for ever free.

M. A. GROOM,
Granddaughter of William Herbert.
X 2

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE LAST DAYS OF THE LATE MR. COWLEY, OF CROYDON.

I SEND you a brief account of my dear husband, who passed away to his rest at half-past seven on Tuesday, June 19th, 1888.

About a fortnight before his death, he engaged in prayer for the last time down-stairs, and spoke very sweetly about his strength failing, and not seeming to get better. He begged the dear Lord to give him resignation to His will. I read the second chapter of Revelation, which was greatly blessed to him; and when he went up-stairs, he spoke of how the dear Lord had appeared to him, and felt that he could leave us all in His care, for he was sure the Lord would provide for us, and said that heaven and earth would pass away before He would fail to fulfil His promise. At one time he was so blessed that he rejoiced that he had been brought out of that accursed system of Rome, for what would it have done for him now? He might have been one of the worst Fenians that could be, and he praised the Lord for His sovereign grace in so delivering him from it. Through all his illness he spoke very sweetly of his hope; and when his joy declined, he said that if the dear Lord sent him to hell, he felt that he could never give up his hope—no, not for a thousand worlds. He felt that the publican's prayer was every day more precious to him, for that mercy was his only help. He asked me to read to him his favourite chapter—Colossians i.—which was blessed to him some years ago; and the hymn, "O Zion, afflicted with wave upon wave," &c. He laid his hand upon his breast, and said he loved Jesus, and longed to be with Him, and that it was from the pure love he bore His dear name. He was so grieved when he heard it spoken against, and he felt he could defend it to the last.

On Friday afternoon he was seized with shivering and violent pains in his back, after which he began to lose his memory. Speech failed, and unconsciousness came over him at times.

On Sunday, after having one of his fits of unconsciousness, he awoke with the words, "Beautiful! beautiful!" and when I asked him what was beautiful, he said it could not be explained, and that no carnal or wicked person could come there.

Monday was the last time that he knew us, and I had a sweet season with him for a few minutes. After that, he never spoke again, but his sufferings toward the end were very painful and distressing to witness.

About a quarter of an hour before he died, a friend came in, and all of a sudden he fixed his eyes upward, a bright light passed over his face, and he was gone.

The interment took place at three o'clock yesterday. Over

a hundred people came to witness it, to whom Mr. Parrish, the minister who buried my dear husband, spoke very sweetly of his Protestantism and his Christianity; and that, having been brought out of the errors of Rome, he was a proper person to speak against them, and he rejoiced that the Lord had appeared for him and blessed him.

Yours in the bonds of Christian love,

ANNIE COWLEY.

To Mr. Hayward, Tonbridge, June 27th, 1888.

CHRISTIAN SYMPATHY.

YESTERDAY morning I received the sweet account of your dear daughter, which I read with great pleasure and comfort, for nothing can make up the loss of children but the full assurance of their everlasting happiness. It reminded me of the loss of my youngest son in his nineteenth year; he died triumphantly in Christ, and this continually comes to my remembrance, but it is sweet to think of those gone a little while before, that we shall then meet there, and join with them in the everlasting song to "crown Him Lord of all." Jesus will be our joy and crown of rejoicing. The Lord will make our crooked things straight, and we shall always find the bitter is sweet by reason of the tree cast into the waters; but the Lord trieth the righteous, and it is to do us good in our latter end—to prove He loves us and we love Him. I am a monument of His long-suffering and goodness, being in my seventy-ninth year, and preach in two churches every Sunday; the distance is a mile and a half from each other, but I find when I am weak I am strong. I feel assured God has placed me here and kept me here. I am now waiting and watching for His coming. I think I am the last Huntingtonian who heard his last sermon. In many places the sheep of Christ have no shepherd, but the Lord careth for them, and they have meat to eat the world knows not of. "He will never let them want" (Psa. xxiii. 1). I hope you feel the presence and love of Him who is our Counsellor and Friend, more of the leading and teaching of the Holy One, and more of the favour and lovingkindness of the Lord day by day; nothing will comfort, support, and save but to know the Lord, the New Covenant blessing. May the Lord lift upon you the light of His countenance, and give you peace, and continue His goodness and mercy unto the end.

The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance. How sweetly Lady Sanderson writes; I had never read anything of hers before. I well remember how quiet and alone she sat in the vestry, the shutters being open to the chapel; every Sunday she

was there. I believe she is with her beloved husband. I have three or four of his letters by me; one or two he wrote to my father, who is now with him, exulting in the worship and praises of their blessed Lord, both theirs and ours. Oh, what happiness awaits us! Who can tell? It is now and then joy unspeakable, but what will it be to be there! This our hope set before us, to be for ever with the Lord, this is our anchor cast within the veil. Jesus our Forerunner; well, we are looking unto Him, and looking for Him. "Waiting may we be found, with that blest wedding robe endued—the spotless righteousness of God." Our desire is to put no trust in man, but only in Him, against whom no enemy could cast a stone, and our mercy is we shall through Him only be found faultless before the throne of God. We feel every day the burden of the flesh and the burden of sin, and we groan in this our tabernacle to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven, for while we are below we groan within ourselves, and we mourn within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, and we shall never be without our failings and fallings while in the flesh and in the world, for there is no perfection, no progressive holiness, nothing but sin, shame, corruption, and complaining (Rom. vii. 24). I pray the Lord to sustain you in all your distresses for His name, and to bring you out of all your troubles on account of His truth.

"Yet a season and you know,
Happy entrance will be given;
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven."

Our Lord said, "Truly the harvest is great, but the labourers are few;" pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, even to Him to send them, for I want one of his servants to assist me, for two cannot walk together except they be agreed. Has the Lord left His heritage? Has He forgotten to be gracious to His seeking few? Surely not! He will not leave His few sheep in the wilderness to robbers and wolves; the Lord will provide a table in the wilderness, bread shall be given, water shall be sure. For there is no distinction of persons with our Lord Jesus Christ (Gal. iii. 20). And all His chosen and redeemed shall meet around the throne, and cast their crowns before Him, and fall down before Him, and give Him all the glory for ever and ever.

"Oh, glorious hour, oh, blest abode,
I shall be near and like my God."

While we look at the things which are seen, we are cast down and desolate, but while we look at the things which are unseen (to mortality), which are eternal, we rejoice with joy unspeakable.

Our highest honour and greatest happiness is to draw near to God, to walk in the Spirit, to cleave unto the Lord, for He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I thank you for the great trouble you have taken to assist me. The Lord will provide. The Lord helps me wondrously. Yesterday at two churches, and the Sacrament, and I feel nothing of it to-day. My texts were Hebrews xiii. 5, and Ephesians i. 3. A good congregation in the afternoon, so I may raise my Ebenezer. I live by faith, and walk by faith, and I hope to die in faith, for He hath said, "I will never leave thee, nor will I ever forsake thee." We know God will not forsake His people. He will be in the midst of His twos and threes ; this is my encouragement. He will not despise the day of small things, not even such a little unworthy thing as I am, despised and rejected of men. Do not be cast down, but hope in the Lord ; wait for Him, and call upon Him ; He is a Refuge for us. Your dear father's text upon a Christmas Day was very suitable, and is very sweet to all them that look for redemption in Him, and in the Jerusalem which is above, for there it will be fully fulfilled and enjoyed. May the Holy and blessed Spirit keep us ever looking to Jesus, until we are changed into the same image from glory to glory. It is He, said our dear Lord, who shall take of the things of Mine and show unto you. Let us therefore mind the things of the Spirit, for He is another Comforter our Lord promised. Let us not rely upon our temporal comforts, nor spiritual comforts, but upon the "Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort" (2 Cor. i. 3). We see, when the Lord removes His messenger, another is not sent. I could not but feel deeply a week ago, as I rode by Providence Chapel, where I had heard regularly, to his last discourse, the ever dear and beloved Mr. Huntington, but it is as the Apostle said, (Acts xx. 29), and so it is and ever will be. Many are watching for my removal ; but my times are in His hands who does whatsoever pleaseth Him. I am in my seventy-ninth year, and therefore I cannot expect to be spared much longer. I desire to be found ready with the wise virgins, my loins girded, and my lamp trimmed. What will it be, my dear friend, to see Him as He is—

" Ever to behold Him shine,
Evermore to call Him mine,
And see Him still before me ;
For ever on His face to gaze,
And meet His full assembled rays
While all the Father He displays
To all the saints in glory " }

Thornton Vicarage.

SAMUEL ADAMS.

NIGHT THOUGHTS BY A WATCHMAN.

THE LOVELINESS OF LOVE.

THE aged Apostle John, who is supposed to have lived several years after the other Apostles had departed to be with Christ, wrote to his dear and beloved children, "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." "He that loveth not abideth in death. Hereby know we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren. My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth. Hereby shall we know that we are of the truth, and shall assure our heart before Him." It may be that John saw a want of this love and kindness, and was grieved on that account.

The Church at Ephesus had left its first love, and was reproved by the Lord for the departure therefrom, and was exhorted to repent and do the first works. The Master was not quite satisfied by their holding the truth, and rejecting those which said they were Apostles but were proved to be liars. He approved of their zeal and faithfulness, but this in no way compensated for their departure from their first love. Holding the truth and contending for the faith, or what we believe to be the truth and the faith delivered to the saints, while we lack the spirit of Christ—the meekness and gentleness of Christ—will never mark one out as being a true disciple. It is not an uncommon thing for the very worst of men to hold and contend for the best of creeds. The fruit of the Spirit is love, not zeal for sound doctrine only, with a sharp and hard, bitter and unbending spirit towards all who in any matter differ from us in judgment, and do not fully follow us in all things. There has been much, so-called, contending for the faith which has been nothing more than fighting for one's own opinion, and Popish right to dictate to others. Can it be wondered at that the love of many has waxed cold as the result? Some have seen defects in the faith and belief of all but themselves, and have tried to exercise dominion over the faith of others, desiring to be their masters. This comes not of the Spirit of Christ.

David says, "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." This unity must be a spiritual unity, or a unity of spirit, not a mere formal union—a form of words, however good and true those words may be. The lovely sight, which is so good to behold, is a company of true believers dwelling together in love and peace, and caring one for another. Usually those who are foremost in contention about things not essential are the hindmost in things important and

useful. They are not usually fervent in prayer, peaceful in disposition, and active in brotherly kindness. Such are not often found visiting the sick and dying, helping the poor and distressed, and sowing the seeds of truth among the ignorant and the neglected in their neighbourhood and family connections. The Master said, "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another."

" Love is the golden chain which binds
The happy souls above ;
And he's an heir of bliss who finds
His bosom glow with love."

Love is eternal. It is from above. Love makes God a Father, Christ a Saviour, and the Holy Spirit a Comforter ; and it is love which makes manifest the children of God, the redeemed of the Lord, and the taught of the Holy Ghost from all the other children of men. "He that loveth is born of God and knoweth God. He that loveth not knoweth not God." Faith, hope, zeal and patience will all pass away, but love will remain for ever. Heaven is the proper home of love, and there it will be seen in perfection. He is most like God who has the greatest love, for God is love. "If any man love God, the same is known of Him." It was love to God and men which constrained the Apostles to labour and suffer. It was love that enabled the martyrs to witness for Christ in prison and at the stake. It is love which now causes many to give freely to the poor and needy, the aged and infirm.

Love moved God to choose and predestinate to eternal life millions of the human race, and love is the rule and motive of all His conduct toward them. God acts from Himself and for Himself, and as He is love He must ever act and rule by love. Heaven, and all the bliss and beauty of the life above, will be the full manifestation of the love of God. There all the redeemed will enjoy full communion with each other in the happiness of holy and pure love. There will not be any fear of parting again from those we love. There will be no imperfections of character, nor evil associations to hinder the free and full realization of a life of perfect happiness and holiness. Perfection cannot be attained to in this life ; our own and others' daily failings, which cause pain and grief, hinder our communion in the flesh, and oft cause separation. But there all is right, good and pure—all perfection. But that which is good and profitable should be desired and earnestly sought after even now. These happy hours of spiritual love and fellowship, enjoyed here, are but foretastes of the joys of saints above. The most heavenly place on earth is the place where the people of God meet for sweet prayer and

praise, when there is one heart and mind, humility and love possessing the whole. Should not this spirit be carefully sought and prayerfully maintained in all our gatherings? What is our service but a source of sadness and gloom if love be absent?

“How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord,
In one another’s peace delight,
And so fulfil His word.

“When each can feel his brother’s sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

“When free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother’s failings hide,
And show a brother’s love.

“When love in one delightful stream
Through every bosom flows;
When union sweet and dear esteem,
In every action glows.”

“This is His commandment, that we should love one another.”
“See that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently.”

W. B.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR DOWNCAST PILGRIMS.

“Call upon Me in the day of trouble.”

AN incident which pleasingly exemplifies “how good the Lord is” to those who call upon Him “in their distress,” recently occurred in the life of a country pastor whom we number “in our list of friends.”

It happened, at the close of a long and peculiar season of affliction, his eldest daughter, when a bright and intelligent child of twelve, was seized with an epileptic fit. Others followed in quick succession, and so violent was their character that she was liable to be attacked with one at any moment, when standing in front of a fire, or ascending a stair-case, and but for tender vigilance the results might have been fatal. Hence she could never be left, day or night. Medical help was obtained. The local surgeon, and a London physician, tried their utmost skill, but in vain. At great expense she was then taken to Clifton, and afterwards to Matlock, where she was placed under hydropathic treatment, with the same result. Advertised or quack medicines were then also tried, but without the slightest improvement being perceptible.

This had continued so long that his wife's health was seriously affected; their little hoard, wisely put by for a rainy day, was exhausted; while the poor girl's shattered constitution rendered her attacks more violent and distressing than ever.

An advertisement, setting forth the virtues of a new medicine, not long since attracted their attention, and excited their sanguine expectations. A sum of money, very large when compared with their scanty resources—was accordingly sent for a full-sized bottle, which reached them just as her father was leaving home one winter's evening with a sad and heavy heart, to conduct a village service. This he was helped to do, and when all was over, he started on his homeward journey. His way lay across a wild uncultivated common. The night was dark, the surroundings gloomy, and his painful and prolonged troubles recurred to his mind with all their force and bitterness. He seemed so hopeless and helpless—the costly efforts they had made to alleviate his daughter's malady had proved worse than unavailing—the future gave no promise of brighter days—and the multitude of his thoughts within him caused an uncontrollable burst of feeling. He wept aloud in the soreness of his grief; and, lifting his heart to God, he tried to tell Him all. Almost immediately a sweet and solemn assurance filled his mind, that this trouble would soon end, and strength was given him to assure the Lord in the confidence of faith that he left the matter wholly in His wise and wonder-working hands.

On his return home his little son ran to inform him, in great dismay, that after opening the bottle of medicine they had discovered that it was not what they had supposed, but another of a different kind, intended for a wholly dissimilar disease, though prepared by the same firm, who had sent it by mistake. The loss of so many shillings, however, seemed rather to confirm his faith than to add to his sorrow—and he told them that he was determined that L—— should not take another drop of medicine of any description.

Our heavenly Father invariably honours the faith which the Holy Spirit imparts. That prayer in the day of trouble was answered. The daughter never had a fit, or the slightest symptom of one, afterwards. As months rolled on strength has returned: all traces of her years of prostration have gradually left her; and her father has new and blessed reason to say:—

“ Just in the last distressing hour,
The Lord displays deliv'ring power;
The mount of danger is the place
Where we shall see surprising grace.”

THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

(Continued from page 242.)

AGAIN, the way may also be considered *distributively*; and thus all the lesser paths, comprehended in Christ, the great Way, may be so styled. And the way, in this respect, may be reduced to four general heads. 1. The way of faith. 2. The way of instituted worship. 3. The way of Divine providence; and 4. The way of conversation-holiness.

First, The way of faith, by which I intend the doctrine of faith, or the way of Divine revelation, called the way of God (Acts xviii. 26), in which God walks with His own in peculiar grace; revealing to these babes the mysteries of the Gospel, while they are hid from the wise and prudent world (Matt. ii. 25; 1 Cor. ii. 10). The Divine revelation is alike made to *all*, in the written Word; but God makes it a way in which He manifests Himself unto *us*, so as He doth not unto the world (John xiv. 22). Our eyes have the blessedness to see (Matt. xiii. 16); while *they* seeing, see not (verse 13). Oh, the sovereignty of grace! "I will make all My mountains a way," saith the Lord, "and My highways shall be exalted" (Isa. xlix. 11). I will make all My mountains—all the high acts of My grace in Christ, which are firm as mountains—a way where I will delightfully walk with My people: and My highways shall be exalted, *i.e.*, lifted up in the glorious doctrines of the Gospel, and by My Spirit, in the hearts of My people, as so many highways for them to walk in. And as in this way of faith *doctrinally*, Divine revelation, God walks with His, in the sovereignty of His grace; so they also herein walk with Him in the obedience of faith practically (Rom. xvi. 26). The grace of faith, as a fruit of the Spirit, in the souls of believers (Gal. v. 22) is a principle suited to the doctrine of faith. As an *eye*, it looks to faith's object (Heb. xii. 2); as a *hand* it lays hold thereon (Heb. vi. 18); and as a *foot* it walks therein (Col. ii. 6); while all the glorious doctrines of faith shining in Christ, become as so many high places, on which the soul delightfully walks with God (Hab. iii. 19); in this way of faith, all the famous worthies mentioned in the eleventh of the Hebrews, walked with God; yea, all the saints that ever were, are, or shall be, have, do and shall walk here.

And further, God calls all His children, though some in a more eminent manner than others, to walk with Him in this way of faith. Even when they want the light of spiritual sense, God always walks with His in Christ, according to the revelation of His mind to them, though not always apparently. And they answerably walk with Him in faith, receiving His Divine testimony, setting to their seal that He is true (John iii. 33); and as

such trusting in Him even when He seems to slay them (Job xiii. 15). When dark dispensations cover them, and they have no light of sense to walk by, yet even then can they trust in the Lord, and stay themselves upon their God (Isa. l. 10). Although the fig tree should not blossom, nor fruit be in the vines, the labour of the olive fail, the field yield no meat, the flock be cut off from the fold, and no herd in the stalls; yet they go on in faith rejoicing in the Lord, and joying in the God of their salvation; while by His strength their feet are made like hinds' feet to walk upon their high places (Hab. iii. 17—19). And in this way of faith God is glorified exceedingly, by His displaying and His people ascribing the glory of His unchangeable grace (Mal. iii. 6); eternal mercy, covenant faithfulness (Psa. lxxxix. 1); and almighty power (Exod. xv. 6); in performing the truth to Jacob, the mercy promised from the days of old (Mic. vii. 20); fulfilling with His hand whatsoever His mouth hath spoken (1 Kings viii. 24).

Secondly. Instituted worship is another way in which God and His people walk with each other; the particular direction whereof is contained in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament (2 Tim. iii. 16, 17). God in Old Testament times made revelation of His mind herein to His people by His holy prophets, and eminently by that great prophet Moses, but in these last days of New Testament times He hath spoken unto us by His Son (Heb. i. 2), according as Moses had long ago foretold, "A Prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you like unto me; unto Him shall ye hearken" (Deut. xviii. 15). Christ as the great Prophet of the Church, the Son over His own house (Heb. iii. 6), hath made a complete revelation of the Divine will relating to *gospel worship*, which New Testament saints delightfully submit to; owning Christ as Prophet, and also as King in Zion. As Prophet, He made the Divine revelation; as King, He clothed it with the authority of His Divine command. Thus Matt. xxviii. 19, 20—"Go ye, therefore, teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you always to the end of the world. Amen." God has chosen Zion for His habitation (Psa. cxxxii. 13, 14), and set His King upon His holy hill (Psa. ii. 6), and here He will dwell for ever, for He hath desired it. And as God's dwelling place is in Zion (Psa. lxxvi. 2), so is His people's also (Psa. lxxix. 35); for God will save Zion, and build the cities of Judah, that they may dwell there.

Further, as the Churches are builded together, for an habitation of God through the Spirit (Eph. ii. 22), so He also walks there. "I will walk in them," says God (2 Cor. vi. 16); which, if true of

particular believers, is much more so of the *Churches*. Christ walks amidst the seven golden candlesticks (Rev. ii. 1), and loves the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob (Psa. lxxxiv. 2). It is here His people see His goings (Psa. lxxviii. 24); and gospel worship, whether public or private, is a glorious way wherein God and His people walk together.

First, in public worship, the law goes forth out of Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem; His people, taught in His ways, walk in His paths (Isa. ii. 3). He clothes her priests with salvation; her saints shout for joy; He abundantly blesseth her provision, and her poor are satisfied with bread (Psa. cxxxii. 15, 16), and praise waiteth for Him in Zion (Psa. lxxv. 1). It is here He walks with His people, as a God hearing prayer (ver. 2), and they with Him by the spirit of supplications (Zech. xii. 10); pouring out their hearts before Him (Psa. lxxii. 8), while His ear is open to their cry (Psa. xxxiv. 15); and sometimes answers are very immediate; while they are yet speaking, He hears (Isa. lxxv. 24). An instance whereof we have (Acts iv. 29—31): "And now, Lord, behold their threatenings; and grant unto Thy servants, that with all boldness they may speak Thy word," &c. "And when they had prayed, the place was shaken where they were assembled together; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and spake the word of God with boldness." And as public worship is a way in which God and His people walk together, so,

Secondly, Private worship both in the family and closet. Thus Abraham our father walked with God. And how doth the Lord, as it were, boast of his holy walk before Him? (Gen. xvii. 19): "For I know him (says God) that he will command his children, and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord." And as Abraham, so all his spiritual seed, blessed with the same faith, and admitted into the same privilege of walking with God, pass on in the same steps of the faith of their father Abraham (Rom. iv. 12—16). They meditate in Jehovah's law (Psa. i. 2), and on all His wondrous works (Psa. cxliii. 5). He makes it sweet to them (Psa. civ. 34), and acceptable in His sight (Psa. xix. 14). They cry unto the Lord in their trouble. He hears their cry, and fulfils their desire (Psa. iii. 4; cxlv. 19). They give thanks to His name, and He accepts their praises (Psa. xxx. 12; l. 23; 1 Pet. ii. 5); accounting them only the true worshippers, that worship in truth, as to the matter, and in spirit, as to the manner of their worship (John iv. 23).

Oh, infinite condescension! Will God indeed dwell with men on earth? (2 Chron. vi. 18). Will the high and lofty One, the great I AM (Isa. lvii. 15), familiarly walk with worms that are less than nothing, and vanity? (Isa. xl. 17.) Will He that is far

above all blessing and praise (Neh. ix. 5); that humbleth Himself to behold the worship of heaven (Psa. cxiii. 6); yet bow down a gracious ear to the chattering prayers and praises of mortal, sinful men, whose foundation is in the dust? (Psa. xxxi. 2; Job iv. 19). It is well for us that this path of divine worship is comprehended in Christ; else God and we could never walk together in it. But,

Thirdly, divine providence is also a way, in which God and His people walk together, which may be divided into two parts—prosperous and afflictive.

1. *Prosperous.* The saints are indeed for the most part a poor and an afflicted people (Zeph. iii. 12); but yet some prosperity more or less, our dear Father is pleased to afford to all His children. They are heirs of promise (Heb. vi. 17); and Godliness hath the promise of the life that now is, as well as that which is to come (1 Tim. iv. 8). All things are theirs, and the world among the rest (1 Cor. iii. 21, 22). They are heirs of it: "the meek shall inherit the earth" (Matt. v. 5). And they are entered upon the possession of it now by faith, in that measure of it infinite wisdom has allotted for every child. They are called to inherit a blessing (1 Pet. iii. 9); and all the promises of God are yea and amen in Christ Jesus (2 Cor. i. 20). The Lord is indeed good to all, and His tender mercies are over all His works (Psa. cxlv. 9), though the wicked, generally speaking, have the greatest share of outward good things, their portion being in this life (Psa. xvii. 14). But God walks with *His own* in a very distinguishing manner from the world in a way of providential bounty. They are blessed in their basket and stores, in their coming in, and going out, and in all they set their hand unto (Deut. xxviii. 5, 6, &c.). Aye, blessed indeed, for in blessing they are blest (Gen. xxii. 17). They have the *inside* of the blessing, God's heart in every favour they enjoy, while others have only the *outside*. Hence it is, "a little that a righteous man hath, is better than the riches of many wicked" (Psa. xxxvii. 16). The saints see the fountain whence all their blessings flow (1 Chron. xxix. 14); while others boast of their wealth, as if gotten by their hand (Psa. xlix. 6). They possess all things as their own in Christ (2 Cor. vi. 10); while the wicked, alas! have no spiritual right to the least bit or drop (Prov. xvi. 8). They see the face of God in every smile of providence (Gen. xxxiii. 10); but if favour be showed to the wicked, they behold not the majesty of the Lord (Gen. xxvi. 10). God's people taste and see that the Lord is good, in every mercy (Psa. xxxiv. 8): they not only taste and see the goodness of the mercy, but of God in the mercy; while the wicked in their full prosperity, are utter strangers to God, and enemies both to Him and His (Psa. lxxiii.

3, &c.). The wicked have no assurance of a day's favour; they are set in slippery places (ver. 18). But the saints' mercies are covenant mercies (Psa. cxi. 5); the sure mercies of David (Isa. lv. 3). So that they may sing with him, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life" (Psa. xxiii. 6).

(To be continued.)

UNPUBLISHED NOTES BY A DECEASED CLERGYMAN.

December, 1871.—Our covenant God knows how to deal with us better than we know ourselves. There is many a precious lesson of fatherly love learnt on a sick couch. It is far from pleasant to flesh and blood to suffer from infirm health, but viewed by faith it will prove among the "needs be" that express concern for our everlasting welfare. How near Jesus is to His suffering saints. May you have food from His own storehouse.

May, 1872.—I am not one of the richly endowed ones of this world, but I thank God I am content. He has ever provided for me, and the riches of His grace have been abundantly poured out on me, so that I have reason to rejoice; and I thank Him that He has made known to me His sovereign love in a crucified and risen Saviour. He deals with you as with many of His dear ones, depriving you of privileges which you would appreciate, that you may look for joy and consolation only in Him. May He keep you, and cause the light of His countenance to shine on you. The Lord sustains me and gives me a joyous evidence of His presence with me. In Christ Jesus we should have joy, for He has ransomed every ovation of sorrow, and "the fruits of the Spirit are love, joy, peace," &c. Your depression I presume is more owing to bodily infirmities than to any fears about your spiritual state. You will be glad to know that Mr. B——, your friend, is coming to the Clifton Conference next month. I wish you could come too.

January, 1873.—I am going (D.V.) to Cheltenham to-day, to preside at a lecture to be given by Geo. Mackey, who is following the example of poor Murphy, and lecturing from town to town on the errors of Popery. I consider this to be very important in the present day, when Popery and Ritualism are making such fearful progress in this our Protestant land. Of course, our beloved Master will be triumphant over all the enemies and hindrances which Satan can raise up against Him. It is our duty, however, each in our several sphere, to bear our testimony, not only for truth, but against error, so that the hearts of the Lord's people may be sustained, and that the world may be admonished of the

judgments that are coming on the earth when the Lord will destroy every system of lies with the Spirit of His mouth, and with the brightness of His coming. May He give you peace always, and by all means, keeping you resting in His precious promises and rejoicing in hope of His coming glory.

June, 1873.—We live in critical times, and the enemy is very busy, but let us rejoice that in every age the Lord reserves to Himself at least seven thousand who do not bow the knee to the image of Baal. I rejoice to find as I visit distant places that there are still left a few faithful ones who are trying to shed abroad the light of divine truth. We know that the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth and His purpose will not be defeated.

November, 1874.—I look back with much satisfaction to my visit to your town, and trust in the Lord that my visit has been of Him, and that it will bear fruit to His glory. I was enabled to speak the Word with freedom, and I think I had attentive audiences. I do trust also that my brethren were a little strengthened for their work, and that they will be encouraged, and enabled to speak the Word with boldness. That is what is wanted now-a-days, when the enemy is coming in like a flood. But we know that the cause of our blessed Jesus cannot fail, and that the stripling, David, will still be able to prostrate many a sneering and vaunting Goliath.

December, 1874.—I pray that our gracious God will raise you up speedily to health and strength for any further service in which He would have you to be engaged. He is a faithful God, and not one good thing which He has promised shall be withheld from His people. "Faithful is He who has called you, and promised, who also will do it." I have had recently a very signal evidence of the power and blessedness of prayer in reference to a matter of much perplexity, from which I saw no way of escape to the right or left. Some friends advised one way, some another; but I remembered how He had said, "Thy strength is to sit still." And so I waited and prayed. Suddenly there arose light in the darkness, and my covenant God and Saviour showed me that He had taught me right. So now I can say to the perplexed, "wait and pray." He who knows all sees your case, and if you leave it to Him He will deal with it in a way to show you at once His love, and the wisdom of the way in which, by grace, He led you.

January, 1875.—I have been laid up with a very bad cold; but, through the Lord's mercy, am now advancing towards recovery, and was enabled yesterday to get through my services very comfortably. The Lord is better to us than our merits. Everything comes to us through the blessed Saviour, whose righteousness covers all our unworthiness. What wonders of forbearing love and mercy will be revealed to us in the day of

the Lord, of which we see only a very small portion now. We must be content to wait for the development of God's purposes until He, who is "the wisdom of God and the power of God" comes again, and when He comes He will tell us all things. I commenced my lectures last Friday, and had a large congregation. Pray, dear friend, that not a few may be led out of darkness into God's marvellous light. You know I never had these lectures reported and published myself, it was always done by others. The first poor man who did it is dead and gone. Others succeeded him; but for these three or four years no one has risen up in their place to follow their example.

November, 1875.—We spent a few weeks in North Wales. I fear there is not much spiritual light there. The Church is somewhat high, and, as far as I could learn, there was nothing specially good in the chapels. I preached several times on the sea shore, and, on Sunday evenings especially, had very good audiences, for which I was very thankful, and hope, with the Lord's blessing, some good was done. I rejoice to say the Lord made the Conference quite a success. The general tone of the meeting was excellent. [Here follows a long list of his arduous labours in prospect.] Time is hastening on, and I am growing old, and getting near the grave. As yet, the good Lord sustains me in health and strength, and I want to end my days in His service. Oh, how can I serve Him sufficiently for His mercies and loving kindness to me? He has loved me, and called me by His grace, and I feel more and more my unworthiness before Him. I rejoice to magnify the grace of my Saviour God, for by His grace alone I am what I am.

May, 1879.—How Romanism is advancing in our country, and what influence it exercises in high quarters. I fear the present Government is going to commit a great national sin in handing over a million and a half of the property of the Irish Church to the Romish priests for a University in which nothing but Popery will be taught. Thus, another insult will be offered to our blessed Lord, and another provocation given to God to send His sore judgment on this country. Well, dear friend, the Lord knoweth them that are His; they cry and sigh to Him concerning these abominations, and He hears them. Nevertheless He leaves His enemies to walk in their own way, and to fill up the cup of their rebellion against Him. The day is coming when He will discern between those who serve Him and those who serve Him not. Meanwhile we must continue to protest in His name, and to implore His interference. The day is coming when He will assert His authority over the earth, and justify His witnessing people before the universe.

Bristol.

S. A. W.

LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

A MOTHER'S LETTER TO HER DAUGHTER.

MY OWN DEAR CHILD,—You are my youngest and most distant one, but not the least thought upon. But to send my thoughts is now a difficult task.

I was thankful to hear through your brother that you were well, but he thought you were rather low. Well, all who are taught by the Spirit of God, and are led by that right way by which all have gone to the city of habitation, were brought more or less low in their journey, but never left to walk alone, even when, for want of clearer sight, some of them have exclaimed, "Are His mercies clean gone for ever? Will He be favourable no more?" Then again, "I was brought low, but He helped me." Such as these are real waiters upon Him. How many changes take place in the quickened soul to cause fear; and how sweet are the precious "Fear nots," when applied to their case; and the number of them which we have in the Word of Truth shows the need of them. I would say, with the Psalmist, "Wait on the Lord, and be of good courage, and He shall strengthen your heart." All the strength we gather from anything short of Him will change like the seasons, and wither; but the Sun of Righteousness is unchanging. Clouds may obscure, but they are passing things; and although we cannot see through them, yet they are dispersed by His beams, and then it is felt to be blessed to have waited for Him. The youths, full of strength and activity, are to faint and be weary, &c.; but those who wait upon the Lord are to renew their strength, which plainly proves that their strength had declined. *Suspense* is a sore trial. The Psalmist says, "I waited long," but, my child, none ever waited in vain.

I did not think of writing like this; but I feel it good to think on the safety of the flock who love His appearing, and mourn His absence. How poor they are without Him, and how richly His blessing descends on these poor in spirit—these mourners after Him!

I was glad to hear that you had enjoyed a sweet sense of pardon. The cloud which dimmed it afterwards only affected you. He is the same under all circumstances. Oh, for more faith to believe it, and to live in and upon Him. But I can join you in saying that it is poor work when the heart does not keep pace with the head. Did our hearts at all times keep pace with our heads, we should show more fruit, and should lop off the hateful weeds of unbelief and carnality. Sin would be increasingly hateful, and act only as a means to cause us to fly to that

Fountain which can and does cleanse and meeten us for that worship which is spiritual.

That it may be so with us is the prayer of

Your affectionate but feeble

MOTHER.

P.S.—You say, ‘The world and self are miserable comforters.’ I know it, my child, and suffer by their company; yet we could not desire to live, die, or remain in ignorance of the reason why they are so. Oh, what great debtors we are to grace!

THE FIRE BRIGADE AT MASS IN DUBLIN.

A DUBLIN correspondent recently writes:—“The Fire Brigade Association of Great Britain have been visiting Dublin. There was a very largely attended meeting held on Saturday at the City Hall, Col. Sir Charles Firth presiding. But the Sunday programme was a most extraordinary one. Shortly after eleven a.m., the delegates assembled at the head-quarters of the Dublin Brigade, and thence marched in full uniform to the Roman Catholic Cathedral in Marlborough Street, to attend High Mass. Special seats were reserved for the delegates, but the *Daily Express* says that only ten of them entered the chapel. This was evidently a plan of the Dublin men to get their English friends to be present at the Popish Mass. If the Brigade were to hold their next meeting in Glasgow, would the Dublin men go to a Presbyterian kirk for prayers? Not likely! It is surprising that no protest was uttered against this part of the official programme by the English Protestant members who came over. According to the *Freeman's Journal* report, all the Englishmen seem to have attended the Roman Catholic service, but we hope that this may be contradicted officially.”

PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.

CARDINAL MANNING has expressed the wish that it should be known that he has no knowledge of the alleged perversion to his Church of the Princess Christian. He has never met the Princess except in society at Lord Ripon's,* and totally disclaims the responsibility for the reports in the Press, which he regards as false. The *Standard*, on the highest authority, denies the

* This is a tell-tale confession. How many pervers have been made by going into such society! Rumour it may be called, but we fear Royalty has caught the leprosy of our old enemy, Popery. If so, its fall is on the approach.—Ed.

rumour; but, subsequently, the *Freeman's Journal* announced that the Princess would have joined the Romish Church had not the Queen intervened in the matter. The *Irish Catholic* says the reception of Princess Christian into the Roman Catholic Church will be void of ceremonial beyond that usual in all similar cases, nor is it probable that publicity will be given to the date and place of reception. Amid such conflicting reports it seems difficult to arrive at a satisfactory opinion as to the facts of the case.

ON THE SUBJECT OF ROYAL PERVERTS TO ROME.

THE *Echo* says:—"If the rumour that Princess Christian has become a convert to the Roman Catholic Church be true, then it is to be deplored, and deplored principally on account of her connection with the Queen and the throne. The members of the Royal Family are in a sense public property. They are provided for, and provided for liberally, out of the public purse. The sovereign of this realm, whoever he or she may be, must, by the obligations he or she contracts, and by the law of the land, be a Protestant; and it is somewhat disturbing, to say the least of it, to hear that one of the Queen's children has left the Church of her fathers and joined a Church which is the implacable enemy of Protestantism. Between the Church of Rome and the Protestants there is a great gulf fixed. There is more—there is irrepressible antipathy and indestructible antagonism. The great dream of the moving spirits of the Church of Rome is to destroy Protestantism. They think, if they could remove the Protestant Church, or absorb it, they might be enabled, as Cardinal Manning says, to put their foot on the neck of the sovereign race which holds sway in this isle. The great impediment which stares them in the face—which blocks their pathway and defies their assaults—is Protestant Christianity. The nation has made prodigious progress since it shook off the Roman yoke. No nation has made such splendid and such solid progress before. This is not the expression of a prejudice, but the record of a fact. It is a fact written in our ordinary history, in our Parliament, in our seats of learning, in our commerce, in our broad-based freedom, in our literature, in our laws, in our rapidly developing colonies, and in our daily destiny. The fact is so notorious that it is looked at and talked about all over the world. Hence the dreaming and the scheming to bring back England to the 'centre of unity,' as it is called; hence the sleepless Jesuitical propaganda in our midst, and the persistent efforts made to get Royal and aristocratic and rich converts. Such converts are occasionally got, we admit, and when they are got the facts are paraded.

The Marquis of Bute or Lord Ripon may join the Church of Rome and remain. Lord Robert Montagu may also join and not remain. It is different with the members of the Royal family. They are more closely bound up with the life and the faith and the fate of the nation. The nation is essentially Protestant, and it expects the Royal Family will remain Protestant. If one member of the family falls away, why not two? And if two, why not three? But neither three, nor two, nor one can fall away without producing apprehension and undermining confidence. We are writing merely on the strength of a rumour—a rumour which we devoutly wish is not true. There is one thing, however, in this controversy which should never be forgotten, and that is, that where Romanism gets a convert in England, it loses its holdfast on three or four on the Continent. Italy, for instance, the cradle and the home of the Papacy, and which the Papacy swayed for many long centuries, is honeycombed with scepticism, and beyond Papal control."

PACKING UP POPISH RELICS.

THE way in which the sacred relics at Aachen were stored away after their recent exposure in the cathedral is as characteristic as the "adoration" itself. The following account is a translation from an article which is published *au grand sérieux* in a prominent part of the Roman Catholic *Germania*. The relics were first wrapped in silk wrappers, the gown of the mother of God being enveloped in white, the swaddling-clothes of Christ in yellow, His loin-cloth in dark red, and the cloth on which the head of John the Baptist was carried, in pale pink silk. After this, each relic was wrapped up in a cloth richly embroidered with real pearls, the four cloths being presents which, in 1629, the Infanta Isabella Clara Eugénie of Spain offered at the sacred shrines. Next, each relic was put into a special pocket closed with buttons, another cloth was wrapped round them, and a cover of tissue paper, the colour of which corresponded to that of the silk wrappers. Each parcel was then tied up with silk ribbons, the ends of which were sealed with the great seals of the relics. Then, a torch-light procession accompanied them to the Hungarian chapel, and they were deposited in the large "Mary's shrine." The iron lid was screwed on, the padlock filled with lead, and the key to it crushed to powder before the eyes of the spectators. A Te Deum was sung, and the solemn procession returned to the upper regions to sign a paper, in which it was stated that the real relics had once again been enclosed in the secret parts of the minster. [Oh, what disgusting deception !]

The Sower, November, 1838.



THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

THE following is a sketch of a lecture given in Paris by Professor Delaunay, who was originally destined for the Romish priesthood, but became converted therefrom by repeated visits to the catacombs of Rome. He entitles his lecture, "*The Testimony of the Catacombs to the Faith of the Primitive Church*":—

What are the catacombs? Who are buried in them? What are the testimonies of the faith of the Early Christians? There are sixty-one catacombs, which were originally (like the catacombs under Paris) quarries from which the Romans obtained the cement and stone for building their city. In these subterranean passages the Early Christians took shelter in times of persecution. There they celebrated the Lord's Supper, and held their "agapæ," or love-feasts. These catacombs extend twenty-two miles from the walls of Rome into the "campagna," or fields around. There exist underground no less than twelve hundred chapels, also six hundred shafts, or descents—some with steps, others like holes for ventilation. Through the holes the bodies of their martyred brethren and sisters in the faith—and in times of persecution, food and raiment—were let down to the Christians below.

There are in the catacombs twenty-two miles of streets, or subterranean passages. On one of these descents is an inscription—"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth," an extract from the Revelation of St. John. The Early Christians deposited their dead in the chapels, which had tombs like shelves superposed in layers. On these ledges the bodies of the Christians were deposited after having been embalmed. There is in each a central tomb, called the "triumphal ark." In this common tomb forty, or even a hundred, bodies of martyrs were brought down, with songs of triumph and thanksgiving to God, as they went step by step singing the 116th Psalm. Methinks I hear them singing the words—"I love the Lord, because He hath heard my voice and my supplications. The sorrows of death compassed me; the pains of hell gat hold upon me; I found trouble and sorrow. Then called I upon the name of the Lord: O Lord, I beseech Thee, deliver my soul." Over the tomb they placed a marble slab, around which was celebrated the Lord's Supper. The Word of God, the testimony of Jesus, was laid upon the tomb of those who "overcame by the word of their testimony," who "loved not their lives to the death." From hence was read and preached (a glorious pulpit) "the truth as it is in Jesus," which spread from generation to generation, until the end of the third century.

The Christians made no parade of their sufferings, but when the martyrs were left mangled and dying in the amphitheatre, Christian women absorbed the martyrs' blood with sponges or

linen, and squeezed it into vases or receptacles, which were then cemented into the stone of the sepulchre, as a witness to their steadfastness in "resisting even unto blood, striving against sin."

The immensity of the catacombs can be imagined by comparing them to five extensive spiders' webs, placed one upon another in entire complicity. No one knows where they begin nor where they end. If these passages, of about two feet wide, could be joined to form one single street, they would extend nine hundred miles in length. Imagine these nine hundred miles all bordered by tombs, and you have an idea of the immensity of the catacombs. Tombs upon tombs, graves upon graves, catacombs upon catacombs. Sometimes you go down fifty feet underground, sometimes a hundred, and even a hundred and fifty feet. They resemble the layers of strata in a coal mine. God has preserved these vast catacombs to be silent witnesses of His truth, as it was professed eighteen hundred years ago. The catacombs are named cemeteries, because that word means a "sleeping-place," and declares the faith of the primitive Christians on the subject of death. The word "death" is not found in the catacombs. You may travel league after league in the catacombs, and it is not death, but life, that is expressed everywhere. These Early Christians never said of their departed friends, "They are dead," but "They sleep." During four hundred and fifty years seven millions of Christians have been entombed in the catacombs; of this number two millions died as martyrs. This answers the question, "Who are buried in the catacombs?"

We will now examine into the testimonies of their faith. This is shown by the epitaphs and inscriptions cut or placed over their tombs, thus—

Lucina—thou sleepest in peace.

Claudia—went to sleep at God's call.

Hermes—thou sleepest.

The name of Christ in symbol in the centre of a stone.

A very remarkable tomb is one in which four Christians are buried. On the slab are four footprints, signifying that they had left their footprints on the sands of time, and had walked with God on earth, following in the steps of their Redeemer.

The Early Christians used symbols, the meaning of which was known only to themselves, to baffle their Pagan persecutors; and many were illiterate, so that the symbols were to them a language. Their faith in Christ was expressed by the picture of a fish, and by the Greek letters of which the word *fish* is composed (*Ichthūs*). The name of Jesus occurs but five times in the whole extent of the catacombs, the name "Christ" being used in its

stead. Why is this? Because the name "Jesus" is a Hebrew name, but "Christ" is Greek. They knew very little of the Jewish dispensation in the catacombs. Generally speaking, Jewish names are not found recorded on the tombs. When a Jew became a Christian, after he had been baptized he forsook his Jewish name for a new name, to signify his new birth and entrance into citizenship in the kingdom of God. Thus David would become Apollonius; Saul, when converted and baptized, changed his name to Paulus (the least). The Gentiles, or Pagans, when converted and baptized, changed their names also. The Jewish converts are recognized by the seven-branched lamp of the sanctuary being found on their tombs.

It is most remarkable that in the catacombs there are no crosses—no sign of the sacrifice of Christ. They had passed the cross, and were looking forward to the crown. They were risen with Christ, having died and been buried with Him, therefore they sought those things where Christ is at the right hand of God.

Christ, the resurrection, and the life, are the three great articles of faith recorded on these tombs. The confession of the catacombs is the same as Peter's—"Jesus, the Christ, the Son of the living God." The letters of the Greek word, *I, ch, th, u, s* (fish) are the initials of these five words—*Ic̄sous, Christos, Theos, Uios, Sôtēr* (Jesus, Christ, God, Son, Saviour). When a convert had been baptized he received a white stone, which was a name which no one could understand except him who received it. This name was the above Greek word for fish, and was the symbolic expression of faith in Christ.

There are baptistries in three of the chapels in the catacombs. The Tiber, being a muddy river, they did not baptize in it, but dug baptistries. The water is entered by a staircase of ten steps. The baptistries were called "*piscina*," from the Latin word "*piscis*," that is, the home of the fish. Three of the African Fathers, writing in the second century, say that the African Churches placed a fish (not a dead one, of course) in the baptismal water, and called it on that account "*piscina*." Upon a tomb is found a painting of a ship, or ark, representing the Church of Christ; the ship rests upon a dolphin—a fish—indicating that Jesus, the Christ, the Son of the living God, is the Foundation of the Church. The figure of Christ Himself is represented standing on the prow as the heavenly Pilot.

A painting representing Jonah being vomited by the sea monster is often found on the tombs, being a "sign" of the resurrection of the Lord. There is also a bird feeding on a fish; it is a dove. What can this mean? The dove symbolizes the Christian, who feeds upon Christ—the doctrine of the Apostles,

the Word of God. Next is a painting of Simon Peter catching a fish, out of whose mouth drops a coin. The Greek cross is frequently found, but no cross or crucifix until the fourth century. Two doves are looking unto Christ, as the Alpha and Omega. Here is a man leaning on the name of Christ, as a soldier rests on his musket; the N on which he is leaning is the initial letter of the Greek word "Nika"—"Christos Nika," Christ our Victory.

We find also some characteristics of the life of Christ—Christ at the tomb of Lazarus; Christ as the Good Shepherd, followed by His sheep and lambs. This epitaph is the name of a woman, and her new name "*Vita*"—life, because Christ was her life and her hope of glory. Another painting represents a love-feast. Seven persons are represented. The bread used at the Lord's Supper was in the shape of a hand, stamped with the name of Christ. After the love-feast they celebrated the Lord's Supper. Two doves are represented drinking out of a cup—feasting on Christ. Two doves are painted at the Lord's Table. Another picture of a love-feast represents two Christians, a man and woman, sitting at a small table, with a fish. Another represents a woman hymning a triumphal song. Again, women in the attitude of prayer. The Early Christians stood with arms uplifted and eyes raised heavenwards. They were "looking unto Jesus," seated at the right hand of God; they were "risen with Christ," their sins were remitted, and they looked to Him who is risen and in glory on high.

They frequently sang and recited parts of Psalm cxvi. A painting of the Last Supper shows Jesus and His disciples *sitting*, and not *kneeling*, at the Lord's Supper. Jesus holds in His hand a cup, and with His right hand gives the bread to the next disciple, saying, "Take, eat; this is My body, broken for thee; do this in remembrance of Me, until I return."

Here is a chapel, and a group of Christians looking heavenward. If they were asked, "Why stand ye gazing up into heaven?" the answer would be, "Because this same Jesus, who is now in heaven, shall so come in like manner as He was seen to go into heaven."

This is a picture of a Pagan woman, mourning, robed in black, the image of despair. She weeps because she has no hope beyond the grave. Here are two Christian women. What a contrast! They are not shedding tears of despair; they look heavenward, are clothed in white robes (no crape, no mourning), and through their tears they see by faith beyond the skies, and those eyes are illumined by hope. The martyrs, when buried, were dressed in bridal array, in ascension robes.

Resurrection—life in Christ, the Son of God, is the testimony

of the catacombs. An epitaph says, "In the consciousness of Christ my spirit knows no death." The crypts in the Necropolis of Rome were the nucleus out of which burst forth the chrysalis of our modern Christian civilization. There the sturdy warrior sleeps by the side of the baby martyr; beautiful virgins also sleep there, waiting the Heavenly Bridegroom's call. Truly here "death is swallowed up in victory." On no tombs is the cruel word "death" seen, for Christ, our Life, is there. Each tomb tells of *Christ, Resurrection, Life*.

There is no clericalism, no pontifical, prelatical, or parochial priest, nor any Pope or temporal head of the Church; no saint or angel worship. Thus, subterranean Rome contains the proof that she has wandered far away from the Church's primitive purity. The ancient simplicity has passed away. Paganism, introduced by Constantine, lent her pomps and ceremonies to the new worship. The preaching of Christ and the resurrection brought many sages from the schools of Rome to ask whether there was a hereafter, and that question was answered from the numerous pulpits in the catacombs, and at the amphitheatres, by the martyrs who suffered in the arenas. Some of the epitaphs run thus—"Deus Christus Omnipotens refrigeret spiritum tuum"; "Spiritus tuus in pace"; "Spiritus tuus in bono"; "Spiritus in luce Dominus suscepit." "I have kept the faith" was the martyr's expiring cry of triumph. The dove symbolized the indwelling spirit of him who walks in the beauty of holiness. Doves surround the cup of salvation and the table of the Lord. The Agapê was the school, and the Church the city of Christian love. It was the vestal altar on which was kept alive the flame, the sacred fire of brotherly love. This secret and indissoluble bond proved stronger than the Roman Empire. The Churches were burned, their assemblies scattered, the Church members slaughtered, but nothing could dissolve the bond of love.

THE readiest way to know whether you are in Christ is to know whether Christ be in you.

THE humble Christian, who can talk only of God, who sits silent in the great congregation, pleading in his heart for the descent of the Holy Spirit while the Gospel is preached, may be as instrumental in working these modern miracles of grace which we will call conversions, as the most eloquent preacher. Said a successful pastor to an aged and paralytic Christian, who sat for years in a cushioned corner of the church, but was about to go away, "I shall miss you sadly. Indeed, I don't know how I shall be able to preach without you. You have no idea how much you have helped me."

THE TRIAL OF FAITH.

"That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ."—1 PETER i. 7.

THE Apostle Peter, in this Epistle, speaks of five precious things—

1. *A Precious Christ.* Precious as God's chosen One, and precious as faith's Object, on whom the spouse of Christ leans as she goes up out of this wilderness.

2. *Precious Blood.* Precious as deriving all its worth from the dignity of the Sufferer. The Person is greater than His work. The Person is greater than His blood. The worth does not lay in the appointment, but the Person appointed. The believer comes in here with—

"Vile, I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!"

3. *Precious Faith.* "Like precious faith"—the same in nature, not in strength—and it is of that nature that it can never be satisfied with anything short of precious substance.

4. *Precious Promises.* The treasures of faith—copies of heaven's bank-notes, issued forth for the use and comfort of faith in trouble. True faith only has to do with the promises of God, and in need she presents them, saying, "Thou saidst, I will surely do thee good."

5. *Precious Trial.* "The trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth." Faith must be tried to prove it to be genuine. Trials are the means by which the reality of faith is made known to the soul.

Oh, beloved, to have the smallest portion of this is better than all the bulk of profession without it. It is this that will live under all circumstances, and light the soul up in death with a living prospect of glory.

The "gold." Gold has its uses, but it is of the earth, and must perish to us, when we are done with earth. Men may love gold, and be under the frowns of God. The value of faith is proved by trial, as we see remarkably set forth in the case of Abraham, called "the father of the faithful." It is well to mark his faith in the various steps he took, what difficulties it had to contend with, and how it was tried, yet stood the test of all. As the Apostle says, "who against hope believed in hope, that he might become the father of many nations, according to that which was spoken, So shall thy seed be. And being fully persuaded that what He had promised He was able also to perform, and therefore it was imputed to him for righteousness" (Rom. iv.).

Read also Hebrews xi., and see there the triumphs of faith. It is indeed a priceless blessing, that will not leave us on a dying bed. There it attains its end, even the salvation of the soul. Faith is imperishable as to its object, as to its principle, and as to its end. It is true it will not be needed in heaven; it will not be wanted in the light of heaven's throne. Faith will then be lost in sight, and hope in the full fruition of eternal glory. As one sings—

“ The Word is here the Church's fare,
And faith the Church's light,
Till shades give way to glory's day,
Then she shall live by sight.”

Faith is genuine and simple, standing not in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God. It is not nature's product, but God's gift—a new covenant blessing obtained through the righteousness of God our Saviour—a blessed fruit arising out of the cultivating of the Spirit in the soul (see Gal. v.). Christ is its Author; it comes from Him, and there is no rest until it finds a resting-place in His bosom. What a mercy to have one grain of this faith—to be brought to know, in some measure, what we are saved from, what we are saved to—which will assuredly terminate in the glory of heaven, when we shall see Him as He is!

Faith's choice is Christ and His people—to stand with them, though despised and afflicted. It scorns the honours of this life, compared with those to come (see Heb. xi.). How beautifully are they described by the Apostle! They saw the promises afar off. Now they long to taste and clasp them as their own. They “were persuaded of them”—of their reality and worth. Nothing to them was so desirable. If they had had ten thousand worlds, they would have given them away for one blessed hour with Christ. “And embraced them.” How precious! Self-renouncing in the full belief that “Thou must save, and Thou alone.”

Faith receives of Christ. As one has said, “Love is the mistress; faith, the housekeeper; hope, the waiting-maid; and patience, servant of all work.” What the Spirit reveals of Christ, faith gathers to the comfort and consolation of the soul. “What Thou givest them they gather.” The Spirit reveals Him as the atoning Priest, the ruling King; and faith lays hold of Him, not simply sees Him, but “tastes and sees that the Lord is good.”

The *trial* of faith. Untried faith is of little worth. We ask for growth in grace, with Newton—“I asked the Lord that I might grow,” &c. When we are first brought into the Lord's army, we do not know much about discipline. Under the Jewish law the newly married man was to stay at home a year—he was not to

go out to war—and is there not some spiritual truth in this? I often look back at the blessedness I enjoyed in those days, and long for their return. But trials are needful (see ver. 6)—“if need be.” The Lord seems to desert us; and what is so painful as to feel to be forsaken—to be left alone? There are no pangs so bitter as when Zion says, “The Lord hath forsaken me, and my God hath forgotten me.” What sinkings the soul feels—what apprehensions that all will be brought to nought! But faith says, “He is my Lord, and I will seek Him whom my soul loveth.”

The life of faith is threatened by the devil. This is what he aims at. His suggestions, with our unbelief, seem as if they would sink us to despair. He asks—“Is it possible to be a child of God and possess such feelings as these?” Faith clings to the words and promises of God, saying, “If He had meant to have destroyed us, He would not have shown us such things”; and, when He seems to beat you out of nearly every refuge, faith grasps this one truth, “One thing I know, whereas I was blind, now I see.” And when God again smiles upon the soul, what joy it experiences! It revives from the lowest sinkings. Sometimes it seems at the last gasp—“fightings without and fears within”; ruin and destruction on every hand; yet held up by the power of God.

“ Ever on thy Captain calling,
Make thy worst condition known;
He shall hold thee up when falling;
He shall lift thee up when down.”

Dark providences! These seem to strip of every earthly comfort, break all your plans, frustrate all your schemes, close up every nether spring. You look around at scattered ruins, but, amidst all this sterility, faith says, “Although the fig tree shall not blossom, the labour of the olive shall fail, the herd shall be cut off,” &c., “yet will I rejoice.”

“Tried by fire.” Fire is very searching and discriminating. It is not the bulk, but the quality of faith; and the faith of God’s elect will stand the test, though sometimes you think all is going to be consumed when put into the furnace; but God will preserve His own work, and bring it forth to His glory. It is sometimes by a slow fire. The furnace revealed to Abraham was a smoking furnace. Long, painful, and lingering the trial may be, dark and dismal, and yet connected with it there was the lamp, though you do not realize the light and joy of it, and you may feel like giving up—that all must come to an end. You may be tempted to restrain prayer before God, yet groans and unutterable sighs involuntarily ascend, and before long help comes.

It is something more than human that enables the soul to trust under such circumstances, when there is no light. To lean upon God is nothing short of supernatural grace and strength imparted from on high. This is the faith of God's elect.

There are ordinary trials you meet with, and of these a great diversity—trials in your family, in your circumstances, domestic affliction, bitterness of spirit from the professing world. God knows best how to purge His people from dross. That text, "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils," was a help to me years ago ; but I have learnt more of it since then. Oh, the blessedness to be found in trusting alone in God !

Sometimes the trials are more than ordinary. When the enemy rides over our heads, we pass through fire and water, the flames penetrating into the inward substance. Yet God preserves faith untouched—only the dross is consumed, the bonds are broken, and the soul finds a freedom in the presence of his divine Lord and Master.

The end—to "be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ." "Though He slay me," says Job, "yet will I trust in Him ; because, when He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." We see the power of God manifested in upholding and maintaining, amidst all opposition, the faith of His people. See how the blessed Lord underlaid the faith of Peter with His power in prayer, though the devil sifted him as wheat, and his fall was great. Here was the safety of his faith—"I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not," and it rises from the deeps with greater vigour. It cuts its way through hosts of devils, while they fall before His word.

The Lord's faithfulness is hereby manifested. Though He puts us into the furnace, He does not forsake us. "But grace, though the smallest, must surely be tried." He preserves the work of His own hand in the power of His own word: "When thou walkest through the fire, I will be with thee." It pleased the Lord to make you His people, and it is His pleasure to keep you amidst all. "Fear not, thou worm Jacob."

"At the appearing of Jesus Christ." It may not be much seen now, but the period is approaching when it will be made more manifest, when He shall appear as the righteous Judge. Then the faith that hath glorified Him in the fires—cleaved to Him with full purpose of heart—looked to Him alone, determined to "know nothing among men but Christ, and Him crucified," shall receive His approbation and smile. He rewards His own work, and crowns it too. He will crown His poor, despised people, and they will give the praise and glory of all the work to Him alone.

Then, poor, tried soul, what a sweet and blessed prospect there is before you ! "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation."

Tried one, look onward and upward. See the crown before thee. Soon thou shalt wear it, though thy desponding heart has said many a time, "How shall I stand the trying day?" Here is the secret—"kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation."

The Lord bless us with a faith like this, for His name's sake.
Stapleford Vestry. C. NORRIS.

GOODNESS AND MERCY.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I just drop you a line to thank you for your very kind, sympathizing, and encouraging letter of last week. How good it is at times to have a word of encouragement and of sympathy in affliction from a friend; and what a mercy to feel a love and sympathy to the Lord's dear people at all times, and especially in their afflictions! The Lord does not forget this, and it is a blessed mark of being one of them. I have felt the kindness and love I have had from you, A—— and B—— friends very much indeed. I felt my heart broken down with a sense of the Lord's goodness and His dear people's kindness to me, a poor, unworthy sinner.

Oh, what a mercy to be enabled to say, with dear Ruth—"This people shall be My people, and their God my God"; and with dear Moses, to "choose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin, which are but for a season." I have been very much tried in this affliction, but the Lord has been very merciful and good to me. I am thankful to say I am much better, but it will be some weeks before I shall be able to preach again.

May the Lord be with you, and bless you and yours. With kind love, I remain,

Yours truly in the Gospel of Christ,
Chippenham, March 23rd, 1888. J. S.

WORLDLINGS, instead of looking upon godliness as their greatest gain, will look upon gain as their greatest godliness.

ALAS! long-suffering and most patient God! Thou needest be surelier God to bear with us than even to have made us.—
Elizabeth B. Browning.

ATTENDING religious ordinances, and approving of sacred things, is far from proving a man to be renewed in his mind. There may be much light around while all is darkness within.

DR. DODDRIDGE'S DREAM.

It is not strange that such a man as Dr. Doddridge, who lived as every Christian ought to live, in intimate communion with God daily, quite in the precincts of heaven, and whose heart and soul were continually anticipating the joys of that glorious world, should have been the subject of the following remarkable dream.

Dr. Doddridge was on terms of very intimate friendship with Dr. Samuel Clark, and in religious conversation they spent many happy hours together. Among other matters, a very favourite topic was the state of the soul after death, and whether at the instant of dissolution it was introduced into the presence of all the heavenly hosts, and the splendours around the throne of God.

One evening, after a conversation of this nature, Dr. Doddridge retired to rest with his mind full of the subject discussed, and, in the "visions of the night" his ideas were shaped in the following beautiful form. He dreamed that he was at the house of a friend, when he was suddenly taken dangerously ill. By degrees he seemed to grow worse, and at last to expire. In an instant he was sensible that he exchanged the prison-house and sufferings of mortality for a state of liberty and happiness. Embodied in a splendid ærial form, he seemed to float in a region of pure light. Beneath him lay the earth, but not a glittering city or village, forest, or sea was visible. There was nought to be seen below save the melancholy group of friends, weeping around his lifeless remains. Himself thrilled with delight, he was surprised at their tears, and attempted to inform them of his change, but, by some mysterious power, utterance was denied, and, as he anxiously leaned over the mourning circle, gazing fondly upon them, and struggling to speak, he rose silently upon the air, their forms became more and more distant, and gradually melted away from his sight. Reposing upon golden clouds, he found himself swiftly mounting the skies, with a venerable figure at his side, guiding his mysterious movements, and in whose countenance he remarked the lineaments of youth and age were blended together with an intimate harmony and majestic sweetness. They travelled through a vast region of empty space, until at length the battlements of a glorious edifice shone in the distance, and as its form rose brilliant and distinct among the far-off shadows that flitted across their path, the guide informed him that the palace he beheld was for the present to be his mansion of rest. Gazing upon its splendour, he replied that, while on earth, he had heard that eye had not seen, nor had the ear heard, nor could it enter into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for those who love Him; but, notwithstanding the building to which they were then rapidly

approaching was superior to anything he had before seen, yet its grandeur had not exceeded the conceptions he had formed. The guide made no reply. They were already at the door, and had entered. The guide introduced him into a spacious apartment, at the extremity of which stood a table covered with a snow-white cloth, a golden cup, and a cluster, and there he said he must remain, for he would receive, in a short time, a visit from the Lord of the mansion ; and that during the interval before His arrival, the apartment would furnish him with sufficient entertainment and instruction. The guide vanished, and he was left alone. He began to examine the decorations of the room, and observed that the walls were adorned with a number of pictures. Upon nearer inspection he found, to his astonishment, that they formed a complete biography of his own life. Here he saw upon the canvas, angels, who, though unseen, had ever been his familiar attendants ; and, sent by God, they had sometimes preserved him from immediate peril. He beheld himself first as an infant just expiring, when his life was prolonged by an angel gently breathing into his nostrils. Most of the occurrences here delineated were perfectly familiar to his recollection, and unfolded many things which he had never before understood, and which had perplexed him with many doubts and much uneasiness. Among others he was particularly struck with a picture in which he was represented as falling from his horse, when death would have been inevitable had not an angel received him in his arms, and broken the force of his descent. These merciful interpositions of God filled him with joy and gratitude, and his heart overflowed with love as he surveyed in them all an exhibition of goodness and mercy far beyond all that he had imagined. Suddenly his attention was arrested by a rap at the door. The Lord of the mansion had arrived. The door opened, and He entered. So powerful and so overwhelming, and withal of such singular beauty, was His appearance, that he sank down at His feet, completely overcome by His majestic presence. His Lord gently raised him from the ground, and, taking his hand, led him forward to the table. He pressed with His fingers the juice of the grapes into the cup, and after having drank Himself, presented it to him, saying, "This is the new wine in My Father's kingdom." No sooner had he partaken than all uneasy sensations vanished. Perfect love had cast out fear, and he conversed with his Saviour as an intimate Friend. Like the silver rippling of the summer sea, he heard fall from His lips the grateful approbation, "Thy labours are over ; thy work is approved. Rich and glorious is the reward." Thrilled with an unspeakable bliss, that glided into the very depth of his soul, he suddenly saw glories upon glories bursting upon his sight.

Upon his awaking, tears of rapture from his joyful interview were rolling down his cheeks. Long did the lively impressions of this charming dream remain upon his mind, and never could he speak of it without emotions of joy and tenderness.

AN EXTRACT FROM KRUMMACHER.

"And there came a man from Baal-shalisha, and brought the man of God bread of the first-fruits, twenty loaves of barley, and full ears of corn in the husk thereof; and he said, Give unto the people, that they may eat. And his servitor said, What, should I set this before an hundred men? He said again, Give the people, that they may eat: for thus saith the Lord, They shall eat, and shall leave thereof. So he set it before them, and they did eat, and left thereof, according to the word of the Lord."—2 KINGS iv. 42—44.

EVENTS like this at Gilgal are not uncommon in Zion. How many amongst you have experienced similar and even more surprising aid?

Last Christmas Eve, a godly master said to his apprentice, "To-morrow we will again sing an appropriate hymn. But we have nothing to eat in the house, either for to-morrow or the following day, nor yet money to purchase food. You know I have finished the articles for Mr. N——. They are at the silversmith's, who has to mount them. Go, and inquire when they will be ready. I fear he has been too busy to bestow a thought upon them. But what will be the consequence? If the gentleman does not receive the things ordered to-day, we shall have sufficient reprimands, but no money. Hunger, as thou knowest too well, is but a sorry companion."

The boy departs. "It is in vain," thinks the master; "he will not bring it back with him." But while he is thus thinking, his soul flaps its wings of faith, soars through the clouds of care, and says, "Whether he bring it with him or not, surely, Lord Jesus, Thou canst counsel me."

Scarcely has this sigh escaped his breast when the door opens, and the gentleman who had ordered the articles enters. "Well," says he, "are my things ready?" "Yes," replied the terrified man, "but perhaps they are not yet mounted. The boy has just gone to inquire concerning them." "Well," continued the other, "if he brings them, send them to me; if not, let me have them immediately after the holidays, without fail; and here is the money for them beforehand." With these words he laid two dollars upon the table, and departed.

The door is hardly closed when the boy comes creeping back with a sorrowful countenance. "Master," says he, "we may

hunger, for the articles are not yet mounted." "That is a pity," answered the master; "but only look here. What do you see?" "A piece of paper," replies the boy. "But what is under it?" continues the master, with a smile, removing the paper; and, behold, the two dollars lay glittering on the table. "Master, where do these come from?" exclaims the astonished youth. "Whence should they come," says the master, "but from Him above?" He then related what had happened. "What thinkest thou?" says he. "Does our faithful God yet live, or is He dead? See, He well knows where poor James dwells."

This event involuntarily reminds us of the late Pastor Henke, who, as you are aware, performed something similar to what Elisha did at Gilgal. A Christian friend called one day upon the beloved man of God, whom he, without further ceremony, invited to table, not considering that he had nothing in the house to offer him. As soon as the dinner-hour arrived, the servant passed several times through the room with anxious gestures, for the purpose of calling her master aside, if possible, without being observed. Henke, however, not perceiving her intention, reminded her that it was time to lay the cloth. The servant retired rather embarrassed, but immediately returned, and requested her master to step out of the room for a moment. "Sir," she began, in a desponding tone, "do you wish me to lay the cloth? Do you not know that we have but a morsel of dry bread in the house, and the last piece of money you had you sent to a poor sick man?" "Well," replies Henke, smiling, "is that all you have to say to me? Only lay the cloth as usual. It will be soon enough for food when we are at table." The servant, not a little astonished, does as she is desired. The cloth is spread—dishes, plates, spoons, knives, and forks—in fact, everything is properly arranged, and even the salt is not forgotten. "Let us be seated," says the friendly host, with a smiling countenance. They sit down to the empty table, and the kind and simple man asks a blessing, in which he said something of the "birds of the air," and the "young ravens," and such like; and on pronouncing his "amen," the bell is rung. The servant hastes to the door, and what then appears? A basket containing a sumptuous dinner, which a neighbour had felt himself, as it were, constrained to send. With calmness, as if nothing particular had occurred, Henke orders all the dishes to be placed upon the table, and then, looking at his astonished servant with a smile, he says, "Well, have you anything to lay to the charge of the Host who has taken us under His care?"

IF we are God's children, we need not fear the development of His providence.

UNPUBLISHED NOTES FROM AN AMBASSADOR.

September, 1872.—Gracious words are ever weighty words. Thank God for any desire after them. For the natural man they are foolishness, God Himself being Witness. Well, and has He not said, "The desire of the righteous shall be granted"? Right glad am I that you have been led to decide for the cause of pure and not mingled testimony. God is owning the great work, and He will own it. He is pledged. See Isaiah lv. 10, 11—"For as the rain cometh down," &c. Happy and privileged are they who are in any way instrumental in helping forward the holy work. Oh, for grace to discharge the responsibilities to the glory of our divine Master! May He, the great Head of the Church, direct and rule your goings, and make the way plain He would have you take.

I am still low down (which is my right place), and am kept very dependent on Him who performeth all things for me. But He will appear for me. This I know, for mine enemy doth not triumph over me. Yet pray much for me, till the glory dawn, and He Himself appear, our Life, our Peace, our All.

November, 1872.—I bless God the Spirit if any of my humble writings have been used to comfort or feed any child of the divine family. Deeply do I sympathize with you in your spiritual privation, but I need not remind you that the Chief Shepherd usually feeds His flock with His own hand, and they are by no means necessarily worse off who are for a while denied the usual privileges of a stated ministry. But be it ours meanwhile to be looking up for His glorious coming, and our final meeting at His right hand, to go no more out.

December, 1879.—Grace, mercy, and peace be with thy spirit from Him who was, and is, and is to come. Alas! wave after wave rolls over me. Daily has the devil warred against me with rage, and yet the pitiful kindness of our merciful High Priest has sustained me and mine.

Well, as to our much-loved W——, who is now with the King, he was quite unconscious on the evening of his death, when I last saw him, but all was so truly well with him that I could only envy his lot. I am in deep exercise to-day, and beg your earnest intercession on my behalf.

1880.—"My meditation of Him shall be sweet. I will be glad in the Lord." Amidst cares, and griefs, and temptations, I find the way of the truth gets narrower, and the life of the few who love and witness to it increasingly painful. Oh, what great grace and what constant do God's people need, and particularly His ministers, in these days of compromise and worldly religionism! Pray for me much, for I am sorely beset.

I hope you got the farewell letter which I posted to you. My late flock were a spiritual people, though mostly humble and poor. I must say that there is more openness and cordial communion to be enjoyed amongst the Lord's poor than amongst His world-favoured ones.

Thanks for the enclosed. I wonder how it is with you at this time. Your trials are indeed sharp and numerous, but I trust that you find they keep you so much the more at the mercy-seat of Him who is the Brother born for adversity—the Friend that cleaveth closer than a brother. Abraham and Lot were brethren, yet they differed and separated. Paul and Barnabas were brethren, yet they agreed not, and clave not one to another. Jesus, our Brother Beloved, is One—the One who loveth at all times, and leaveth us never—no, not for a moment. Oh, how marvellous is His forbearance towards us! What infirmities does He daily behold in us, yet He casts us not off; and even when He chides us, how tender is His tone! Bless His name!

My heart is with thy heart in deploring the awful times in which we are divinely called to live. Antichrist and atheism are being influentially promoted by the powers that be, and England, Bible-blessed England, is standing tacitly by. We make our pulpit protest, like Jeremiah in his day, but, alas! we are accounted such as are worthy of only having the roll of their testimony cut up with the penknife and cast into the fire. Are Protestantism, the Bible, and spiritual religion the ruling features of Sunday School work. If not, what dare we expect out of the next generation?

The Lord lead and cheer you daily, and grant you to lean hard upon our Beloved (Sol.'s Song viii. 5), for your way is one of much exercise. But "Zion shall be redeemed with judgment, and her converts with righteousness."

1882.—I could desire to hear of your joy being full in Him who is precious, for amidst all the terrible conflicts which hell is waging against the dear truth of Christ in these perilous times, is it not matter for joy and praise that we are "kept"—are "kept by the power of God"? Alas! how many who did seem to run well have forsaken us—have turned upon us to trample us under-foot, and to cast out our name as evil! Yet we are kept in the good old paths, and made more than ever as a wall of Jehovah's own building, founded on the Rock of Ages, and proof against the gates of hell. Oh, let us bless Him, praise Him, rejoice in Him, and speak good of His name fearlessly! "All is well." Read Psalm xvi. 1—5: "She shall not be moved." No, for she is one with Him who sits higher than the highest heaven, crowned with glory and honour. Oh, for faith, precious faith, Spirit-wrought faith, to trust Him who to the blinded eye of nature is invisible, but whose hand moulds and orders our daily

circumstances, and makes all things work together for our truest good. The Lord is mindful of us in our affliction. "Let thy garments be always white; and let thy head lack no ointment" (Eccles. ix. 8).

Many trials now lie upon me. Indeed, it seems as if the true people of God just now are passing through fiery ordeals. Can it be because the devil knows that his time is short, and that his opportunity of worrying and wounding the saints will soon be past for ever?

I wish you the rich enjoyment of the power of the resurrection of our glorious Redeemer.

Christmas.—A word of true, loving, Christian greeting at the close of one more year of earthly pilgrimage, and in prospect of your entering upon yet another stage in the race. May the Father of all our multiplied and undeserved mercies very tenderly lead you, His dependent servant, day by day, through all that lies before you. "Certainly I will be with you" is His own covenant promise. He is faithful; He will, therefore, keep His holy word even unto the end. Oh, what mighty power Satan often is suffered to exert over us! What poor, weak, broken reeds we are unless defended and strengthened by Jacob's oath-performing God!

"Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love."

Yet we may take courage from the past forty years in the wilderness, may we not? Bread, the true bread of heaven, and water, that fresh from the wells of salvation in Christ, have hitherto attended our Canaan-ward journey; and rather than such two-fold promised good should fail us, heaven and earth themselves must pass away! Let our poor trembling hearts, then, be of good courage in the very face of our manifold tribulations, temptations, and persecutions, and we shall surely come off "more than conquerors through Him that hath loved us."

I trust that you have been finding a measure of the sweetness of that love mingling with your sorrow-cup. The Lamb must be eaten with bitter herbs. Oh, for grace to feed freely upon Jesus, our Sacrifice, and to be willing to accept the appointed full measure of Marah experience with it!

In temporals how is it? I, at times, find it trying work to meet all the claims upon my time and energies; yet He who knoweth we have need, wonderfully provides.

My warm Christian love and hearty prayerful wishes for the New Year!

THOSE who are fellow-creatures with *men* should not be fellow-judges with *God*.

THE LATE MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S CONVERSATION.

It is the hope of everlasting rest that enables my dear father patiently to wait the Lord's time. He often longs to be gone, but still is kept waiting the Lord's time. He was enabled to speak to us last Thursday in a very solemn manner, and it seemed to us so blessed that we felt as though it might be his last exhortation to us, and his dying testimony to the faithfulness of God towards him. I will tell you some of the things he said. After my father had been conversing for some time, and speaking upon the words, "I will never, no, never, leave thee," my mother sent for us upstairs, when we found him blessing God for His mercies; and he said, "If I were to die to-morrow, all would be peace. I should die in the Lord. Bless the Lord for His mercy towards me. Many years I went to the chapel to preach, and now I am waiting in the hope of all I then spoke of, and I believe I shall be happy in Christ Jesus"; and, turning to Eliza, he said, "I feel peace in Christ Jesus—rest in Him. It will be peace, peace, peace, and I shall be happy in Jesus for ever! Tell them all in the Isle I have nothing to disquiet me. How great is His goodness! How great is His beauty! I wish to 'utter the memory of His great goodness.' The things that used to trouble me so were all gone when the Lord afflicted me—I mean the distressing thoughts I had had from a child. I wish I had the power to declare what I feel the Lord has done for me. Bless His name! If it were to please Him I should go to-morrow, rest is sure. He has bound me up in the bundle of life. It is no new thing. Keep close by the same things, and God will bless you. Happy and blessed will those be who rest in the Lord, and I believe I shall be of that number. I shall enter into peace. And what a blessed end it will be! Each has the same Helper, the same peace, the same rest, who seeks the Lord Jesus. Cleave to Him. I wish I could tell what I enjoy. What I say seems as if God brought it to me. I wish you may all remain in the same things. The Lord keeps me in the same things I spoke of at the chapel for so many years, but all do not go on in the enjoyment of the same things. How soon I shall be gone! And you all will be with me. Follow after. What a blessed thing to be followers of them 'who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises.' The peace of God is everything. I feel to rest in Christ, and He will save me."—*Extract from a letter, dated April 17th, 1855.*

SORROW fails of its divine mission when it blinds us to everything but itself.

THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON LUKE XV.

THE "publicans," or tax-gatherers, and "sinners" were gathering around Jesus, and the scornful Pharisees were muttering among themselves, "This Man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them"; and He, knowing their unuttered thoughts as well as their spoken words, set forth three parables to justify His conduct, by reminding them of what their own would certainly be, if they lost and found again some treasure which belonged to them.

We need not for a moment discuss the question of the Pharisees' state before God. Jesus took them on their own representation—met them on their own ground. "You say you are righteous? Very well, then; you do not need Me, nor am I interested in you, for 'I came to call sinners to repentance.' You are morally healthy? Then you cannot blame Me for attending to the wants of sin-sick souls. What would you think of a physician who spent all his time amongst the 'whole,' who did not require him, and shrank from all contact with the diseased and dying? My work is to seek and save the lost, to bring health and cure to the sick, and to deliver from the guilt and power of evil the bound and burdened heart. And what man among you, owning a hundred sheep, if one be gone astray, will not, for the time being, think more of that lost one than of all the other ninety-nine? Will he not leave them in some one else's care, or even alone, while he seeks after the lost one? And when he finds it, will he not bring it home rejoicing, and invite others to rejoice with him, without making any mention of the ninety-nine who did not go astray? Or what woman, having ten pieces of silver, will not, if she lose one piece, light a candle, and sweep the house, and search diligently till she find it? Or what father, having two sons, one having wandered from home, will not watch for the prodigal's return, and warmly welcome him when he comes, calling upon all around to rejoice with him? So 'verily I say unto you, there is joy in heaven' over one of these repenting sinners whom you so much despise, more than over the whole throng of such righteous Pharisees as you, who need (?) no repentance, because you think you have no sin."

Such, I am persuaded, is the primary teaching of the fifteenth chapter of Luke, whatever side-lights may be thrown upon it. We will not go into the ideas that unfallen angels are contrasted with redeemed men, or God's preserved people compared with His backsliding children. The plain, obvious sense of all these parables is simply this—

"Sinners are high in Christ's esteem,
And sinners highly value Him."

But if these three striking pictures condemn the self-righteous, they are full of sweetness and beauty, setting forth various aspects of the saving love and grace of the Triune Jehovah, and the various phases of experience through which His saved ones pass as He draws them to Himself.

Beginning with the second parable, we have a piece of silver, without life or feeling, unconscious that it is lost, but sought for because it is the property of her who has lost it, and found with satisfaction and joy. So the Lord calls His people His treasure, His portion, and "the Son of Man came to seek and save that which was lost."

In the next parable—the lost sheep—we have more than the simple idea of property. Here we find attachment on the part of the shepherd, and life and feeling in the wanderer. The straying sheep may think its way pleasant at first, while it can get food, and no danger seems to threaten it; but let the path grow rough, the grass scanty, and enemies appear—how frightened it becomes, and how it longs for the fold! "All we like sheep have gone astray: we have turned every one to his own way"; but all these ways are downward—all lead to ruin and destruction—and sooner or later, all the sheep of Jesus shall discern their mistake, and "sigh for a return." It is proverbial, however, that sheep do not find their way home; other creatures often do; and the same feet and legs that carried them away could bring them back, if they had sense enough to discover the right path. But the poor sheep must be sought by the shepherd, or for them there will be no glad return to peace and safety.

And thus, while some of the Lord's people are dead and unconscious until the glad moment when they begin to realize the love of God, and, like a few of whom I have read, discover in the same hour that they are lost and found—that they need just such a Saviour as He who holds them in His embrace—many more, like the lost sheep, are for some time sensible of their wandering, lost condition, and their inability of themselves to find the way to happiness and God, before they know that they are saved by almighty grace.

And the picture represents the found sheep as being utterly wearied and exhausted with its wanderings—too faint and tired to follow the good shepherd home. But he does not drive or drag it; still less does he leave it behind. "He lays it on his shoulder," and carries it home with tenderness and delight. Do human shepherds always find the lost sheep? Ah! no. The wanderer may be devoured by wild beasts, or dashed to pieces among precipices, before it can be reached. But that doubtful "if so be" of Matthew xviii. 13, must be restricted to the human side of the question. Jesus shall no more "fail" in His search

than He failed in His work of redemption. He has purchased His sheep by His own precious blood, and He will surely bear every one in triumph to His fold.

The third parable is, in many respects, the fullest and richest of them all—the father's love for his returning prodigal. But how dark a background has this lovely picture—dark enough to satisfy the scornful Pharisee, for the sinner's case is described as terrible indeed. A son who leaves his home, and spends his earthly inheritance, not in unsuccessful trade, or rash speculations, but loses it all in riotous living, in wicked waste, in reckless evil-doing. Penniless and degraded, a terrible famine affects the far country of his choice, and he begins to be in want, but still tries to settle there, hiring himself to a citizen of the place to feed, not sheep, but swine! And if he could have eaten their food he would, and if any one had helped him, he would have remained where he was. But no one will give to him. He is perishing with hunger, and thus he is "brought to his senses"—he was mad before—and he says, "I will arise, and go to my father, tell him how guilty and unworthy I have been and am, and beg him to receive me, not as a son—I dare not ask for that—but as a servant." He starts on his journey, uncertain as to his success. But loving eyes are watching, and a tender heart is longing for his return, and while yet a great way off, he is seen, met, and embraced by the father against whom he has sinned so deeply. How gracious the welcome! For him the fatted calf is killed, the best robe brought out, and a glad feast prepared—a charming illustration of the wondrous words, "He will abundantly pardon."

The money and the sheep were sought and found; the prodigal returned of his own accord? Oh, no! The Heavenly Father by His Spirit seeks His child. We may think we are seeking God unbidden, and doubt if He will receive us graciously; but none of us can be beforehand with the Lord of love and might. The first "desire" was His, not ours; and therefore those who seek shall surely find.

And is it not a marvellous thought that God rejoices so much in His people's salvation? We talk of angelic joy, but let us remember Jesus said the joy was in the presence of angels. They are the "friends and neighbours" who rejoice with the Finder of the lost. But the first and foremost pleasure belongs to the Owner, the Shepherd, and the Father. "The Lord will rest in His love; He will rejoice over thee with singing"; and the Apostle quotes David's prophecy concerning Jesus—"My praise shall be of Thee in the great congregation; in the midst of the Church will I sing unto Thee" (compare Psalm xxii. 25, and Hebrews ii. 12). "The joy of our Lord" is infinite indeed.

And throughout this chapter, and in all the teachings of Jesus, we find what people who like long words have been pleased to call "supralapsarianism," and others have termed "high" doctrine—the fact that God loved His people before the fall of Adam, before the foundation of the world. The money belonged to the woman before she lost it, and that was why she sought to recover it; the sheep was the shepherd's before it wandered, so he went in search of it; the son was beloved before he became a prodigal, and his father's heart yearned over him because he was a son; and therefore the believing heart may truly sing—

" A monument of grace,
A sinner saved by blood,
The streams of love I trace
Up to the Fountain, God;
And in His sacred bosom see
Eternal thoughts of love to me."

H. S. L.

CHRISTIANS, IT IS HIGH TIME TO AWAKE.

AWAKE! awake! ye Christians!
'Tis not the time for sleep;
Awake! and from the watch-tower
A constant look-out keep:
For see, the foe advances
Apace throughout the land:
Awake! awake! ye Christians!
And for truth nobly stand.

With courage stand, ye Britons,
For truth with all your might,
Ere error's superstitions
Enshroud in darkest night
Our much-belovèd country,
Wherein our fathers fought,
And made such sacrifices
For liberty of thought.

And shall we then, their offspring,
Give carelessly away
This heritage they bought us
By many a painful day?
Nay, let us stand determined,
With God's own Word for guide,
To fight 'gainst every error
That springs on every side.

Oh, see, the foe advances;
The nobles of the land
To this most cursèd system
Now lend a helping hand:

And even Britain's sovereign—
 Oh, sad indeed to tell—
 Doth seem herself to favour
 This masterpiece of hell.

Ah ! surely England's glory—
 Her greatness, too—must fall,
 If she discard the Bible,
 The secret source of all :
 For who rejects the Volume,
 Its Author does despise ;
 And oh, what fearful anguish
 In His displeasure lies !

The Lord Jehovah reigneth,
 And reigneth over all,
 And everything sustaineth
 Upon this earthly ball.
 Yet man—poor, puny creature—
 Doth with rebellion rise
 'Gainst God, his great Creator,
 The Sovereign of the skies.

Then, brethren, let us rally ;
 More are they on our side
 Than all the hosts and legions
 Of earth and hell combined.
 Our Captain is almighty ;
 Our Leader is divine ;
 And we shall surely conquer,
 And with our Saviour shine.

Wellingborough.

J. PETERS.

THE true Christian may doubt his own ability, but not doubt God. He may say, with Paul, "I am less than the least," but he must also add, "I can do all things in Him that strengtheneth me."

THERE are some who pretend to believe, but work not ; there are others who work, but believe not ; but a saint does both. He so obeys the law as if there were no Gospel to be believed, and so believes the Gospel as though there were no law to be obeyed.

THERE are some things good, but not pleasant, as sorrow and affliction. Sin is pleasant, but unprofitable ; and sorrow is profitable, but unpleasant. By affliction the Lord separates the soul that He loves from the sin that He hates. He does not always ordain it to take your spirit out of your flesh, but your flesh out of your spirit.

LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR CHILD,—The monthly books safe to hand. I suppose you are in health—I mean, you do not say anything to the contrary. This is a mercy, and it looks as though you were looking forward to remain in Llandilo, by writing for next year's books. I was looking forward with the hope that you might be placed somewhere nearer a place of truth, but we must leave it. The bounds of our habitation are fixed by the Lord, who knows what is best for us. He sees and knows our hearts better than we do, and every motive there is in them Godward, as well as every sin, and all our fears on account of them.

I know not what to write to you about, for I feel very helpless and very destitute as regards the things that make for my eternal peace and happiness. I am a poor, guilty, and at times, a very miserable sinner, with many fears that my religion is not of the right sort; but I desire to bless the Lord it is not all Egyptian darkness, and this causes hope to spring up that the time may yet come when I shall, like Thomas, say, "My Lord and my God."

A fortnight ago last Sunday morning I was very much cast down in my mind, and went to chapel very much exercised. The second hymn given out was 297, and I hope I shall never forget the power that attended it in my soul. I scarcely knew how to sit still, and the tears almost streamed from my eyes. Every verse dropped with such fulness and sweetness, especially the last verse—

"As gold from the flame He will bring thee at last,
To praise Him for all through which thou hast passed;
Then love everlast'ing thy grief shall repay,
And God from thy eyes wipe all sorrow away."

And not only then, but again and again have those precious words dropped with sweetness, so that I cannot but hope that the Lord has a favour to my soul, or He would never have shown me such things as these.

I was thinking over one of the Lord's parables. He speaks of the kingdom of heaven being like leaven, that a woman took and hid in two measures of meal till the whole was leavened. Now there is no doubt but the "kingdom of heaven" meant here is the grace of God, set up or implanted in a poor sinner's heart, which begins to work like leaven, or yeast. I have watched its progress at times myself in making bread. If the yeast is good, it soon begins to move, and will keep on working and bubbling up until the flour will begin to fall, sometimes on one side, then on another; then after a time the leaven will drop down for a while, and seem at a standstill; then it will begin to work again, and go on

stronger than ever, and the flour will keep falling in larger lumps, till after a time the leaven will rise to the top of the flour and run all over it. See what a sweet emblem it is of the work of grace, and ask yourself, my dear child, if there is not some trace of that holy leaven having been put into your heart. It has cut you off from delighting in sin; it has separated you from the pleasures and maxims of this present evil world; it has caused you at least to desire to love and fear the Lord, and to be found walking in His ways; it has made you love the people of God, and seek them as companions. Then surely the leaven is working, which it could not do if it were not hidden in your heart. Then, again, have there not been times when your heart has been softened and broken with some word of help, no matter by what means, but it has comforted and encouraged you for a time? Hope has sprung up in your soul that it was God's work, and that He would yet come near to your soul, and show you that He had loved and redeemed you. Then, perhaps, like the leaven, down you have dropped again, and begun to fear it was all delusion, and you seemed to sink lower than before. But the leaven works and rises again, for there is more work for it to do; but as surely as the Lord has put it there, so surely He will see to the working of it, and will crown it for your eternal good and His glory.

Oh, my dear child, it would be for your comfort and mine if we were enabled to cease from man, bad or good, in every way, and also from ourselves, and to throw ourselves entirely upon His mercy in Jesus Christ, and there, like poor beggars in our feelings at mercy's door, beg of Him to raise us up and give us a token of His love and mercy to our never-dying souls. When we are brought into this spot, be assured He will not turn a deaf ear to our cry. It is His Spirit's work, and He will be sure to answer us, to the joy and rejoicing of our hearts. May the Lord hasten it in His own time.

With kindest love, believe me to remain,

Your affectionate mother,

October 14th, 1875.

ELIZA BRIGNELL.

ALL the tediousness of the present life is but like one rainy day to an everlasting sunshine.—*Manton.*

GOD endures us when we offend Him; let us endure Him when He tries us. Endurance is one of the names of love.—*Joseph Roux.*

It is impossible to reconcile the death of infants, and those sufferings which often precede it, with the infinite goodness of God, to be seen in all His works, unless we view them as fallen in Adam.

DISHONEST ADVICE OF A RITUALISTIC
PRIEST.

REPLYING to the Bishop of Carlisle, the Roman Catholic Bishop Vaughan, of Salford, the other Sunday related the following anecdote which had come to his knowledge. A gentleman of the Church of England, through his reading, had become persuaded that the Church of Rome was alone the Catholic Church, and he hurried to a popular divine of the Church of England. He laid before that divine his doubts and difficulties. He said, "I believe in the invocation of the saints, and in the seven Sacraments taught by the Church of Rome." "My dear friend," was the reply, "many Christians believe in those doctrines. There is no reason why you should not hold them and remain where you are." "But," he said, "I must be really honest with you. I believe in the Papal supremacy, and in the infallibility of the Pope." "My dear friend, a large body of Christian men throughout the world believe in these doctrines. There is no reason why you should not believe them, if you so please, and remain where you are."

EMPTYING PURGATORY.

THE Rev. Jacob Primmer, Townhill Church of Scotland, Dunfermline, on Sabbath forenoon, September 30th, at the close of his sermon on Luke xxiii. 43, said that, on that day, the Pope was doing his best to repeat what St. Giles is said to have done when he died, namely, to empty purgatory. Every cardinal, archbishop, bishop, and priest, along with the Pope, were doing their utmost to get out the souls confined in that fiery region. This was to be done by offering the superstitious and idolatrous sacrifice of the Mass. These were invariably paid for, but not one farthing would the Pope give for one of them. He was, therefore, generous towards the souls in purgatory at the expense of his poor priests.

Leo XIII. likewise showed himself to be both cruel and selfish. At the beginning of the year he got millions of money in the form of presents and specie, yet he had suffered the souls of Papists to roast in purgatory for another nine months, without making an attempt to liberate them. But if he really believed that there was such a place, and that the spiritual treasures of the Church could liberate the inmates, why did he not allow every soul out, in honour of his jubilee? But what showed the folly and profanity of the whole thing was that, after all that was done that day, neither Pope nor priest could certify that even one soul had

been delivered out of purgatory. They found no such place mentioned in Scripture, and it was only an invention of the devil and Popish priests to cheat men of their souls, and to fill the coffers of the Church of Rome. The religion of the Bible showed that believers in Christ went direct to heaven at death, and not to a merciless purgatory.

AN ECCLESIASTICAL APPOINTMENT.

THE *Yorkshire Post* recently announced that Lord Salisbury has offered the Vicarage of Leeds, which will shortly be vacant, by the promotion of Canon Jayne to the Bishopric of Chester, to the Warden of Keble College, Oxford, the Rev. E. S. Talbot, who has "practically" accepted it. Many will no doubt be surprised that Mr. Talbot should be willing to exchange his present comfortable position at Oxford for that of Vicar of Leeds, and those who know him best will probably think he is not the right man for the post. He appears, to judge from his antecedents, as recorded in *Crockford's Clerical Directory*, to have had no parochial experience whatever—a serious defect for a Vicar of Leeds. From a Protestant standpoint also there is much to say against this appointment. Mr. Talbot's sympathies are with the advanced section of doctrinal Ritualists, and Keble College, under his wardenship, has been a training-house for educating Ritualistic priests of a very pronounced type. Mr. Talbot signed the Memorial of the Three Deans in favour of the Eastward Position and Vestments, the English Church Union Petition in favour of the Popish Vestments, the Memorial for the Toleration of Extreme Ritual, and the Remonstrance against the Purchas Judgment.

THE CHRISTIAN PASTOR.

IN a few words the following lines aptly describe the Christian pastor—

Give me the man these graces shall possess—
Of an ambassador the just address,
A father's tenderness, a shepherd's care,
A leader's courage, which the cross may bear ;
A ruler's awe, a watchman's wakeful eye,
A pilot's skill, the helm in storms to ply ;
A prophet's inspiration from above,
A teacher's knowledge, and a Saviour's love ;
Of a mild, humble, and obliging heart,
Who, with his all, will to the needy part.



"NONE OTHER NAME."

“NONE OTHER NAME!”

A FEW persons were collected round a blind man, who had taken his station on a bridge over a London canal, and was reading from an embossed Bible. A gentleman, on his way home from the City, was led by curiosity to the outskirts of the crowd. Just then the poor man, who was reading in Acts iv., lost his place, and while trying to find it with his finger, kept repeating the last clause he had read—“None other name! None other name! None other name!” Some of the people smiled at the blind man’s embarrassment, but the gentleman went away deeply musing. He had lately become convinced that he was a sinner, and had been trying in many ways to obtain peace of mind. But religious exercises, good resolutions, altered habits—all were ineffectual to relieve his conscience of its load, and enable him to rejoice in God. The words he had heard from the blind man, however, rang their solemn music in his soul—“None other name!” When he reached his home and retired to rest, these words, like evening chimes, were still heard—“NONE OTHER NAME! NONE OTHER NAME! NONE OTHER NAME!” And when he awoke, in more joyful measure, like morning bells, the strain continued—“NONE OTHER NAME! NONE OTHER NAME! NONE OTHER NAME!” The music entered his soul, and he awoke to a new life. “I see it all! I see it all! I have been trying to be saved by my own works, my repentance, my prayers, my reformation. I see my mistake. It is Jesus who alone can save. To Him I will look. ‘Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name—none other name—none other name—under heaven given among men whereby they must be saved.’”—*Extracted.*

There’s not a name beneath the skies,
Nor is there one in heaven above,
But that of Jesus can suffice
The sinner’s burden to remove.

Sweet name! When once its virtue’s known,
How weak all other helps appear!
The sinner trusts to it alone,
And finds the grand specific there.

’Twas long before I knew this truth,
And learned to trust the Saviour’s name;
In vanity I spent my youth;
The thought now fills my heart with shame.

But since I’ve known the life and power
With which His name is richly stored,
The world can keep my heart no more,
Nor can its joys content afford.

The things I once esteemed the most
 I now account as worthless dross ;
 Thy name, dear Saviour, is my boast,
 For which the world appears but loss.

—*Kelly.*

THE DYING MONK.

SUPERSTITION, self-righteousness, and hell have their own martyrs as well as truth, faith, and heaven. The angel of darkness clothes himself as an angel of light. He has also a Bible of his own. He has a thousand forms of religion, suited to the various tempers of mankind ; he has millions of pseudo-evangelists and false teachers, to seduce the poor sons of Adam—now with the grandeur of the Roman Liturgy ; now with the various forms of a dead Protestantism ; now with blind worship of the God of nature ; now denying, now admitting, God's existence ; now quoting, now questioning, the Holy Word. Satan has been a liar from the beginning—a liar saying, by Voltaire and Proudhon, "There is no God !" A liar, in the Indian smashed to pieces by the car of Juggernaut ; a liar, in the monks—the victims of their fastings and macerations—believing to propitiate God, in atoning for their sins with their own blood, heinous to His sight, and impure to His holiness. So foolish is man ! So much is he deceived, for, being without Christ, he is without God, and thus also without wisdom. Having Satan for a teacher, human tradition for a rule of faith, even possessing the Bible of God, but without the Spirit of God, man is going from delusion to delusion. But, if the wicked enemy of God and souls still keeps up the enmity betwixt the Creator and His creatures, there is a Holy One whose office was to reconcile sinners unto God. Satan, through lies and sin, leads man unto death ; Christ, by truth and grace, gives man eternal life. Satan's religion ends with despair of God's mercy, or with such a false peace, by works of righteousness which man has done, as will be followed by eternal despair. Christ's religion gives "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding." Satan's evangelists say to one sinner, "Thou art worthy of eternal glory. Thou art not as other men are." God says, in His Word, "There is none righteous, no, not one" ; "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" ; and Christ says, "I am come to save that which was lost." Satan says to another sinner, "Thine iniquity is greater than may be forgiven." God's merciful Word says, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin."

These reflections were the topics of various secret conversations between two monks, thirsting for truth and grace, shut up in a

narrow and almost naked cell, decorated only by a rough table, on which were placed the sculptured image of the dying Saviour on the cross, and at the foot of the cross a real skull from a human body, as a daily memorial of that awful sentence of death which God's justice delivered against man, when all communion was broken off by sin. On the pale and fleshless brow of the skull was written the divine verdict, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return!" Over the crucifix, hanging on the naked wall, there was a skilful copy of the Madonna of Rafaello; and on the top of the frame, with diabolical perversity of application to the Virgin Mary, was there this superscription—"Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need" (Heb. iv. 16). A few books on divinity and ecclesiastical history, a bedstead in the form of a coffin, and a straw palliasse within it, on which was lying a young but dying monk, in the last stage of consumption—such was the finished picture of that monastic cell.

That victim of the wages of sin was possessed of a noble and intelligent mind. Naturally, he was kind, sincere, and upright, of gentle manners, of superior education, and still simple and humble as a little child. For a year he had been sinking day by day, and his last hour was hastily approaching. Blameless concerning the moral and spiritual discipline of the convent, zealous as Paul in keeping the ecclesiastical ordinances, foremost in will-worship and voluntary humility, and punishing the body, he was often exhibited by the Superior as a model of holiness to the young clergy. The people used to trust with confidence in his prayers, (his mediatorial prayers!) and the learned divines saw in Father Egidio a future and eloquent propagator of the faith of their holy mother, the Roman Catholic Church. He was but twenty-two years of age.

It was on the noon of the 29th of June, 1846, that the monk appointed by the Superior to attend on the patients among the monks of the convent in C——, of the Order of St. Francis (in the states of Sardinia), called out hastily at the door of my cell, saying, "Father Egidio is dying! A copious effusion from the lungs will send him into the other world! Oh, he will not be touched even by one flame of the fire of purgatory! No! He has always been so good a follower of our most holy patriarch, St. Francis. Make haste, please, reverend father! You are just in time to give to him the holy absolution."

I ran hastily into the cell of my young and now dying fellow-monk. I was not his confessor, and I was somewhat astonished that he wished for me. But when he saw my face, with an anxious glance of his eyes, and with a feebler voice, he said "Please shut the door." I did so. But again, with his eyes

turned toward the door, he asked if it was well secured. I replied, "Yes, my brother; fear not. No other being listens to us but God, the great Searcher of all hearts."

"Oh, dear Father Ferrero, my only friend on earth," exclaimed he, "not for me are such precautions. I have nothing to fear from what man could do to me. I have few moments to live; but for you, for your security, I feel anxious. . . . Oh, tell me again," he then earnestly proceeded, "oh, tell me again of that sweet comfort, of that secret peace of conscience, of that peace with God, that you told me of three days ago, when I asked you why you read so often in the Bible! I am dying now. You have nothing to fear from me. Oh, tell me frankly before God, who sees us and hears us, is our doctrine in harmony with the Word of God? Are we saved by our own works or by grace only? Has all my past life; all my prayers, and zeal, and devotedness; all my fastings, penances, and macerations of this dying frame—have these all been rather a crime—been rather self-destruction, than a meritorious sacrifice? Oh, I see my works of supererogation all on the balance of the sanctuary, but they weigh nothing! *nothing!* I see no redemption resulting from my works. God turns His face away from me. If grace and mercy do not take the place of His terrible justice, I am lost—I am damned! Help me, Father Ferrero! I fear His holy countenance. 'Si iniquitates observaveris Domine! Domine! quis sustinebit? quis sustinebit?'" ["If Thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?" (Psa. cxxx.)]

"No one, my dear Egidio, no one!" I exclaimed. "But," continued I, "let me go on with the Psalm—'Quia apud, te propitiatio est!' Do you understand that, Father Egidio? There is forgiveness with God. 'Apud Dominum,' dear Egidio. 'misericordia; copiosa apud eum redemptio!' 'There is mercy with the Lord, and with Him is plenteous redemption.'"

"Yes," replied he, in an agonized voice, "yes, I want God's mercy—God's forgiveness." Then looking at the crucifix, he exclaimed, "That blood, the blood of Jesus, of which you told me—speak, Ferrero, speak again!"

He would have said more, but the painful anxiety of his mind, the sorrow of his broken heart, and the weakness of his frame, now waxing cold in the approach of death, closed his faltering lips. Yet his eyes continued fixed on mine, whilst my hands embraced both his, and he waited anxiously for a word of peace. "Yes," replied I, "the divine Volume tells poor sinners that by grace we are saved, through faith—faith in what Jesus has done for sinners on the cross. Remember what I read to you the other day—'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of

whom I am chief.' Oh, why are we deceived? How foolish—trusting in our works, when God Himself has said, 'Therefore by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight' (Rom. iii. 20). 'By the works of the law there shall no flesh be justified.' But hearken—'Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.' Here are plenteous redemption! abundant grace! eternal forgiveness! Oh, go, dear Father Egidio, to the true throne of grace. You remember that on that throne, which is set forth in the Epistle to the Hebrews, there is not a woman, but the Son of Man—not the mother, but the Son of God. Seated at the right hand of the Divine Majesty of God, He is the merciful and faithful High Priest in things pertaining to God, having made reconciliation for our sins. Mark that! It is not written that our fastings, or our prayings—that our abstinence from secular employments or enjoyments—that our macerations, penances, or all our rites and sacraments—that these can save us from the wrath to come, or cleanse us from our sins. No, no—most solemnly, no! Only *the precious blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin*. It is not written in the Scripture of truth (which our Council of Trent, with astonishing inconsistency, admits to be the first rule of faith) that Mary, or Joseph, or Peter, or Filomena, is a mediator between God and man, or an advocate with the Father. No; but it is written expressly, by the divine pen of the only infallible and ever-living Theologian, the Holy Ghost, that 'there is one God and one Mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus, who gave Himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time.' 'If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous. And He is the Propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but for the whole world.' My dear Egidio, you are convinced that you are a sinner; then be convinced, too, that what this Book says [pointing out to him the passage, as it stood in the Vulgate] is true indeed—'*Fidelis sermo, et omni acceptione dignus quod Christus Jesus venit in hunc mundum peccatores salvos facere, quorum primus uno sum*' (Epis. B. Pauli Apost. 1a. ad Timotheum, i. 15). This passage, dear Egidio, tells us that Jesus is a Saviour for the vilest of sinners. Believe only what God's Word says. Only trust in the value of Christ's perfect sacrifice—in that precious blood to which God is no stranger."

As the thirsty one drinks with delight from the source of a fresh water shown to him, flowing from the top of the welcome rock, by a fellow-traveller just refreshed therefrom, so my most beloved fellow-monk drank joyfully the living water, flowing from the Rock of Ages, Jesus Christ; and powerless in voice already, yet still strong in perceptions, he gave me one glance

from his dark and intelligent eye—so sweet and smiling that it remains engraven in my mind; even as the sun of midday, through the power of the light, engraves the beautiful objects of Nature with the utmost precision on the tablet skilfully prepared.

A knock at the door of the cell was now heard. I opened it. The Superior of the convent, accompanied by the physician, then came in; but, seeing that the poor patient already had the sweat of death upon him, the Superior hastened off to give the order for the tolling of the bell. This was to gather together the monks around the bed of this their agonized fellow, that they might pray according to the ritual on that solemn and mortal occasion. When all were assembled—partly within the cell and partly outside the door—they kneeled down and unitedly repeated, with many other similar invocations—

“ Sancta Maria ! ora pro eo !
Sante Michael ! ora pro eo ! ”

(“ Holy Mary ! pray for him !
Holy Michael ! pray for him ! ”) &c.

The Superior then asked me whether I had confessed him. I answered, “No.” Supposing that the patient was enduring such agony as prevented the making of his confession, he then, according to the ritual, and *sub conditione*, gave to him the Papal absolution; after that, he sprinkled him with holy water. Father Egidio meanwhile, with his cold fingers grasping the Bible, which lay upon his bed, shook his dying head. The Superior, and all the monks present, excepting myself, attributed the shaking of the head to delirium, and without suspicion the extreme unction was administered to him. This unction, as directed in the *Rituale Romanum*, is applied to seven parts of the person, namely, to the eyes, ears, nostrils, lips, hands, feet, and loins. Every time they touched him with the oil, Father Egidio seemed to protest against the ceremony, and both with his hands and dying eyes manifested that he had no fellowship whatever in such a ceremony.

At last, making an extreme effort, my beloved brother monk collected all his strength, and with one last sweet glance of the eyes towards me, and another towards his crucifix, he cried out with distinct and most impressive voice, his countenance meanwhile beaming with heavenly peace, “ Bone—Jesu !—vulnera—tua—merita—mea ! Si—si—mea—Jesu ! ” and then, with arms across each other, and eyes lifted up to heaven, he forthwith fell asleep in Jesus. “ Oh, good Jesus, Thy—wounds—are—my—merits ! Yes, yes, mine, O Jesus ! ” Such was the last confession of Father Egidio.

According to the law of the Order, a circular note was sent to each convent in the kingdom, saying, “ Father Egidio is no more !

His life was holy, but, by an inscrutable counsel of God, he died without the sacraments! May God have mercy upon him!" Only a few days after this, I was removed from that convent, and sent away to another, where I was placed under the zealous vigilance of a very rigid Superior. For six long and painful years after all this did I still remain within that system of delusion and self-righteousness. As Nicodemus, knowing Christ, and even knowing much more than Nicodemus—knowing, by faith, the value of Christ's atoning blood, but being too cowardly to confess Him openly, fearing still the face of man.

"Thy blood, not mine, O Christ—
Thy blood so freely spilt—
Has washed away my blackest stains;
Has purged away my guilt.
"Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
Has paid the ransom due;
Ten thousand deaths of one like me
Would all have been too few.
"Thy love, not mine, O Christ,
Speaks gladness to my heart;
It whispers, 'All the work is done!'
It bids my fears depart."

"GILBERT."

To the Editor of the Sower.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—“Let brotherly love continue.” My attention having been called to a letter by “L. W.,” in the October number of a contemporary periodical, throwing a doubt on my veracity, in the article on G. Gilbert, inserted in the January and February numbers of the SOWER, I now send a few lines which may perhaps be deemed necessary, but which may be regarded by some as a feeble answer to what we may consider the accusation.

Looking carefully through the letter of “L. W.,” I find that he lays much stress on Gilbert and Mr. Huntington being opposed to each other, and also seems most anxious to establish the superiority of Mr. Huntington over Mr. Gilbert. My article on the matter *related chiefly to the labours of Gilbert as a preacher and evangelist*, who laboured for a long period in Sussex—not as to any eminent doctrinal light possessed by him—and that there remains to this day a fragrance and prosperity in East Sussex largely attributable, under and by God's blessing, to those labours, which were as the breaking up of fallow ground.

Let us look at “L. W.'s” own statement as to Mr. Huntington's first visit to Sussex, which he places, as I understand, near

to 1791. But he omits to state that Gilbert had then been labouring much in East Sussex for more than twenty years, and that the Lord had attended his labours with manifest approval and blessing, so that a great awakening had taken place under his ministry.

Again, when "L. W." says, "I believe, however famous Sussex is now for pure, experimental truth, that previous to about a century back, the county was in a low state spiritually. There was the 'form of godliness,' but very little of 'the power'"—this is very vague, and neither proves nor disproves anything I have advanced about Gilbert as a forerunner. Stress also is laid upon Mr. Jenkins leaving Mr. Gilbert, and continuing to labour apart from him, through the preaching of Mr. Huntington being blessed to him. These separations are of ancient date, and though sometimes much to be regretted, they have often proved to be the Lord's mysterious way of working, to bring about His deeply laid designs, and further His kingdom. Paul and Barnabas afford us an example, from Holy Writ, how the true ministers of Christ can contend and separate, and yet they undoubtedly were men of God. Huntington and Gilbert, with Jenkins, are examples; and though these divisions, even as to points of doctrine, are often much to be deplored, yet in many instances they have fallen out to the furtherance of the Gospel. Perhaps, even in the present day, it may be found that men of God, endowed with grace and gifts, living in different parts of Sussex, and advocating the truths as maintained by Mr. Huntington, are sharply divided on minor points. This does not prove that their many labours are not owned and blessed by the God of all grace, and this we contend for, as being made manifest in Gilbert's ministry.

Coming down to a more specific matter, "L. W." mentions Mr. Jenkins having been refused admittance to the chapel at Hailsham, and that this occurrence led to another chapel being erected in that town. This clears the ground considerably, if comparison is desired (which I had not intended), for the progress of the two causes are matters of public history to this day in that town. In the new chapel—capable of holding perhaps fifty or sixty people—services were carried on for some years, very scantily attended, and never rising into much manifest usefulness. Mr. W. Gadsby spoke in this place, I believe, once, and his name is revered now by those who heard him. Then, for some years, the services were conducted by a Mr. H——, who contended much for the truth by preaching, but who died in a sad state, to the great scandal of godliness. Since then, for thirty years, the place has been closed as a chapel, and used as a school and warehouse, &c. But this by no means detracts from the labours of Mr. Huntington, and I only insert it to prove that the cause planted by

Mr. Gilbert, in 1790, has had, and still has, the blessing of the Lord bestowed upon it. Changes, divisions, and secessions there have been, but the Spirit of the Lord has not departed, and the discriminating truths of the Gospel are still proclaimed within its walls to a crowded congregation. Thus much for comparison, and thus much for real facts.

Taking up the latter part of "L. W.'s" letter, we find a period named (1810) when the discriminating doctrines of the Gospel flowed in a wider channel than they had hitherto done.

The late and much-loved John Vinall, of Lewes, succeeded Mr. Jenkins at Jireh Chapel, Lewes, and preached in many parts of Sussex, principally in the western parts, namely, Chichester, Pulborough, Midhurst, Petworth, &c.; also at Five Ash Down and the Dicker, in the east; but Mr. Huntington and Mr. Vinall, and others that ministered, came but little into the eastern parts of Sussex (Lewes excepted), where Mr. Gilbert's labours were most abundant. And may it not be said now, at this day, humbly and soberly, that the towns mentioned, in the western parts of Sussex, are not as favoured as the eastern parts, where Mr. Gilbert raised the standard of the cross, and where it still is flying nobly? I am a lover of the memory of Mr. Cowper, whose searching ministry at the Dicker confirmed many in the faith, and brought many under the power of the truth. But Mr. Cowper, when first beginning to speak, by invitation, at South Street, Eastbourne, met with opposition from some who professed to have special answers to prayer, that a second ministry was not required in Eastbourne. Yet, by God's blessing, the foundation was laid of the present flourishing cause in Grove Road. These are facts that can be verified with ease.

I may again mention Mr. Raynsford, who laboured in so many parts of Sussex, and certainly not least at Bodle Street, which originated instrumentally from Gilbert's labours. Gilbert often visited Bodle Street, and had many gracious hearers from that part, and their children and grandchildren are with us to this day.

Let me give one instance out of many. Thomas Hoad—mentioned in my article in the SOWER for February—a labouring man, from Bodle Street, attended Gilbert's chapel, where the Lord met with him. He lived a godly life, and met with other godly men at Bodle Street for prayer, and thus, in connection with Mr. Gilbert's labours, was laid the foundation of the cause there, which was visited, as previously mentioned, by Mr. Raynsford. There, too, his family were blessed by the God of all grace, who heard his prayers for his children, and at the present time his daughter, Mrs. Catt, and her son, are members at Hailsham, and his granddaughter, Mrs. Wright, is now a member at Ebenezer Chapel, Hastings. Other families can be traced, in

connection with Gilbert's cause, dispersed by Providence in various parts of the county, who are supporters of the truth, and who, in their humble sphere, adorn its doctrine. Gilbert's labours were the means of awakening many who afterwards attended Lewes, Hadlow Down, Eastbourne, and other chapels; and I make bold to say now that, in his immediate district, he in this way exercised a larger influence, both direct and indirect, than Mr. Huntington.

One more remark, and I must close. "L. W." states with truth that Gilbert's old chapel is scantily attended, and that Mr. Mockford's is prospering. This is so, but we can in this trace the godly seed leaving the place when teachings were introduced contrary to those advanced by Gilbert, and many families once regular in their attendance at Gilbert's chapel now have to seek a living ministry elsewhere. Mr. Mockford's, at Heathfield; Mr. Page's, at Mayfield; the Dicker, Bodle Street, and Hailsham, have each and every one received many of the descendants of Gilbert's old hearers as members, although Baptists certainly had no support either from Gilbert or Huntington.

Again, "L. W." mentions having, in his younger days, heard many of the old hearers of Gilbert use taunting remarks about the doctrine of election. This may have been so, yet it is but a negative inference at the best. Many of his old hearers that I have known have gloried in the doctrine, and lived to adorn it, and this is a positive matter.

Now I must close these few remarks, written reluctantly, and in the pressure of business, but I certainly am not unacquainted with the matters I am writing about. My ancestors were nourished in Gilbert's cause. I lived many years in the immediate neighbourhood, and am now living at Hailsham, and by the grace and favour of God I am placed over the few sheep at Bodle Street as an unworthy under-shepherd, and I contend for "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," to the best of my power, and the extent of the gifts and light vouchsafed unto me.

I trust I have written these explanations in meekness and truth, and shall be pleased to answer any questions addressed to me further on the subject, although I cannot engage in controversy.

I remain, dear friend, yours in the bonds of the Gospel,
Garfield Place, Hailsham. JAMES DAW.

P.S.—Mr. Tiptaft has spoken both in Gilbert's old chapel, and also in Hailsham Chapel.

[We feel bound to insert our friend's letter, in order to clear him from any charge of endeavouring to compromise Gospel truth.

which we feel sure he would abhor the thought of doing, and we express our regret that the matter has assumed such a phase as to call for such an explanation. Mr. "L. W." wrote to us on the subject on April 18th, but said most distinctly, "I do not send this for insertion in the SOWER," therefore we could not re-introduce the subject ourselves, but now Mr. "L. W." has done so in another magazine. Is this fair dealing? Again, we did not write about it, as we considered Mr. "L. W.'s" letter was not at all to the point, inasmuch as "J. D." did not class Gilbert with Huntington, &c., as a preacher. He wrote of him as a pioneer, and there have been many, such as Whitefield and others, who have done a good and great work, but men of clearer light have entered into their labours, and have gathered the fruit, while the chapels they were the means of building are in the hands of those who are far removed from sound doctrine. The Lord's pioneers are often, like Luther, much mixed up in their views, yet their hearts are right, and their errors of judgment, though stumbling to some, may not be as wide as some think. This, however, does not disprove their usefulness, which is witnessed by numbers who have descended from those who were awakened under their ministry. It may seem to some of us surprising that good and useful men should remain in error on some important parts of truth, such as holding the law to be the believer's rule of life, &c., and yet be blessed of God to the quickening and gathering of souls; yet we know it has been so, and therein we rejoice; and we feel bound to say that the record of the grace of God in Gilbert's conversion and ministry has filled ourselves and others with admiration and thankfulness, while it has made our labours and success look very small and poor. We love sound doctrine, and at the same time we are compelled to cry, Oh, for more of the power and love of the Holy Ghost!—ED.]

CHRISTIANS.

CHRISTIANS are (says Tertullian) in the world what the soul is in the body. The soul is diffused throughout the members of the body; so are Christians throughout the cities of the world. The soul dwells in the body, but is not of the body; so Christians are in the world, but not of the world. The soul is in the body, but invisible; so Christians are in the world, but their religion is not known to it. The soul is a prisoner in the body, and keeps the body together; so Christians are kept like prisoners in the world, but the world is held together by them. The immortal soul dwells in the mortal body; so Christians sojourn on earth in what is corruptible, and look for incorruption in heaven.

"COME AND REST."

(MARK vi. 31.)

OH, Thou precious, precious Jesus,
Thou canst bid the sinner come !
By Thy death Thou dost release us
From the curse, with all its gloom.

Mighty power and love are blending
In Thine own most gracious Word ;
Grace and mercy condescending,
Stoop and say, " Thy cry is heard."

Who but Christ, our God and Saviour,
Could bind up the broken heart ?
Who but He would show such favour,
Saying, " Come," and not, " Depart " ?

Lost and ruined by transgression,
Guilty sinners hear the call ;
Overcome by such compassion,
At the throne of mercy fall.

Come, poor prodigal, and welcome ;
Come in all thy nakedness ;
Shun the hosts of evil, shun them ;
Seek once more thy Lord's embrace.

See, with open arms extended,
Lo, He waits to gracious be !
By His heart of love befriended,
What can ever injure thee ?

Tempted soul, so torn and smitten
With the darts from Satan's bow,
It is for thy comfort written,
" I, thy God, will overthrow."

Yes, the rest to which He calls thee,
His own " Come " shall surely give
And whatever ills befall thee,
Thou shalt through thy Saviour live.

Soon this blessed invitation
Longing hearts with joy shall hear,
Calling to yon glorious mansion,
In His presence to appear.

Rest in all the blest employment
Of the realms of endless peace ;
Ne'er beclouded the enjoyment,
Nor love's service ever cease.

THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER'S PAGE.

(Concluded from page 274.)

OH, the glory of God's walk with His, in His wonder-working providence (Psa. cvii. 8). "The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger : but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing" (Psa. xxxiv. 10). He will keep them alive in famine (Psa. xxxiii. 19); aye, and that by a miraculous power, if ordinary means fail. The ravens must feed Elijah, rather than he shall die for want (1 Kings xvii. 6); and the barrel of meal shall not waste, nor the cruse of oil fail, that he may be sustained (ver. 14, 15). The mount of their extremity is God's opportunity (Gen. xxii. 14). He not only helps them, but that right early (Psa. xli. 5). And as God walks with His, in the bounties of His providence, as their own God and Father (Psa. lxvii. 6; ciii. 13), supplying all their need (Phil. iv. 9), so they also herein walk with Him as His dear children (Eph. v. 1), not trusting in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who gives them all things richly to enjoy (1 Tim. vi. 17), honouring the Lord with their substance (Prov. iii. 9), and in everything giving thanks to the glory of His great name (1 Thess. v. 18). And as prosperous, so—

2. *Afflictive* providence is a way in which God and His people walk together. "Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward" (Job v. 7). Afflictions are the natural fruits of sin, and to the wicked the fruits of the curse; but yet, when God's hand is lifted up, they will not see (Isa. xxvi. 11); they cry not when He binds them (Job xxxvi. 13), but quarrel with divine sovereignty (Isa. xlv. 9); and, after their hardness and impenitent heart, treasure up to themselves wrath against the day of wrath (Rom. ii. 5), till, being often reprov'd, and hardening their neck, they are suddenly destroyed, and that without remedy (Prov. xxix. 1).

But God hath His way in which He walks in *mercy* with His own, even in *affliction storms* (Psa. xxv. 10). Through much tribulation they must enter the kingdom (Acts xiv. 22). They are predestinated to be conformable unto Christ in sufferings as well as in glory (Rom. viii. 17). But Himself having borne their sorrows, and carried their griefs (Isa. liii. 4), the curse is taken out of them; and it is given unto them "on the behalf of Christ, not only to believe, but also to suffer for His sake" (Phil. i. 29). They fill up but what is behind of the afflictions of Christ in their flesh (Col. i. 24). And when they pass through the waters, the Lord being *with* them, the rivers do not overflow them; and through the fires, the flame doth not kindle upon them (Isa. lxiii. 2). In this way of afflictive providence, God

walks with His people in covenant faithfulness (Psa. lxxxix. 30, &c. ; cix. 75). As a wise, tender, gracious Father (Psa. ciii. 13), working all things after the counsel of His own will, for the good of His children (Eph. i. 11 ; Rom. viii. 28), and the glory of His own name (John xi. 4), He rebukes them in love (Rev. iii. 19), chastens them for their profit, that they might be partakers of His holiness (Heb. xii. 10) ; blesseth His chastening hand, and teacheth them out of His law (Psa. xciv.), opening their ear, and sealing their instruction (Job xxxiii. 16). By these He purgeth out their corruptions (Isa. xxvii. 9), trieth their graces (1 Peter i. 6, 7 ; Rom. v. 3, 4), and prepares them for an eternal weight of glory (2 Cor. iv. 17). God's people also walk with Him herein, "so far as His love is shed abroad in their hearts," by submitting to His divine sovereignty (Psa. xxxix. 9), putting their mouths in the dust (Lam. iii. 29), justifying Him in all His proceedings, acknowledging His infinite goodness (Ezra ix. 13), and glorifying Him in the fire (Isa. xxiv. 15). Here they learn to keep God's commandments (Psa. cxix. 67), humble themselves under His mighty hand (James iv. 10), are patient in tribulation (Rom. xiii. 12)—yea, rejoice and glory in it also (2 Cor. vii. 4 ; Rom. v. 3)—knowing that, when in the furnace of affliction (Isa. xliii. 10), the Lord sits by, as a Refiner (Mal. iii. 3), and that, when He has tried them, they shall come forth as gold (Job xxiii. 10). Aye, not only doth the Lord sit by when they are in fiery trials, but is *with* them there, which will make them walk at liberty in the midst of a burning fiery furnace (Dan. iii. 25).

Here Abraham walked with God when he offered up Isaac (Gen. xxii.). Here Aaron walked, and held his peace when his two sons were slain (Lev. x. 3). Here Eli walked when the Lord sent him that dreadful message that He would cut off his house. "It is the Lord," saith he ; "let Him do what seemeth Him good" (1 Sam. iii. 18). Here David walked, when fleeing for his life before rebellious Absalom, and the priests had brought the ark of God along with him. "Go," saith he, "carry it back unto its place. If I shall find favour in the eyes of the Lord, He will bring me back, and show me both it and His habitation. But if He say, I have no delight in thee ; behold, here am I ; let Him do unto me as seemeth good unto Him" (2 Sam. xv. 25, 26). Here also Hezekiah walked, when the Lord threatened him with the Babylonish captivity, and that his sons should be eunuchs in the palace of the King of Babylon. "Good," saith he, "is the word of the Lord which thou hast spoken" (2 Kings xx. 19). And what an eminent instance hereof was holy Job ! The Lord sends one affliction upon the neck of another, takes away his substance, bereaves him of his children,

strips him quite naked. But how doth Job take this? Will he flee off now, and walk no more with God? No, no; he can give God leave to do what He will with him or his, and not be angry. He falls down and worships, acknowledges infinite goodness, adores divine sovereignty, and blesses the name of Jehovah for *taking* as well as *giving* (Job i. 20, 21). "Then Job arose, and rent his mantle, and shaved his head, and fell down upon the ground and worshipped, and said, Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither: the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord."

But the time would fail me to multiply instances recorded in God's Book. Thus all the Prophets and Old Testament saints walked with God in afflictions; and here the Apostles and New Testament saints walked also, in a glorious advance of Gospel light and liberty. Aye, here they walk with God not only in afflictions, but in afflictions unto death, if God calls them to it. They count not their lives dear, that they may finish their course with joy (Acts xx. 24), but pass on, triumphing through all difficulties, tribulation, distress, persecution, famine, nakedness, peril, or sword, as more than conquerors, through Him that hath loved them (Rom. viii. 35—37). Oh, this walking with God in tribulation! It is a joy the stranger intermeddles not with (Prov. xiv. 10). But thus all the saints, according to their several degrees of faith and light, do more or less walk with God, in this way of afflictive providence. And as God walks with His herein, to sympathise with them in all their sorrows (Isa. lxiii. 9), to sustain them under all their burdens (Psa. lv. 22), and to do them good by every stroke (Psa. cxix. 71), so also, in His own time, completely and gloriously to deliver them (Psa. xxxiv. 19), which they, by faith, trust the Lord for (Psa. xxii. 8), nor doth He disappoint their expectation (Psa. ix. 18).

The Lord will not contend for ever (Isa. lvii. 16). His Fatherly anger, in providential frowns, endureth but for a moment. Weeping may endure while the night of affliction lasteth, but joy cometh in the morning of deliverance, for in His favour there is life (Psa. xxx. 5). He doth not willingly afflict His children (Lam. iii. 33). It is but if *need be* they are in heaviness (1 Peter i. 6), and when He speaks against them, and they are in the midst of distresses, He earnestly remembers them still, and His bowels are troubled for them (Jer. xxxi. 20). But to exercise loving-kindness He therein delighteth (Jer. ix. 24). Judgment is His strange act (Isa. xxviii. 21); but to walk with His people in the pure, unmixed displays of His goodness is His native delight. When He thus does them good, it is with His whole heart and His whole soul (Jer. xxxii. 41).

And as God walks with His people in all His providential ways, which are mercy and truth (Psa. xxv. 10), whether prosperous or afflictive, so they answerably walk with Him herein, in duty and thankfulness. And oh, happy souls, that are honoured to walk with God in all the providential changes that pass over them! Moses, the man of God, sets forth their happiness as incomparably great (Deut. xxxiii. 20)—“Happy art thou, O Israel! Who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord?” &c.

ANNE DUTTON.

LETTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

I AM told in the house that to-morrow will be my dear Jessie's natal day, when she will attain to the advanced age of eighteen years, in her second decade—a stage further onward in this life—a period that will admit of a survey, to try and discover how far it has been advantageous or profitable. We do well to recount the many mercies and favours shown to us, and to render praise and thanksgiving to Him alone from whom they all come. Doubtless you sometimes feel as though all things are opposing themselves to your want or liking, but this is the lot of every individual. You mingle in the large mass of human beings whose designs and purposes are thwarted in that inscrutable way which none of us can unravel. But we know nothing comes by chance, which is generally the reckoning of human nature. There is always an object and end in everything we may be involved in, whether pleasant or otherwise. Things of this world are flighty and fickle, and when we think the object sought is attained, we find, as to its real value to us, that it only represents a handful of vapour—there is nothing solid. Neither does it delude the mind but for a very short time, for the stern realities of life force themselves upon our attention, whether agreeable or not.

I wish your mind might be led to inquire, Where is happiness to be obtained, even in this life? To direct you to this world's pleasures would be incongruous. I read in a certain ancient Book, “Happy is the man that findeth Wisdom” (that is, Christ Jesus the Redeemer. May this be your lot), “and the man that getteth understanding.” Read for yourself Proverbs iii. 9—13. “The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.” May you for your future life be “taught in the way of wisdom,” and be led in right paths, that you may know Christ as *your* Saviour, then you will find a Friend who never tires to show Himself friendly.

Wishing you, my dear Jessie, every blessing, both for time and eternity,

I remain, your very affectionate

March 26th, 1888.

FATHER.

ROMISH ASCENDANCY IN IRELAND.

A LONDON correspondent has heard that Cardinal Manning has urged the Pope not to enforce the Rescript in Ireland. There is nothing improbable in this. In his book entitled "Recent Events, and a Clue to their Solution," Lord Robert Montagu says—"On the 23rd of April, 1872, Archbishop Manning requested an interview with me, and urged me to take up the Home Rule programme, as a measure highly beneficial to the interests of the Roman Catholic Church, and promised to obtain for me a seat in Ireland. At that interview he said—'Home Rule may never be granted, but yet it is the great gun under which we shall gain Catholic Education in Ireland.'" The reader will note the date, and along with the date the phraseology. The Irish Church was disestablished in 1869, and in the schools and universities of Ireland, Catholic and Protestant were on an equal footing. Out of the spoils of the Irish Church Maynooth was richly endowed; yet here we have Dr. Manning anxious to get Ireland liberated from the authority of the Imperial Parliament, and giving as his chief reason "the interests of the Roman Catholic Church." Mr. Gladstone had levelled down the Irish Establishment. He had also freed Maynooth from its liability to have its anti-English teachings and intrigues criticised in Parliament once a year, on the occasion of the voting of the annual subsidy to that manufactory of seditious priests. There was no longer in law any such thing as "Protestant ascendancy," yet still Dr. Manning was not satisfied. And why was he not satisfied? Because the Protestants of Ireland had a marked ascendancy in culture, in intelligence, in mercantile and manufacturing enterprise, in social status, and in landed property. He wished one blow to be struck at the landed interest in Ireland, another blow to be aimed at the Irish Universities, and a third blow to be levelled at those National Schools in which the children of Protestants and Catholics were, under the protection of the Imperial Parliament, on a footing of equality. In brief, he included among his Church's rights the right of visible domination, and among his Church's liberties the liberty to control Ireland's national Universities, and to mark her ascendancy by flaunting her symbols and her authority in Ireland's National Schools. He saw clearly that no Parliament at Westminster would be likely to sanction his programme, whereas an Irish Parliament in Dublin could, by the united influence of the priests, be put under compulsion to apply public money and fiscal pressure, and to apply them on a large scale, for the benefit of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland. Two years later, Mr. Gladstone had been sounded, and on June 11th, 1873, the Father Provincial of the Jesuits in England wrote Lord Robert Montagu

in these terms concerning Home Rule—"My own opinion is that, if it can be gained, it would certainly be a great step towards the destruction of Protestant ascendancy; and from what I have heard, I imagine that Mr. Gladstone and Lord Granville would not feel themselves bound to oppose it, if they saw sufficient earnestness in the cry for Home Rule." Here we have an astute ecclesiastic awake to the fact that *in England party spirit is stronger than the nation's Protestantism, and that party politicians, studious above all things how to retain, or how to regain, office, are not above intriguing in secret for the coveted make-weight of the Irish vote*; so he, behind the scenes, plays upon the interests, the exigencies, the necessities, of the rival party leaders. There are *confidential confabulations, diplomatic negotiations, and suggestive hints, and by these it is ascertained which leader will bid the highest for the organized vote*. To these things England owes the trouble she has had of late years with Ireland. It is the men who place the interests of their party before those of their country who are responsible for it all. Intrinsically and of itself, the Irish Secessionist movement is weak. The only serious strength it has, is due to the painful fact that the leaders of the two great political parties in the State have not been united in meeting the bribes and menaces, the cajoleries and threats, of the leading Secessionists with an unfaltering, an uncompromising, and an indignant NEVER!—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph*.

THE NEW VICAR OF HALIFAX.

LORD SALISBURY has presented to the important living of Halifax Canon Ingham Brooke, Rector of Thornhill, who is a Ritualist. As Vicar of Halifax, Canon Brooke will have no less than thirty-two livings in his gift. How he is likely to exercise his patronage may be fairly inferred from the correspondence which appeared in the *Wakefield Express* of October 20th and 27th, 1888. We trust that the Churchmen of Halifax will carefully study those letters, and that the editors of the local papers will reprint them for the benefit of their readers.

Referring to complaints about the ritual services at St. Luke's, Middlestown, Canon Brooke says—"The work at Middlestown was begun, and for some years was conducted, under myself, who am what some would call a very High Churchman. They had altar candles then, and the mixed chalice, and a guild, and processions—almost everything, in fact, which they have now. At St. Luke's they have never had any but a High Churchman as their clergyman, and so long as I am patron they are never likely to have any other kind of Churchman."

“NO COMPROMISE.”

UNDER this honest and determined heading has been printed a sermon by Mr. Spurgeon on the suggestive text, “Must I needs bring thy son again unto the land from whence thou camest?” (Gen. xxiv. 5.) “Many ministers in the present day,” says the preacher, “are prepared to adopt the policy repudiated by Abraham. Since the world refuses to come to the Church, ought not the Church to go down to the world? . . . Let us have a Christian world. To this end let us revise our doctrines. Some are old-fashioned, grim, severe, unpopular; let us drop them out. Use the old phrases, so as to please the obstinately orthodox, but give them new meanings, so as to win philosophical infidels who are prowling around. Pare off the edges of unpleasant truths, and moderate the dogmatic tone of infallible revelation. Say that Abraham and Moses made mistakes, and that the books which have been so long had in reverence are full of errors. Undermine the old faith, and bring in the new doubt, for the times are altered, and the spirit of the age suggests the abandonment of everything that is too severely righteous and too surely of God. This deceitful adulteration of doctrine is attended by a falsification of experience. Men are told that they were born good, or were made so by their infant baptism, and so that great sentence, ‘Ye must be born again,’ is deprived of its force. Repentance is ignored, faith is a drug in the market as compared with ‘honest doubt,’ and mourning for sin and communion with God are dispensed with, to make way for entertainments, and Socialism, and politics of varying shades. ‘A new creature in Christ Jesus’ is looked upon as a sour invention of bigoted Puritans. It is true, with the same breath they extol Oliver Cromwell, but then 1888 is not 1648. What was good and great three hundred years ago is mere cant to-day. That is what modern thought is telling us, and under its guidance all religion is being toned down. Spiritual religion is despised, and a fashionable morality is set up in its place. Do yourself up tidily on Sunday, behave yourself, and, above all, believe everything except what you read in the Bible, and you will be all right. Be fashionable, and think with those who profess to be scientific—this is the first and great commandment of the modern school; and the second is like unto it—Do not be singular, but be as worldly as your neighbours. Thus is Isaac going down into Padan-aram; thus is the Church going down into the world.”

To these remarks, *Word and Work*, from which they are quoted, adds an equally excellent comment:—

“He is a bold man who ventures to deny the truthfulness of this picture. Look where we may, this sad process of disinte-

gration is going on with more or less rapidity in the Churches. Whether there are men brave enough and bold enough to withstand the progress of error, and at all hazards refuse to be carried on the tide of this worldly current, remains to be seen. Whoever does so must be content to follow the Master, and to be 'made of no reputation,' for at the present hour the cheap passport to the reputation of scholarship is only to be gained by setting aside and scorning all that hitherto has been most surely believed among us."

THE BISHOP OF LONDON CONSECRATING AN ULTRA-RITUALISTIC CHURCH IN CLERKENWELL.

THE following is taken from the *Observer*—"The Church of the Holy Redeemer, Exmouth Street, Clerkenwell, was consecrated recently by the Bishop of London. The site, which has been given by the Marquis of Northampton, was formerly occupied by Spa Fields Chapel, a place of worship belonging to the sect founded by the Countess of Huntingdon. The new church is somewhat in the style of the Brompton Oratory, without the side chapels, but it is intended to add a chapel at the eastern end. The altar, *which was a gift*, is of marble, surmounted by a richly-ornamented baldachino, the style of the altar being very ornate."

After the consecration the bishops, clergy, and a portion of the congregation sat down to luncheon in the Drill Hall, which is within a short distance of the church. No doubt the party were in high glee, for they had done a good morning's work. They had got a Mass-House and destroyed a Dissenting Chapel. But there were others who took a more sombre view of the occasion, as was evidenced by the posting of a large placard in a street that runs at the back of the Drill Hall. We know not whether any copies found their way into the banqueting-room, but there can be no harm in giving a few extracts from the document, which, it will be seen, affords matter for solemn meditation.

The eye was first attracted by the portentous word "*Doomed!*" in very large type, and followed by warnings, for which there is no lack of Scriptural warrant at the present time:—

"*Mene, Mene*' (Dan. v. 25) is written on thrones and council-chambers, and the day is coming when the magnificent temples of false religion, burlesque, and mockery, with all the vestments of Baal and Romanism, and all the palaces and mansions of the great, the rich, and the proud, will crumble and fall. No shelter but in Christ, the Rock of Ages.—(Signed) WILLIAM CATLIN, Clerkenwell."

These are the words of a faithful witness!—*English Churchman*.

THE EDITOR'S CLOSING ADDRESS.

BRETHREN IN THE LORD JESUS, AND READERS OF THE SOWER IN GENERAL,—We now, on closing another year's editorial work, desire to acknowledge the goodness of the Lord, who has graciously sustained, helped, and encouraged us in our work thus far, and, by giving us signal proofs of His divine blessing upon our labours, has testified that, poor as they have been, He has accepted and owned them. This has often melted our hearts, and laid us low in spirit at His dear feet, with an ardent desire to love Him more and serve Him better. Oh, for grace so to do, for we wish ever to remember that we are not our own, neither would we forget the price with which we were bought, even the precious blood of Christ, the Lamb without blemish or spot. Oh, that we each and all may have that great love which moved Him to die, shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, and may we be constrained thereby to make such returns of love as become those who "are washed, sanctified, and justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God."

Sure we are, whatever others may say of us, that the more we feel of Christ's great love in our hearts, the more devotedness and disinterestedness shall we feel in His service. The Lord, in mercy, grant that this may be so graciously and richly bestowed on every branch of His living Church that pride, self-seeking, self-satisfaction, contractedness of heart, speaking evil of the means, and of those who use them, for spreading the Word and knowledge of Christ, with every evil that comes under the term "works of the flesh," may be subdued and cast down before the power of Him who has said, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen."

With this desire, and in this spirit, we hope still to continue our labours, the Lord helping us, looking to Him with a single eye, and seeking to serve Him with singleness of heart, unmoved by the suspicions, jealousies, or misrepresentations of others, whom we leave to pursue their own course, while we trust our inquiry will still be, "Lord, what wilt *Thou* have *me* to do."

Beloved friends, we trust you will still be fellow-helpers, and that we shall have your prayers, sympathies, and help in our efforts to benefit our readers, both saints and sinners. We wish to seek the edification of the former and the salvation of the latter; and as God has wisely and graciously ordained means to be used for this purpose, we desire to labour, in hope that He will bless our weak efforts to the furthering of His covenant work.

Reader, how is it with you? Are you a stranger to Christ, hardened in sin—a mere professor, walking in a deceptive self-

persuasion, and calling it faith in Christ? Or are you a full-grown doctrinalist, living on what you know and have attained to? In either case your state is an awful one, for you are "without Christ, having no hope, and without God in the world." Our prayer for you is, "Lord, open his, or her, eyes!" then you will feel your need of *coming to Christ* that you may obtain mercy and forgiveness, with every needful supply of grace. May the Lord have mercy on thy soul.

Again we ask our readers to exert themselves to obtain fresh subscribers for SOWER and GLEANER. This is a good time so to do. Back Numbers can be had for that purpose, by any who will apply for them. The Yearly Volumes also can be had on easy terms, and they are much used and prized as gift-books, being well adapted for young and old. The sale was so good last season that we are having more bound this year, and we hope friends will again help to clear all off. The Almanacks will be found useful to give away to families as tracts, since they occupy a place in the house all the year, and supply daily portions of the Word of God.

Dear friends, we lay these things before you, thanking you for all past help, and hoping for a renewal of the same. It is the Lord's work. Until we meet again, we say, "Grace be with you all."

Yours, to serve,

THE EDITOR.

P.S.—Do not forget to spread abroad our *Friendly Words*. They are most acceptable tracts, 1s. 6d. per 100, post free.

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